★PHOTOPLAY

combined with Movie Mirror

March

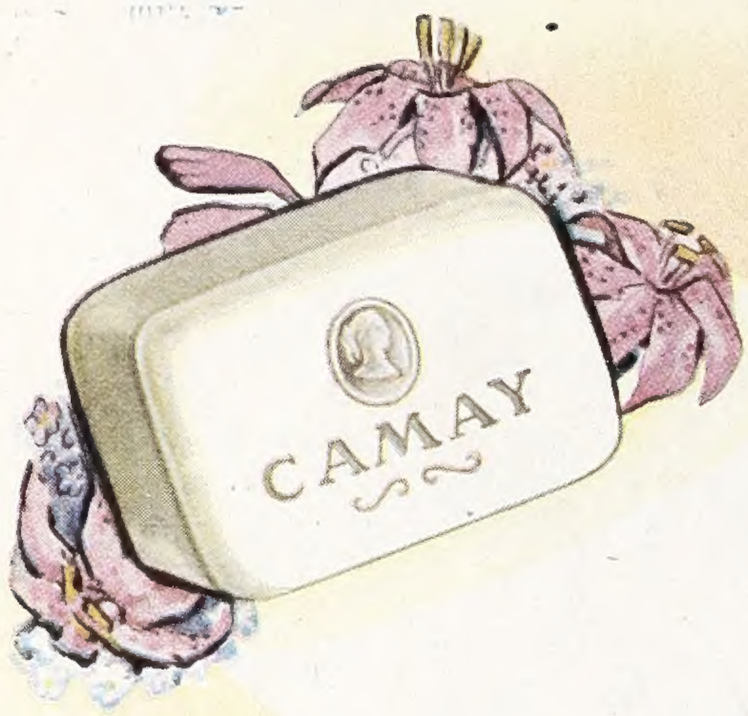
15¢

ne Tierney
Paul Hesse

Eleven Beautiful Full-Color Pages of Star

U-M 2/47 3V R
MRS C GLOSSERG
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE MASS 46

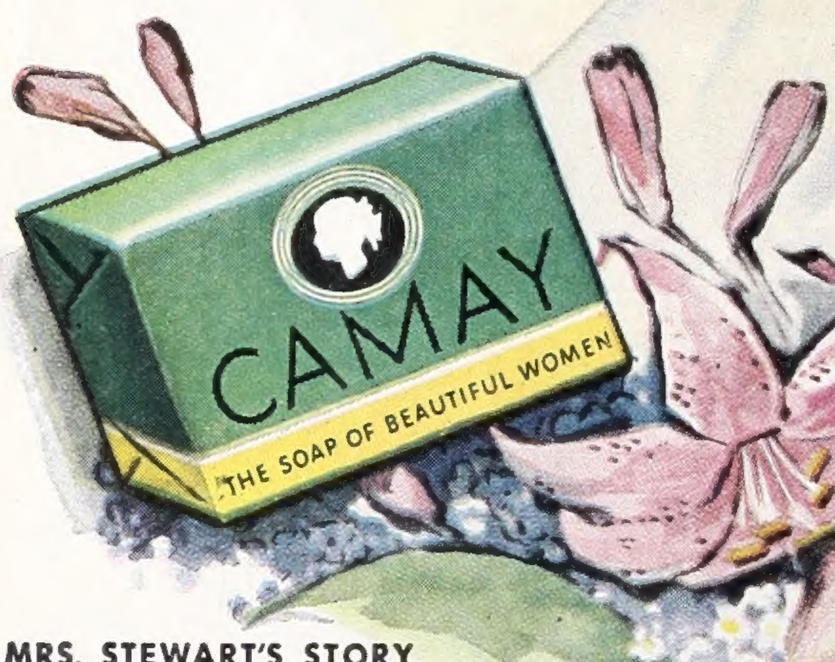
Just One Cake of Camay—
Softer, Smoother Skin is yours!





There's a softer glow, fresher beauty for *your* skin —with your *first* cake of Camay! Simply change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores of complexions. And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had fresher, softer skin.



MRS. STEWART'S STORY



"I tumbled—Bill fell, too," skiing at St. Adele in the Laurentians. Both devotees of outdoor sports, Ginny keeps the warm sun-glow in her skin radiantly fresh. "It's Camay for me—and has been, since my *first* cake brought out a real sparkle in my complexion."



MRS. WILLIAM KIRK STEWART
—the former Virginia Welch of Los Angeles, Cal.
Bridal portrait painted by *Bolegard*

Precious Moment: While overseas, Bill cherished each memory of Ginny's fresh young beauty. "I wanted to look my best when he returned," Ginny confides, "so I never neglected my Camay Mild-Soap Diet." To make *your* skin lovelier, just follow instructions on your Camay wrapper.

★

Cherish Camay—make each cake last. Precious materials go into soap.

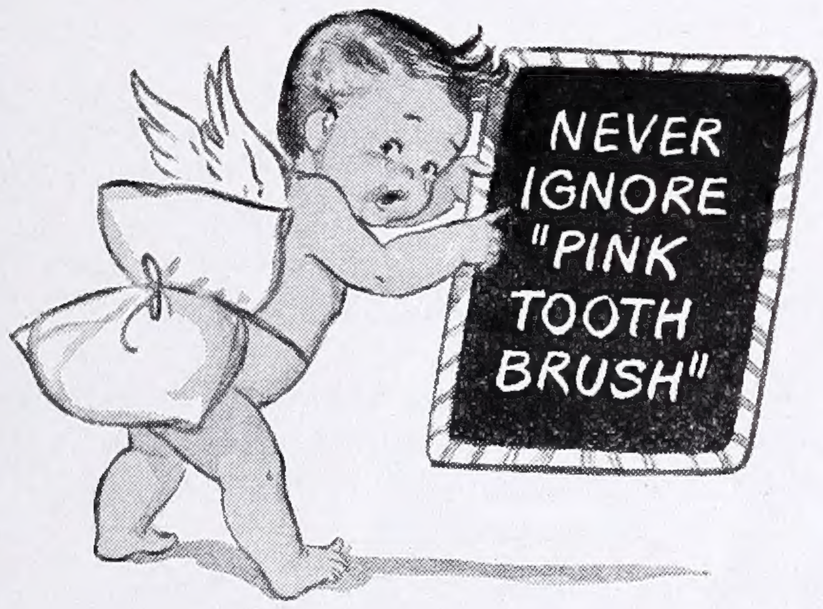
"Brush me off, will you?"



CUPID: Now wait, Sis! *Hold it!*

GIRL: For *what*, you faithless little imp! It's about time some girl taught you not to go around ignoring girls just because they're not beautiful!

CUPID: So! It's that way, huh? Well now *you* listen, my little fugitive from spinsterhood!
It's about time you stopped looking at men with all the charm and radiance of a tired wash cloth! Smile at 'em, Sister! Sparkle!



GIRL: With *my* dull, dingy teeth? Hah! Heaven knows I brush 'em enough, but sparkle . . . hah! They–

CUPID: Ever see 'pink' on your tooth brush?

GIRL: Just lately. Why?

CUPID: *Why?* Why Great Day in The Morning, Pet, don't you know that's a sign *to see your dentist–* and right away! Because he may find today's soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Fine, fine, fine. Very impressive. But weren't we discussing my smile a while back? What happened to it?

CUPID: Pet, don't you know that a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums? This Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth and you start on your way to a sparkling, radiant smile that'll stagger any stag line. Now get going, Baby! Ipana and massage!



Product of Bristol-Myers

For the Smile of Beauty **IPANA AND MASSAGE**

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Guess who's back?

★ ★ ★ ★

And guess who's got him?

★ ★ ★ ★

GABLE'S BACK!





and GARSON'S GOT HIM!

★ ★

in M-G-M's exciting love story...

★ ★ ★ ★

ADVENTURE.

★ ★ ★ ★

Yes, *Adventure* adds up to being the most exciting and thoroughly enjoyable screen *Adventure* we've been on, in many a season of movie-going.

★ ★ ★ ★

Gable is a tough, swaggering, romantic bos'n who has made love and trouble in every port on the seven seas.

★ ★ ★ ★

Garson's a girl whose greatest *Adventure* is a picnic on Sunday.

★ ★ ★ ★

Then—WHAM! They meet!

★ ★ ★ ★

It's lightning and thunder...it's sound and fury...it's wind and flame...it's heaven and some of the other!

★ ★ ★ ★

It's love on every note of the keyboard —laughing, lilting love; roaring, raging love. It's Gable and Garson in the screen's most exciting *Adventure!*

★ ★ ★ ★

Pardon us, while we doff our cap to Joan Blondell and Thomas Mitchell, who turn in such stand-out performances.

★ ★ ★ ★

And a low bow to the excellent supporting cast—to Victor Fleming for his fine direction—to Sam Zimbalist for his super production—to Frederick Hazlitt Brennan and Vincent Lawrence for their screen play with a punch!

★ ★ ★ ★

They've given us a great entertainment *Adventure* that marks the return of our favorite swell guy, Clark Gable —and the advent of Greer Garson in a zestfully different role!

—*Leo*



"The Beginning Or The End" will be the most important picture of 1946. It is the story of the atomic bomb!

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS

PRESENTS FOR MARCH

Story Highlights

Stormy Passage for Joan and Phil ... *Ruth Waterbury* 29
Smoke Screen ... *Louella O. Parsons* 30
The romance of June Haver and Vic Mature
Ingrid, Spellbinder ... *Gregory Peck* 32
Heart of a Yankee (Van Johnson) ... *Adela Rogers St. Johns* 34
First Lady—Second Time (Greer Garson) ... *Fred R. Sammis* 37
Portrait of Pete Lawford ... *Joseph Henry Steele* 39
Sensational Swiss (Kurt Kreuger) ... *Helen Louise Walker* 40
Honeymoon in Mexico (Esther Williams and Ben Gage) *Hymie Fink* 42
Yvonne, Where She Danced ... *Dorothy Deere* 46
King Bing ... *Elsa Maxwell* 48
Cowboy Crosby ... *Maxine Arnold* 50
My Hollywood Friends (Lucille Ball) ... *Susan Peters* 52
Countess from Brooklyn—Gene Tierney ... 54
The Name Is Zack Scott ... *Jerry Asher* 56
Siren in Slacks (Linda Darnell) ... *Diane Scott* 58
How's Your Sociability? ... 62
Our Gail Is Growing Up (Gail Russell) ... *Sara Hamilton* 64
What Should I Do? ... 66
Your problems answered by Claudette Colbert

Portraits in Color

Greer Garson ... 36
Peter Lawford ... 38
Kurt Kreuger ... 40
Esther Williams and Ben Gage 42
Yvonne De Carlo ... 47
Bing Crosby ... 49

Special Features

Beauty Workshop ... 148
Beauty Spots ... 132
Brief Reviews ... 141
Casts of Current Pictures ... 146
Photoplay Fashions ... 85
Platter Patter ... 124
Inside Stuff—Cal York ... 4
The Shadow Stage ... 24

Cover: Gene Tierney, appearing in "Leave Her To Heaven"
Costume designed by Kay Nelson, 20th Century-Fox designer
Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

Fred R. Sammis, Editorial Director — Helen Gilmore, Editor

Elaine Osterman, Hollywood Manager — E. Davenport, Executive Art Director
Sara Hamilton, Associate Editor — Deli Leider, Associate Art Director
Adele Whitely Fletcher, Associate Editor — Hymie Fink, Photographer
Ruby Boyd, Associate Editor — Sterling Smith, Staff Photographer
Ruth Waterbury, Contributing Editor — Beverly Galindo, Asst. Photographer
Ruth DeJean, Assistant Editor — Mary Jane Fulton, New York Beauty Editor

MARCH, 1946 **VOL. 28, NO. 4**

POSTMASTERS: Address all forms 3578 to 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc., Dunellen, N. J. ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS pertaining to editorial and advertising matters to: PHOTOPLAY, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. (Executive, advertising and editorial offices.) O. J. Elder, President; Harold A. Wise, Senior Vice President; S. O. Shapiro, Vice President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer; Carroll Rheinstrom, Executive Vice President; Walter Hanlon, Advertising Manager. Chicago Office: 221 North La Salle St., E. F. Lethen, Jr., Mgr. Pacific Coast office: San Francisco, 420 Market St., Lee Andrews, Mgr. Entered as second-class matter September 21, 1931, at the post office in Dunellen, New Jersey, under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill. Subscription rates: U. S. and Possessions, Canada and Newfoundland, 2 years $3.60; 3 years, $5.40. Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana, 2 years $5.60; 3 years $8.40. All other countries, 2 years $7.60; 3 years $11.40. Price per copy, 15c in the United States and Canada. While Manuscripts, Photographs, and Drawings, are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address. But we will not be responsible for any loss of such matter contributed. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk.

Copyright 1946, by Macfadden Publications, Inc. Copyright also in Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office.

Member of Macfadden Women's Group.
The contents of this magazine may not be reprinted either wholly or in part without permission.

Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Co., Dunellen, N. J.

Gable's back.



and Garson's got him!

in M-G-M's exciting screen

"Adventure"

CLARK GABLE • GREER GARSON in Victor Fleming's production of "ADVENTURE" with Joan Blondell • Thomas Mitchell

TOM TULLY • JOHN QUALEN • RICHARD HAYDN • LINA ROMAY • HARRY DAVENPORT • Screen Play by FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN and VINCENT LAWRENCE • Adaptation by Anthony Veiller and William H. Wright • Based on a Novel by Clyde Brion Davis • DIRECTED BY VICTOR FLEMING • PRODUCED BY SAM ZIMBALIST • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FINK AND SMITH



Clark Gable's date at a premiere is Mrs. Dolly O'Brien, perhaps the most important woman in his life these days

Around Town: No sooner had Orson Welles and Rita Hayworth parted (we'd seen them together at La Rue only a few nights before the announcement, both looking glum) than the rumors that Victor Mature was again attempting to court Rita. Considering Vic and June Haver would have been married by now if it hadn't been for Mrs. Haver, it's hard to believe Vic could switch over his affections so easily. . . . Greeted Red Skelton at The Club the other night and noticed his hair is at least four shades darker (but still red) since his release from the service. Maybe he kept it lighter for the camera. But those Skelton dimples are still there. . . . Capt. Bob Preston looked mighty fine back in civvies and lunching in the Paramount commissary just like old times. . . . Listening to that 5 A.M. duet of Jimmy Stewart's and Hank Fonda's reminded us that here are two friends who have weathered starvation together and even a war—Jimmy in the Army and Hank at sea. . . . "Hi, Pittsburgh," Gene Kelly, a fellow Pittsburgher, greeted Cal the other evening at a friend's home. Gene, who is a Navy lieutenant, says he now travels from city to city on special business for the Navy. And like the other lads he longs to be back home . . . "It will be January for me," Jackie Cooper told Cal. "At least they told me I'd be out then." And Jackie looks mighty fine in his bell-bottom trousers . . . The overly-thin girl in chocolate slacks, dark glasses and hair parted in the middle was Garbo, on a Saks Fifth Avenue shopping spree . . . Just when Nora Eddington confides she's divorcing Errol, she ups and goes to San Francisco with him.

Gay notes: You should have seen the terrific jitterbug routine that Carole Landis and Cesar Romero put on together (*Continued on page* 6)



On the out-on-the-town list, Cary Grant takes in Ciro's with lovely Diana Holman

A Million Dollars Worth of Fun in the New Billion-Dollar Smart Set Playground!

Paramount sets a new style in romancing, dancing, singing and laughing . . . in the lavish . . . lovely show that only Mitchell Leisen of "Lady In The Dark" and "Frenchman's Creek" fame could give you!



DOROTHY LAMOUR
and
ARTURO DE CORDOVA
in
"Masquerade in Mexico"

with

PATRIC KNOWLES · ANN DVORAK · GEORGE RIGAUD

Natalie Schafer · Mikhail Rasumny · Billy Daniels

and The Guadalajara Trio

A MITCHELL LEISEN PRODUCTION

Produced by KARL TUNBERG · Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN

Screen Play by KARL TUNBERG • Based on a Story by EDWIN JUSTUS MAYER and FRANZ SPENCER

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Hear Dottie's South-of-the-Border songs and see the most gorgeous gowns you've ever "Ooohed" and "Aaahed" at.

A Six-letter Word for



Stronger Grip

. . . Watch your "Good-looks Score" go up and up when you use DeLong Bob Pins to give your hair-do that smooth, new uncluttered look.

It's the *"Stronger Grip"* in DeLong Bob Pins that makes them so different from bob pins of the wishy-washy type...

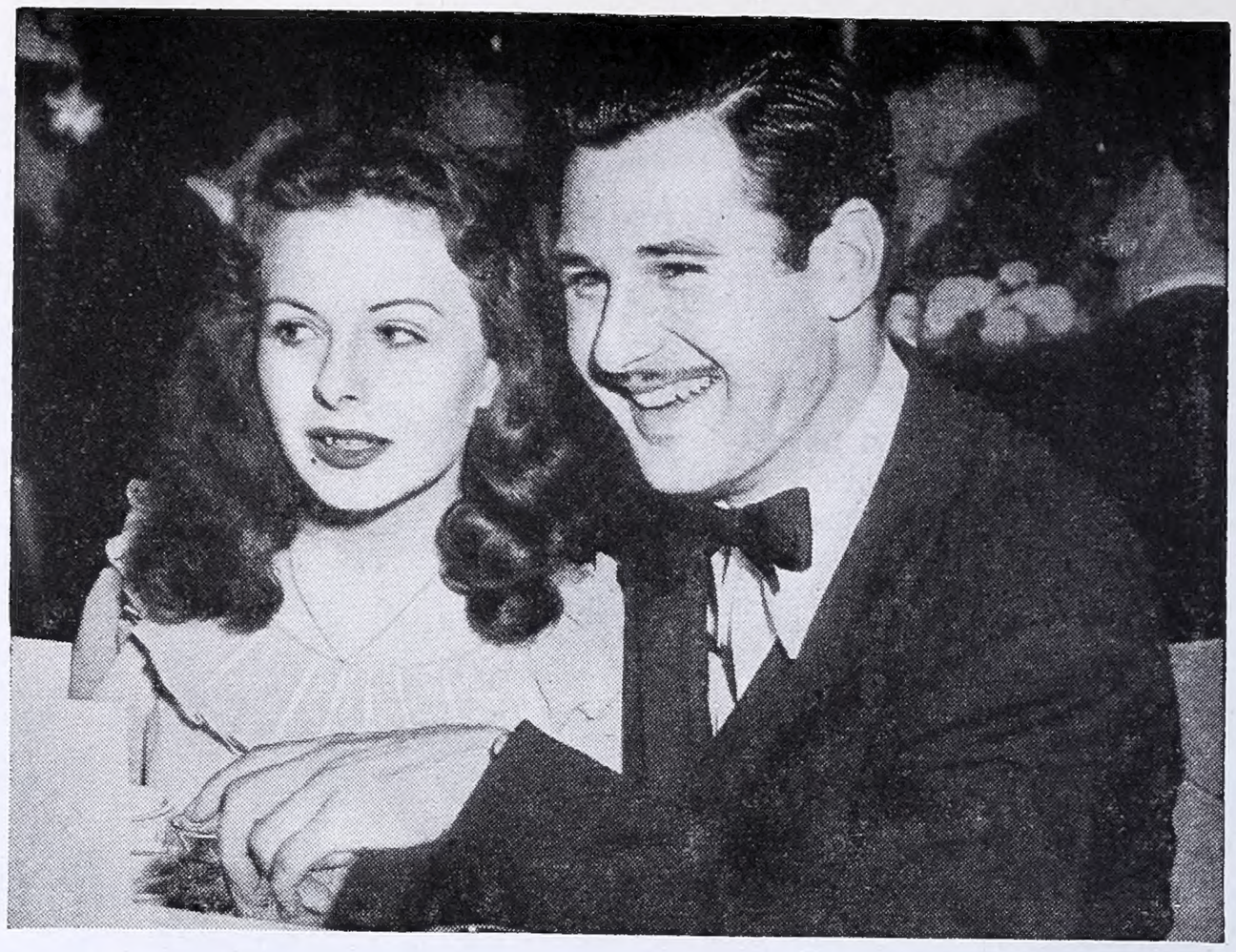
Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out



Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS



He dreamed of Jeannie—Paul Brinkman beams happiness because Jeanne Crain said yes. Before marriage—at Canadian party

Cal York's INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 4) right in the middle of a carpeted floor—during that big cocktail party that Wynn Rocamora, well known actor's agent, threw for Louella Parsons. It was so gay that people who came at six and were supposed to leave at eight were still there at midnight. Dorothy Lamour looked beautiful. And she said she was sure her baby would be born right in the middle of any New Year's Eve party she happened to be attending. The Zachary Scotts were there, too, "scotching" those separation rumors. He can move around through a big party faster than anyone you ever saw. Seems to be all over the place at once.

To Romanoff's We Go: No two ways about it, the social center of Hollywood is Romanoff's, especially Saturdays at lunch time when there are no races to attend. It's like a continued party from week to week with friends strolling from table to table to chat and exchange gossip. Citizen Romanoff himself remarked on it when he joined our table after leaving the corner table of Norma Shearer and her handsome husband Navy Lieut. Marty Arrouge. Pretty Kay Williams Spreckles and Cobina Wright Sr. were lunching together with a dozen or so friends stopping by. Carleton Alsop, Martha Scott's husband, who is now a producer at M-G-M, regaled the group with witty stories, Helmut Dantine, with a new date, bowed low and Herbert Marshall seemed to be finding comfort in his friend Chester Morris (to date the Marshalls haven't reconciled). Keenan Wynn strolled in late and like a troubador went from table to table finally getting around to his father, the famous Ed Wynn whose cry of "Keenan" carried a message of pride and joy.

"Hello there," called Clark Gable to us as we joined Kay, his former girl friend at the next booth, which reminds us, Clark has been seeing more and more of another former blonde friend Virginia Grey, and less and less of Anita Colby. Cary Grant, more subdued than ever, came in, and finally Norma Shearer stopped to chat with Lana Turner and Bob Hutton.

Diana: Our nomination for the gal who has become more smartly dressed and wise in her thinking goes to Diana Lynn of Paramount. In a gold wool suit with gold jewelry accessories, hair up, a brown felt rolled sombrero sparkling with brown paillettes, Diana was a vision. Her complexion, we noticed, was flawless, her young groping for a solution to life and its problems, whether to marry young and attempt both career and marriage or remain single, was charming. And the young man in her life?—Loren Tindall. So watch for Diana's decision.

Town Topics: Shirley Temple really did a lot of work herself on her book, "My Young Life." Several people were assigned to do research for it, but Mama Temple made Shirley sit down day after day and really contribute much more to the tome than most people would ever believe. The publishers will tell you that she actually put more of her own words into it than almost any autobiography that has ever been brought out by a glamour-celeb . . . Helmut Dantine and Ida Lupino have really nothing but icicles for each other these days. No special romance on tap for Ida. And Helmut is strictly playing the field. He's been calling Yvonne De Carlo like mad for dates . . . Bonita Granville and "Lucky" Humberstone, the well-known director, will bear a lot of watching. He's the first "older man" she has ever dated—and he isn't old by a long (*Continued on page* 8)

"I Know what I'm Doing!" she said...

"A woman isn't meant to be lonely,
she's meant to be loved.
From now on I'm going
to live my life
my way!"



"Nobody needs to know anything... they'd never suspect you...

"What can any woman say to prove she's worth a second chance at Love..?"



BARBARA STANWYCK

WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN AS "JESS" IN

"MY REPUTATION"

It's Barbara's best, truly! and a new triumph for **WARNERS!**

GEORGE BRENT · WARNER ANDERSON · LUCILE WATSON · JOHN RIDGELY · EVE ARDEN · CURTIS BERNHARDT (DIRECTED BY) · HENRY BLANKE (PRODUCED BY)

Screen play by CATHERINE TURNEY from the novel "Instruct My Sorrows" by Clare Jaynes • Music by MAX STEINER

BRIGHT EYE-DEAS!



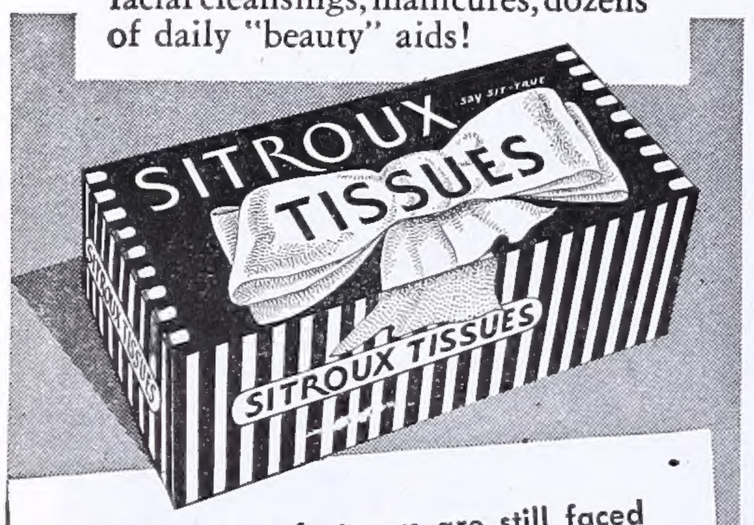
Looking *down* into mirror, apply mascara clear to end of lashes. Hold brush there till lashes "set". (About 30 seconds.) Wipe brush clean with half Sitroux Tissue. (SAVE Sitroux!*) Go over lashes to separate. Apply mascara to upper lashes only for "natural" look.



To extend eyebrows, remove almost all mascara from brush with half Sitroux Tissue. Brush brows the *wrong* way to pick up tiny hairs. Then brush back into place. If necessary, sketch in hair-like lines with eyebrow pencil.



At bedtime, use eye-cream generously. *Gently* work out toward temple under eye — back toward nose on eyelid. Remove excess with Sitroux. Keep Sitroux handy for facial cleansings, manicures, dozens of daily "beauty" aids!



* Tissue manufacturers are still faced with material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are making the finest quality tissues possible under present conditions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX TISSUES

SAY SIT-TRUE



Sage advice in the past and present tense—Sir C. Aubrey Smith chats with Margaret O'Brien, child star of today, and Shirley Temple, child star of yesterday, at the Canadian Government party for stars at Beverly Hills Hotel

Cal York's INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 6) shot. But from the way they're dating and gazing into each other's eyes these eves, he has all the charm and plus of Bonita's more juvenile beaus . . . You can make a bet that Nancy Guild and young Frank Latimore, who was so good in "The House On 92nd St." and "The Dolly Sisters," will be close to stardom before 1946 is out. Studio has big plans for both—and is mapping a really heavy press campaign on Latimore now that he is playing one of the leads in "Three Little Girls In Blue" with June Haver.

Santa Sinatra: Imagine being married to Frank Sinatra and having him turn out to be the kind of a husband who plays Santa Claus all year round as well! One night, long before Christmas, Cal admired a gorgeous stone-marten jacket on Nancy Sinatra. And she said that Frankie had already bought her six fur coats during the year! They're back in Hollywood now—and they love it. And Sinatra is getting ready to make another movie any minute. Can you wait?

Off to the Club: Bob Hutton and Lana Turner came by to pick Cal up for a party at The Club, that exclusive new spot in Beverly Hills where one dines only if one is a member.

Bob Hope and his Dolores came in while we were waiting for our coats. Seeing Bob at any spot in town is really a special spectacle. We could just imagine Mrs. Hope's saying, "Now, darling, you've got to take a night off from work and take me to dinner." And the proud way in which Mrs. Hope went to her table revealed how really pleased she was.

Our party, in the special cocktail room, given by Kay Kyser in honor of General Eichelberger, was going full tilt when we arrived. The swains, of course, swooned at the sight of Lana in a flowered halo of pink roses and lilies of the valley covered in a spun-gold gossamer material that heightened her pale beauty. Her plain black frock sported one of those enormous bustle things in the back. The effect—out of this world.

When Lana's former beau Greg Bautzer moved in for the photographers, Bob Hutton found himself taking advice from Mr. Jules Stein, head of Music Corporation of America, as to what to do. Sir Simon Marks, a visitor here from England, joined the advisory committee with Bob growing more and more confused.

Here and There: Cal telephoned his old friend Sydney Greenstreet who had been ill. "Where, outside of Barnum and Bailey's did they get an oxygen tent big enough to cover you?" we demanded. His paroxysms of laughter could have been heard to Schwabs' Drugstore.

Robert Walker has taken to the road again. No, he didn't elope with himself during production as he did several months ago, but without warning or his studio's knowing it, the young actor all of a sudden turned up in New York. And after all those promises! Friends close to Bob still insist the actor has changed since his sudden separation from Jennifer.

Data on Drake: Young Tom Drake came over for cocktails only—surprise—Tom is so thoroughly on the wagon he even refused tea—but he did eat all our popcorn. Every pop of it. Tom is kept busy at Metro working on "The Green Years." You mark our words—he's a lad that will someday pass them all—if he watches his step and crosses his t's. (*Continued on page* 10)


Killer Hunt!
...Four Hours to Go!
Gob on shore leave...dance hall hostess. Fear in their hearts . . . murder on their hands...and only time until dawn to prove an innocence they themselves doubt!
SUSAN HAYWARD · PAUL LUKAS
BILL WILLIAMS
(The Sergeant of "THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS")
in
DEADLINE AT DAWN
with JOSEPH CALLEIA · OSA MASSEN · LOLA LANE · JEROME COWAN
Produced by ADRIAN SCOTT • Directed by HAROLD CLURMAN
Screen Play by CLIFFORD ODETS
RKO RADIO PICTURES



INSIDE STUFF



The man making the point is handsome Tony Martin, back after a fine war record

(*Continued from page* 8)

Bad News: Poor Alan Curtis—still confined to his bed (and probably will be for several weeks more) after that horrible auto accident which completely demolished that snappy little English car he was driving, and cost him a lot of broken bones plus a dislocated hip. He was so lucky that he wasn't killed—you should have seen that car, or rather what was left of it—after he had a head-on collision with a milk truck!

Ilona Massey, his lovely blonde ex-wife, has been visiting him almost every day. And that, of course, only revives the long-time rumors that one of these days they'll be one again.

Randomizing: If we asked you who you think is the "hottest" star in Hollywood today—among the people of Hollywood itself—what would your answer be? It would probably be one of the "younger set"—but you'd be wrong. The star is Joan Crawford, and not even at the height of her first zoom to cinema glory, has there been as much complimentary chit-chat over lunch and dinner tables as there is about Joan these days. It isn't just her magnificent "come-back" in "Mildred Pierce"—you should see her! Looks simply divine! And her clothes! And her jewels! There's a gal who always has and still does epitomize glamour with a capital G. No wonder everyone says "Gee!" when she passes by. Well, Joan went and fixed up a new down hair-do for herself (that makes her look about twenty) to qualify for that terrific role she is starting in "Humoresque"—and p.s., she landed the part because of it.

Gals are "letting their hair down" all over the place. Anita Colby looks more beauteous than ever with her shoulder-length bob—Cathy Downs (a gorgeous newcomer to the screen) is another—and the coifs are going up less and less.

The fan mail that piles up for attractive smokey-eyed young Guy Madison (you remem- (*Continued on page* 12)

A FEAST OF FUN...A ROMANTIC TREAT... IT'S ENTERTAINMENT THAT CAN'T BE BEAT!

Their Romance is ***GLORIOUS!***
Their Troubles are ***HILARIOUS!***
The Music is ***TREMENDOUS!***





GOLDEN PICTURES Invites You to

"BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD"

with

TOM BRENEMAN

RADIO'S GREATEST DAYTIME PROGRAM NOW ON THE SCREEN!



and BONITA GRANVILLE
BEULAH BONDI
EDWARD RYAN
RAY WALBURN
BILLIE BURKE
ZASU PITTS
and HEDDA HOPPER
Plus ANDY RUSSELL
Singing "If I Had a Wishing Ring," "Amor" "Magic in the Moonlight"
SPIKE JONES and His City Slickers
KING COLE TRIO

Original Story and Screenplay by Earl W. Baldwin • Directed by Harold Schuster
Produced by ROBERT S. GOLDEN
Released Thru UNITED ARTISTS



Clogged pore openings say so plainly ...Your beauty care is wrong!



Don't let blackheads, stubborn dirt or dry, aging "top skin" hide the natural radiance of your complexion. Exquisite cleansing is this simple: once a week, Edna Wallace Hopper White Clay Pack. And, every day, Homogenized Facial Cream.

Only a clean skin is lovely and young-looking...

so start this marvelous Twin Treatment care today!



Once a week . . . this "blushing beauty" Mask!

Spread White Clay Pack over clean face and neck. Relax while it "lifts up" tired, lax tissues. Helps to loosen blackheads and cleanse pore openings. Wash off when dry (about 8 minutes).

Now see how your complexion glows with a fresher, livelier bloom—awakened by White Clay Pack's gentle *blushing action.* Your skin seems firmer, finer in texture—free from unlovely "top skin". And your fresher, smoother complexion takes make-up with utter flattery. Clearly you look younger, prettier. And here's what you'll do, every day, to help protect that charm . . .

Daily . . . protection for fresh underskin clarity

To get the most glamorizing results from your weekly White Clay Pack, follow this daily beauty care with Homogenized Facial Cream. This rich, blush-pink cream cleanses and lubricates superbly—helps to soften rough, dry skin.

Pat on with upward, outward strokes—light-as-feather pats around your eyes where tiny lines show. (See diagram). For extra lubrication, apply a thin film at night. Watch your skin reveal a brighter, smoother freshness that's so ready for make-up—*and* for compliments!



Edna Wallace Hopper

Twin Treatment

for a lovelier, younger look

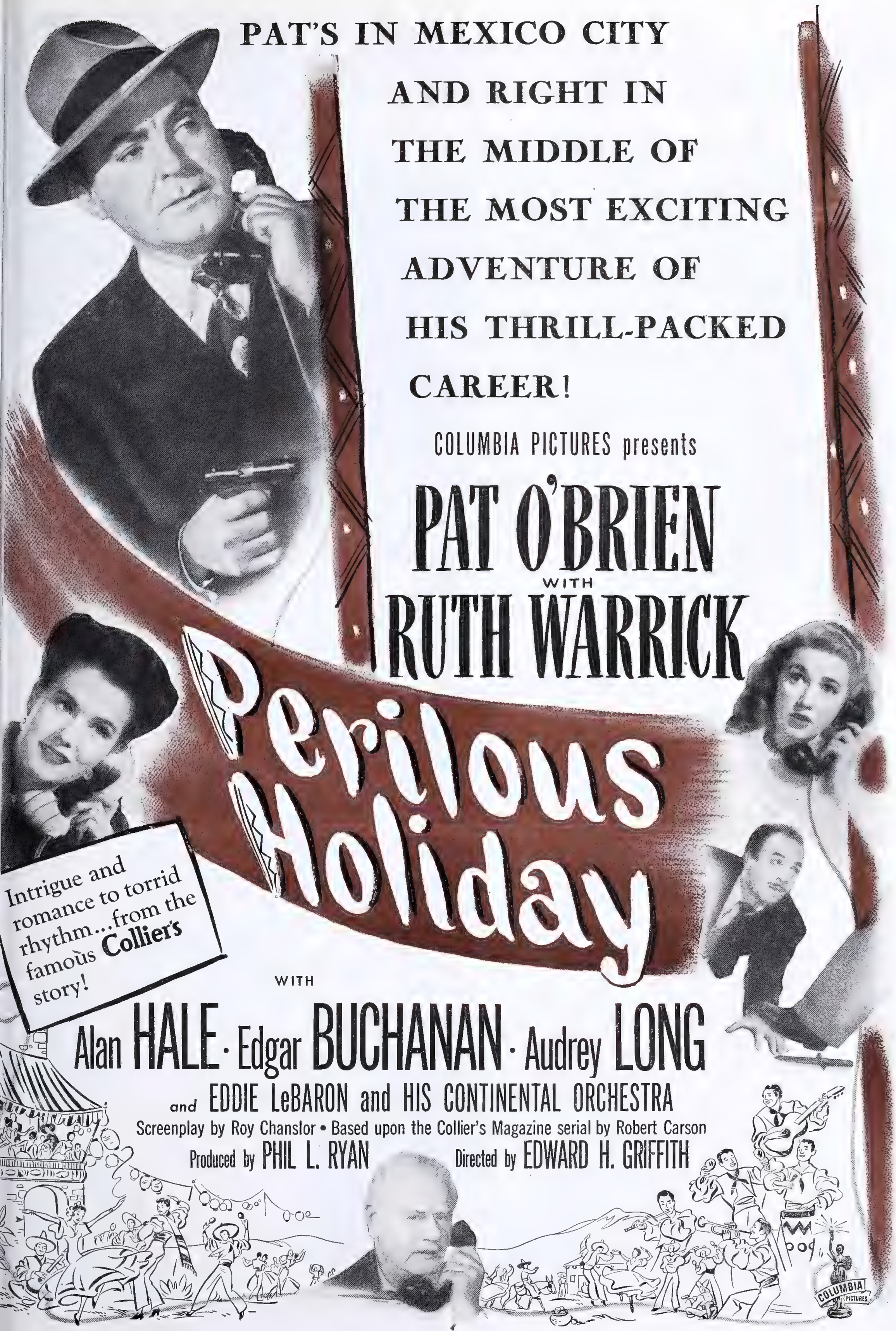
INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 10) ber him in "Since You Went Away") is surprising even officials of the RKO Studio where he is working with Dorothy McGuire on a loan-out from David Selznick. Everyone expects him to create more than a "mild sensation"—and the bobby-sox brigade can now get ready for the biggest swoon it has had in a long, long time . . . Diana Barrymore is back in Hollywood and being just as rude to people as she was last time she was here. Unfortunately she hasn't her father John's wonderful wit or talent to back up her lack of good manners—but maybe she doesn't care . . . Major Jack McEwen is certainly putting out the torch that Olivia de Havilland has been toting for Maj. John Huston for so long. For the first time in years Olivia looks really happy. Positively beaming! . . . Deanna Durbin and Maria Montez are staking a race for their stork dates and both have sort of "retired" from public life, including all parties, until the happy events occur . . . Joan Leslie, of the angel face, posing for her first bit of "cheesecake"—meaning a lot of sexy, leg-art pictures which will appear in magazines shortly. And Joan (she still goes places with Guy Madison, Rory Calhoun and others) denies she is going to marry anyone for a long time—even though that handsome Capt. John Edwards does long-distance her from New York at least once a week . . . Jinx Falkenburg is trying to break her contract with Columbia because she wants to quit pictures for keeps. Jinx says she only wants to be where her darling husband is—and his work keeps him in New York.

Homelife: George Montgomery is out of the service, but not out of a job, thank heavens. He'll go back to Twentieth for more pictures . . . George and Dinah moved from over the stables of their ranch house when the nip of cold weather hit the valley, but they had to sleep in the living room of their partly furnished home. The new icebox was so big for their small kitchen they installed it temporarily, at least, in the bedroom.

The quiet normalcy that prevails in the home of Ann Sothern and Bob Sterling never fails to impress Cal. Invited up for an evening recently, we instantly felt the cozy quiet intimacy of this happy couple in the company of a few friends—none, incidentally, in pictures. The talk was general and never once touched pictures. Bob, handsomer than ever, is such an honest, natural person and the bond of understanding between him and Ann is wonderful to see.

"I'm hungry," artist Paul Clemens remarked casually late in the evening, and Ann trotted out to the kitchen to bring back a loaf of bread, still in its wrapping paper, a jar of mayonnaise and some cold turkey for everyone to make his own sandwiches. It was just as informal (*Continued on page* 14)

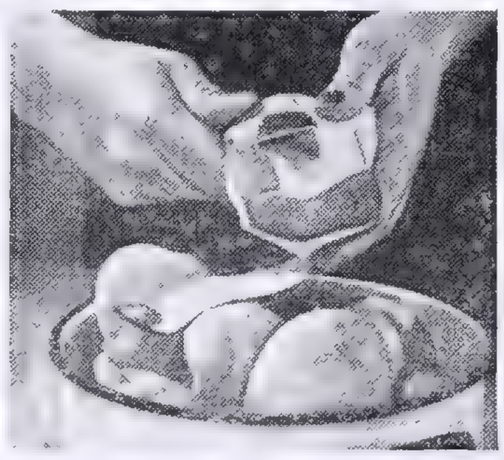

PAT'S IN MEXICO CITY
AND RIGHT IN
THE MIDDLE OF
THE MOST EXCITING
ADVENTURE OF
HIS THRILL-PACKED
CAREER!
COLUMBIA PICTURES presents
PAT O'BRIEN
WITH
RUTH WARRICK
Perilous Holiday
Intrigue and romance to torrid rhythm...from the famous Collier's story!
WITH
Alan HALE · Edgar BUCHANAN · Audrey LONG
and EDDIE LeBARON and HIS CONTINENTAL ORCHESTRA
Screenplay by Roy Chanslor • Based upon the Collier's Magazine serial by Robert Carson
Produced by PHIL L. RYAN
Directed by EDWARD H. GRIFFITH
COLUMBIA PICTURES

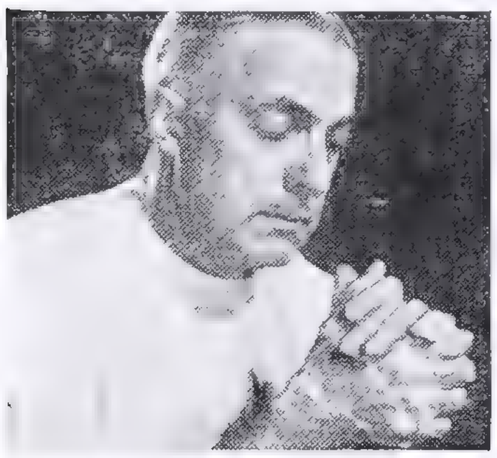
"She locks her *Lily Fingers* one in one"—*Shakespeare*



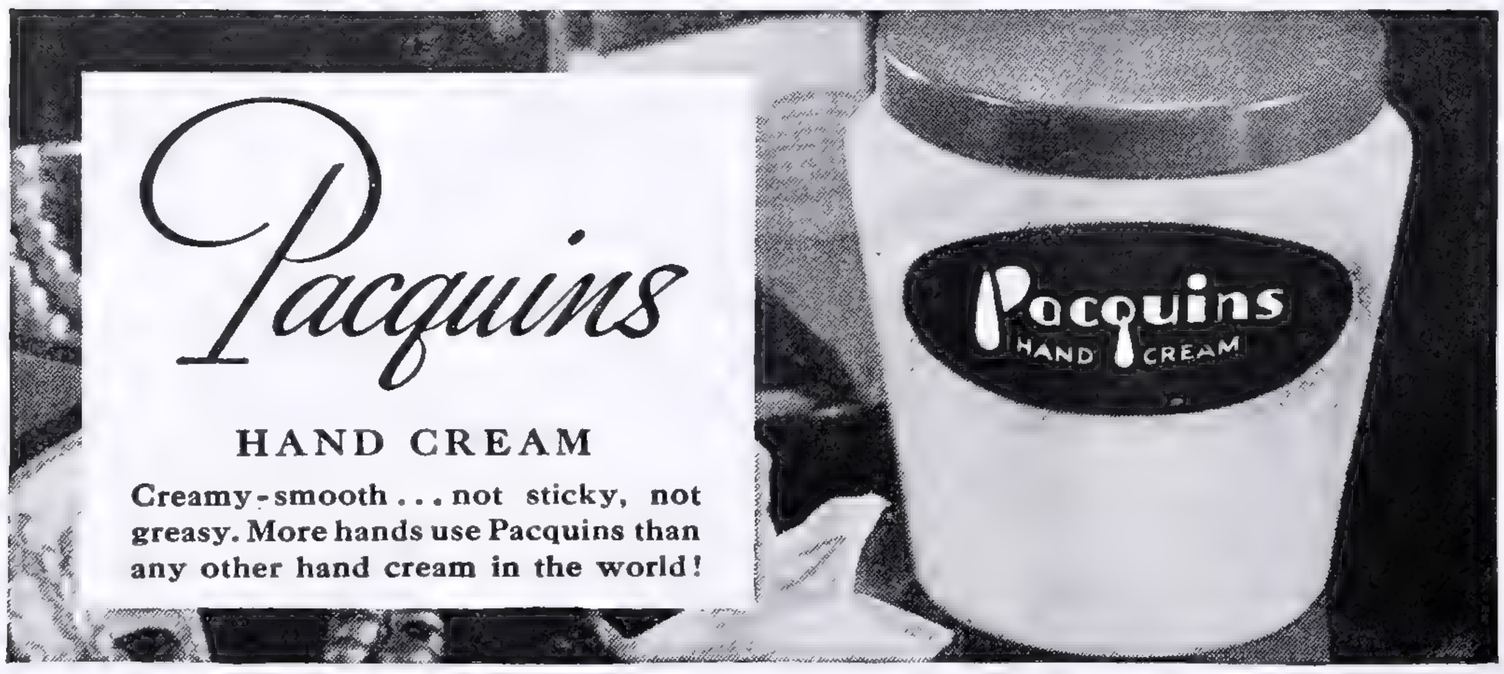
— But fingers like a lily, Willie, don't come from peeling spuds!

It's a hep housewife who knows how to keep her hands on the lovely side of life in spite of daily hard housework. Pacquins Hand Cream, of course! This fragrant cream helps guard against redness, dryness, and roughness. Use it faithfully... see for yourself how much smoother, softer your hands look!





Doctors and nurses know that 30 to 40 scrubbings a day will leave their hands dry and rough as sandpaper. That's why so many of them use Pacquins, which was originally formulated for their professional use. Pacquins Hand Cream is so wonderfully effective because it is *super-rich* with humectant... the ingredient that helps parched, taut skin feel softer, smoother, and more pliant.



P AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE



Shoe-shine, Mexican version. Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo Montalban—she was Georgianna Young, Loretta's younger sister.

INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 12) and cheering as that.

To Susan: It seems that Providence must love Susan Peters very much, for experience has taught it's the very special that are molded and shaped in the ovens of despair to emerge pure shining gold—radiantly indestructible. Susie—a mere mite of a girl who became paralyzed in an accident, from her wheel chair endured the sorrow of losing her beloved mother.

"What next?" Hollywood whispered in sympathy, but somehow the light in her eyes was a promise that whatever it is Susie will come through—a gallant girl and a magnificent woman.

Her husband, Richard Quine, out of the Navy, has returned to the screen in "But Not Goodbye" while Susie will go on with her writing for Photoplay and radio work. Salute!

Romance Notes: Howard Hughes, millionaire, thinks he has a special option on Yvonne De Carlo. But then Hughes is the lad who never drops an option, remember? . . . Artie Shaw's statements that he doesn't want his bride Ava Gardner in movies, as two stars in a family are too many, has Hollywood asking what *two stars?* . . . Gail Russell likes Pete Lawford but Pete likes to play the field—since he can't have Lana Turner. (*Continued on page* 16)


You'll go for Raft
-and the
girl he
goes for!
George Raft . . . in trouble
up to his gun-hilt . . .
with Ava Gardner's
beauty only stirring
up more . . . in the
picture that proves
it takes a woman
to make a good
guy out of an
all-wrong
man!
NERO FILMS presents
GEORGE RAFT
in
"WHISTLE STOP"
with
AVA GARDNER
VICTOR McLAGLEN
TOM CONWAY
Screenplay by PHILIP YORDAN, Author of "ANNA LUCASTA"
From the Novel by MARITTA M WOLFF
PRODUCED BY
SEYMOUR NEBENZAL
DIRECTED BY
LEONIDE MOGUY
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Stops Perspiration Troubles *Faster*

THAN YOU SLIP ON YOUR SLIP



Expect postwar miracles. Look for this new, excitingly different idea in deodorants. Ask for new super-fast ODORONO Cream Deodorant... *stops perspiration troubles faster than you can slip on your slip.* Because it contains science's most effective perspiration stopper.

Affords other greatly needed blessings too: Will not irritate your skin... or harm fine fabrics... or turn gritty in the jar. *And really protects up to 3 days.*

Change to ODORONO Cream Deodorant—super-fast... super-modern... excitingly different.

NEW, *Superfast*

ODO·RO·NO

CREAM

DEODORANT



39¢

Also 59¢ and 10¢

Plus Federal Tax

ODORONO ICE is back from the wars . . . 39¢



Premiering Wildes — Cornel, star of "Leave Her To Heaven" and wife Pat take in the picture premiere and gaily sign autographs



Premiering too—Tyrone Power, back in civvies, takes his wife, lovely Annabella, to the "Leave Her To Heaven" Hollywood premiere

INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 14) If you see *Wilson* running around with curly hair, don't be surprised. Alexander Knox had to get a permanent for his role with Roz Russell in "Sister Kenny." . . . John Hodiak and Anne Baxter rapidly reaching a heart twining stage despite all family objections . . . It's Evelyn Keyes that Navy Lieut. Robert Stack has his eye on. And no one denies that's an eyeful all right . . . Evelyn's ex-husband, director Charles Vidor, is now cozily married to Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy and Mervyn will soon be married to social Mrs. Kitty Spiegle, and isn't Hollywood divine?

Hutton Ana: Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin swear they'll make those baby stories come true before 1946 is over. Never have known anyone as wild to have a child as that Hutton is! Always has been—and once tried so hard to adopt her sister's little boy, if you remember. Briskin is still keeping up his average of buying Betty a present a day. One night they were dancing around Mocambo and Mona Freeman and Pat Nearney (the newlyweds) danced past them, looking as cute as a widget, and Betty screamed, "Oh—they make me feel so *old!*" Betty must be *all* of twenty-four!

Round About: Artie Shaw isn't giving up his band as rumored—just those tours. But he's giving up his big house and he and Ava are looking for a smaller one. Who isn't? . . . Everyone's so happy to see Ty Power back—and boy, does he look wonderful! He and his Annabella, after a two-week motor trip that was to a secret destination, are back in Hollywood and all around to parties and night clubs together. They go out on foursomes with the Gary Coopers a lot . . . David Niven will be back by the time you read this—and everybody we know is planning a "home-coming party" for the lad. He is so popular and no wonder! What a guy! . . . Bogart and Bacall have been practically living on that boat he bought from Dick Powell. It's a gorgeous yacht—the most elaborate one that Bogie has ever owned . . . Everyone swears that the vocalist on that Harry James recording of "I Can't Begin To Tell You" is Betty Grable—although another name is printed on the record. Listen and see what you think . . . The Bill Eythe-Margaret Whiting plans are an off-again on-again thing. The studio isn't letting him go East—which interferes with Cupid—but maybe that's their whole idea.

This and That: Impish-faced Ray McDonald—out of the Army and into the arms of June (*Continued on page* 19)

Every doctor in private practice was asked...

YES, your doctor was asked too, along with thousands of others from Maine to California! Family physicians, surgeons, nose and throat specialists . . . doctors in every branch of medicine were asked.



THREE nationally known independent research groups . . . hundreds of trained research specialists . . . put the question: "What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?"





THE answers came in by the thousands from all over the country . . . the actual statements of doctors themselves. Figures were checked and re-checked with scientific precision. The answer? Right! Camels! And by a very convincing margin!



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

ACCORDING TO THIS RECENT NATIONWIDE SURVEY:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS

THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE!



THE "T-ZONE" TEST WILL TELL YOU



The "T-Zone" — T for taste and T for throat — is your proving ground for any cigarette. For only your taste and your throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to *you* . . . and how it affects your throat. On the basis of the experience of many, many millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

Now it's down in black and white. Based on the actual statements of doctors themselves to 3 outstanding independent research organizations.

THIS was no study of "trends." No mere "feeling the pulse" poll. This was a nationwide survey to discover the *actual fact* . . . and from statements of doctors themselves.

And the men in white have put their answers down in black and white: As the brand they smoke, the most named Camel!

Doctors smoke for the same enjoyment as the rest of us. Camel's full, rich flavor is as appealing to the doctor as to you. And Camel's mildness and coolness are as welcome to his throat as to yours . . . and to those millions of other smokers the world over!

Are you a modern in *Gabardine?*

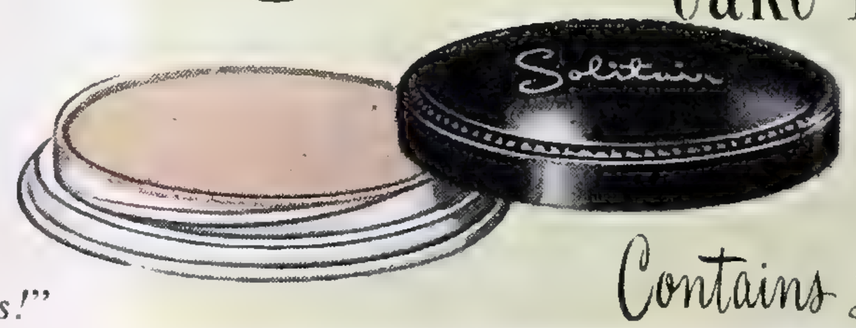
• Are you eager, energetic; keyed to the tempo of a rapidly changing world?
Then for you, streamlined gabardine and, of course, Solitair Cake Make-Up.

• The modern, round-the-clock make-up—Solitair will actually give your complexion the smooth, clear, faultless-freshness you've always wanted—never before found. And since it's Solitair, your make-up looks *naturally* lovely, because it's the featherweight, precision blended cake make-up that *never* looks mask-like. Rich in lanolin, Solitair guards your skin against dryness, too. Takes only seconds to apply. No need for loose powder. Try it—you modern in gabardine! $1, 60¢, 25¢.

• *Original Gabardine suit by Anthony Blotta*

• *Nine leading skin specialists say, "Solitair won't clog pores!"*

Solitair
cake make-up



Contains Lanolin



Ella Raines is the Mocambo date-special of Greg Bautzer, remembered for his dating of Lana Turner, Dorothy Lamour and other stars

INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 16) Allyson—but only for a dance sequence in "Till The Clouds Roll By." Ray is now a husband and a father, but how he loves those dancing shoes . . . Just when Hollywood was beginning to believe all was not too well in the menage of Laraine Day and her husband Ray Hendricks, the actress adopted two babies—which proves how wrong everyone is—we hope . . . Richard Jaeckel back from Okinawa and thereabouts stayed two months in Hollywood and went right back to his Merchant Marine ship. Seriously doubt that Hollywood will ever be able to hold young Richard . . . Deanna Durbin looking beautiful at lunch with her husband Felix Jackson expects her first baby very soon . . . Tyrone Power is all set to go into Twentieth Century-Fox's "Captain From Castille" with Linda Darnell. Cal remembers how unhappy Ty once was at having newcomer Linda as his leading lady. But now that Linda's changed type and gained experience and laurels, Ty must be pleased as punch . . . Two wives who do not believe in basking in the shadow of their husband's career are setting out on their own. We are talking about the muchly publicized Evie Albott, wife of Keenan Wynn, and Annelle Hayes, who is the wife of the new star Mark Stevens. Evie goes with "The Dark Corner" which stars Mark, and Annelle may return to her old studio RKO . . . That smile on Tony Martin's face seems a trifle wistful. Tony's unfortunate experiences in the war have certainly left their mark despite Hollywood's attempts at friendliness.

The Voice and the Turk: There is a special something in the voice of Turhan Bey that prompts instant recognition. It isn't accent so much as quality, and so

Success! Peter Lawford asked to meet cute Evelyn Keyes (object—date) and here they are profiled at the Trocadero together





KEEP FRESH! Bathe. Then dust your body with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Quickly it dries lingering moisture. Leaves you ravishingly fresh.

FEEL SMOOTH! Sprinkle *extra* Cashmere Bouquet Talc over chafable places. It imparts a satin-smooth sheath of protection to sensitive skin.

STAY DAINTY! Keep your feminine appeal on high. Use Cashmere Bouquet *often* for coolness, comfort and for the dainty way it scents you with the *fragrance men love.*

CASHMERE BOUQUET TALC



In 10¢, 20¢ and 35¢ sizes
For the luxury size with velour puff ask for Cashmere Bouquet Dusting Powder 65¢

"EACH MAN KILLS THE THINGS HE LOVES!"

...and he loved them all!



First he enshrined their beauty on canvas — then consigned them to death!

THE MADONNA'S SECRET

Starring

FRANCIS LEDERER · GAIL PATRICK

ANN RUTHERFORD·EDWARD ASHLEY

with Linda STIRLING • John LITEL

Leona ROBERTS • Michael HAWKS

Directed by WILLIAM THIELE

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

INSIDE STUFF



Randy Scott, hosting party at Romanoff's, greets Olivia de Havilland, happier than in months, with new beau, Major McEwen

Turhan, who phones frequently, never pauses to announce himself.

He came over this special evening about eight-thirty to talk until almost midnight, of life in Asia, in Europe, of the service, of Plato and his philosophy, of love and its pain as well as its joys, and of the future.

He has recently been transferred from the Army to the Air Corps at Santa Ana in the special service division, which means he makes weekly visits into Hollywood to secure talent for the camp shows. Between times he sweeps out the barracks and recreation hall with his pals, also privates, there to cheer him on. He doesn't mind in the least. Seems to enjoy it as a matter of fact. A private first class now, he isn't sure just what is in store for him.

Sydney Greenstreet: At dinner recently Sydney Greenstreet told us the story of a young artist friend in England who awoke one night from a dream never to be forgotten. The artist dreamed he was walking in London when the driver of a hearse pulled up to the sidewalk and remarked, "There's room for one more."

The voice and the face became so vividly etched on his mind, he found himself constantly sketching the face throughout the years. In fact, it was twenty years later when the artist hurried through the lobby of a hotel and hesitated at the door of the crowded elevator. "There's room for one more," the operator said and the artist froze. It was the voice and the remembered face. Instantly he drew back.

A half minute later the elevator broke and crashed to the basement, killing every passenger and the operator. It took twenty years for a dream to materialize, and a good memory to heed its warning.

Judy: Judy Garland and her husband Vincente Minnelli have moved into the home he owned before their marriage and are deep in (*Continued on page 22*)

Wet Feet? Cold Feet?
Look out for a Cold!

GARGLE WITH LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC!



Germs Reduced up to 96.7% in Tests

Fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, tests showed bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7%, and up to 80% one hour after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

THE "SECONDARY INVADERS"

These are some types of the threatening germs that cause so much of the misery of a cold when they invade the body through throat membranes.

TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

THIS pleasant precaution, taken early and often, may help head off a cold or lessen its severity.

Wet or cold feet, like fatigue, drafts, sudden temperature changes, can lower body resistance so that germs called the "secondary invaders" find it easier to invade throat tissue. When they do, they produce much of the misery you know all too well.

How Listerine Antiseptic Can Help

This delightful antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of these "secondary invaders" . . . gives Nature a helping hand in halting the mass invasion of germs.

Naturally, plenty of rest, warmth, and light foods will help immeasurably in fighting off the infection.

Fewer Colds in Tests

You need only look at Listerine's impressive record made in tests over 12 years to see how helpful it can be. Consider:

That those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle . . . and fewer sore throats.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. *St. Louis, Mo.*



Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Ave., Rockefeller Center, New York, N. Y.

ADV. BY N. W. AYER

INSIDE STUFF



In the subtle sense, Mrs. Eddie Bracken mimics famous husband

(*Continued from page* 20) the throes of redecorating. Perched like an eagle high on a hill above the Strip, the house literally hangs by an eyebrow to the mountain's edge. Only one room, Judy's bedroom, has been completed and Cal wants to go on record as saying it's the most unusual decor we've ever seen with its dark, dark maroonish walls, floors and ceilings (all one color), its dark wine bedspread, drapes and chair covers. Even the furniture is heavy and dark with the only light spot in the room a pinkish beige string rug. In fact, the smile of happiness on Judy's face is about the only other bright spot in the room, but she adores it—and that's all that matters.

"Look at it, isn't it lovely?" she asks happily.

They've bought the two lots on either side of them, too steep for a garden, and plan to plant trees in both of them. Some fun for a nurse to perambulate the Minnelli baby over those rugged hillsides.

The nursery, also in the midst of decoration, is downstairs—the living room, bedrooms and the dining room are upstairs.

Anyway they have happiness, and it does our heart good to know that after years of uncertainty Judy has found her answer.

It's a Boy: The sarong siren is singing lullabies these days and loving it. The boy, christened John Ridgely, arrived January 8 to proud parents Dorothy Lamour and William Ross Howard III. His name was picked out in advance, since both Dottie and Bill felt William Ross Howard IV too much name to tack onto their heir. Had the baby been a girl the name would have been Mary Leta, which means that a future Howard gal is already named.

INSIDE STUFF



Candid catch of two men and a laugh
—Charles Korvin and Bob Preston

They Say: Kurt Kreuger: If I'm not on top in two years, I'll leave Hollywood.

Ingrid Bergman: I would never want to return to Sweden for my permanent home.

Pat Knight: I wanted to make certain my husband Cornel Wilde was going to be a success before I tried the screen for myself. Now, though, I'm pretty sure.

Last-minute News: The Randy Scott party held at Romanoff's was a mecca for all Hollywood's bright and pretty people. Lew Ayres, looking better than ever, was the lion of the evening. Lana who danced so snugly with her new beau Bob Hutton, Cary Grant looking happy for a change, with Betty Hensel, Olivia de Havilland and her beau Major McEwen, were only a few of the many guests who greeted the popular Scotts.

The Hollywood Women's Press Club doled out the golden apples to Joan Crawford and Gregory Peck as the most cooperative players. Greer Garson and Fred MacMurray were voted the least cooperative.

Joan Crawford wept tears when she accepted the award, for only the day before she and her third husband Phil Terry had separated. Ironically enough, Phil returned to his parents' home in Glendale, the town that was the real locale of "Mildred Pierce," Crawford's latest hit.

The "Leave Her To Heaven" premiere brought out the town and its stars, with Victor Mature and little June Haver sharing the spotlight with Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman and Cornel Wilde and his lovely wife Pat Knight. Mocambo afterwards was gay with everyone happy over the success of the film.



Hips aren't your big problem, Honey!

YOU CAN TAKE your hips right off your mind, Angel. For no one finds fault with your *figure!*

But you'd be smart to exercise a little more care about personal charm. Being streamlined, you know, won't protect you against *underarm odor.* Or lessen the offense when others find you guilty.

So keep right on trusting your bath—for *past* perspiration. But put your trust in dependable Mum to prevent risk of *future* underarm odor.

Creamy, snowy-white Mum smooths on in 30 seconds. Keeps you fresh and free from underarm odor all day or evening. Helps you stay nice to be near.

Mum is gentle—is harmless to skin and fabrics. Won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. So why take chances with your charm when you can be *sure* with Mum? Ask for a jar of it today.

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.*



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstandin



Gene Tierney plays to perfection the possessive woman in love with Cornel Wilde

✓✓ Leave Her To Heaven (20th Century-Fox)

READERS of Ben Ames Williams's novel will find no fault in its faithful translation to the screen, for "Leave Her To Heaven" emerges a picture of distinction, charm and power. It appeals to the heart and stirs the emotions. It disturbs and repels, holds and grips the imagination and leaves one completely satisfied that one has witnessed a fine picture, beautifully acted and pictorially lovely. The color, in fact, is outstanding and the scenery exquisite as the story shifts from a ranch in the West to Warm Springs, Virginia and on to the lakes of Maine.

Gene Tierney does the best job of her career as the possessive woman whose consuming love smothers her father to his death. Meeting Cornel Wilde, a young author, on the train as they are both headed toward the same ranch, she sees in him an image of her father and sets ou to marry him. Jealous of his young broth er Danny, a victim of infantile paralysis she permits him to drown rather than lend a helping hand. Believing her unborn chil will share her husband's love, she plots it death, and finally plans the most horribl deed of all involving her adopted siste Jeanne Crain.

Cornel is now established as an important star and Jeanne Crain proves herself one of the finest of young actresse playing her role with subdued emotions Vincent Price in the courtroom scene is a knockout. Darryl Hickman as Danny is splendid. In the supporting cast Ray Collins, Mary Phillip and Gene Lockhart ar outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: A great treat.



Joan Caulfield is the beauty who pursues Sonny Tufts in this so-different film

✓✓ Miss Susie Slagle's (Paramount)

THE bypaths that lead from the central character of *Miss Susie,* played with such tender understanding by Lillian Gish, are so many and varied, this central character becomes vague and shadowy. Indeed, the lives and emotional experiences of so many people are involved, the heart of the picture seems completely drained.

And yet it's a good picture for all its many threads. Lillian Gish who runs the boarding house for young medical students is exactly right for the role, looks beautiful besides. Sonny Tufts minus many mannerisms delivers a fine performance, dotted with sincerity and crossed witl honesty. Billy De Wolfe will be hear from again, so real and natural he is Newcomer Joan Caulfield as the girl wh pursues Sonny is a beauty and will certainly be seen more and more often.

Oddly enough, Veronica Lake has hardl more than a plump bit, but she makes ever moment of it count.

Roy Collins, Bill Edwards, Lloyd Bridge and Morris Carnovsky add interestin moments to an unusual picture.

Your Reviewer Says: A so-different film.



Clark Gable returns to the screen with Greer Garson in a dashing picture

✓✓ Adventure (M-G-M)

WHAT use for us to cite the flaws and bemoan the story, for it's Gable's first postwar picture and movie fans, if for no other reason than that, will send its rating sky high. What we can't understand, however, is the vociferous and hemannish Mr. Gable consenting to mouth the innocuous and at times whimsical dialogue that means just nothing. Words, words, words. Such a flow!

The basic structure of the story is good —that of a seafaring, heart-free guy who meets in librarian Garson his waterloo. At loggerheads in the beginning over a little matter of Thomas Mitchell's losing his soul up Powell Street in San Francisco (that will tip you off, friends), they finally fall in love, dash to Reno for marriage, and return to San Francisco where Gree suddenly asks for a divorce. The reaso seems to be that Clark loves a good time is a man of the sea, and not a homebody— all of these facts perfectly well know before Reno.

Needless to say, that's not the end o the story.

Nevertheless, it rates a best because i brings back Gable to the screen, it wil please Miss Garson's fans to have he young and gay for a change, and becaus both Joan Blondell as Garson's friend an Tom Mitchell, soul or no soul, give fin performances.

Your Reviewer Says: You write your own approval of this one.

(*Continued on page* 26)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 138

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 146

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 141

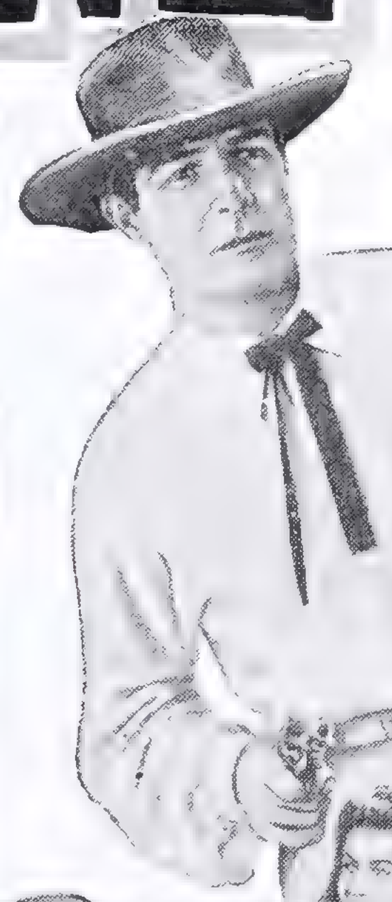
By Sara Hamilton



"The proudest thing I can claim is that I am from Abilene"
— GEN DWIGHT D EISENHOWER

ABILENE TOWN





the Fightin'est Story of Our Roaring Frontier!



JULES LEVEY presents

"ABILENE TOWN"

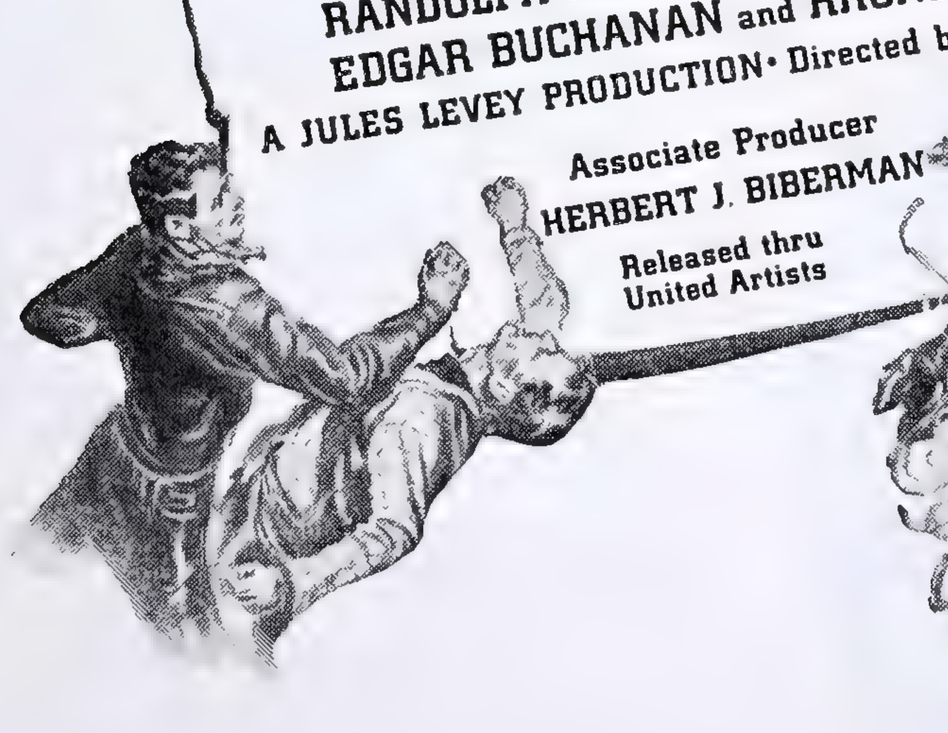
starring

RANDOLPH SCOTT and ANN DVORAK with
EDGAR BUCHANAN and RHONDA FLEMING

A JULES LEVEY PRODUCTION • Directed by EDWIN L. MARIN

Associate Producer
HERBERT J. BIBERMAN

Released thru
United Artists



From the best-selling novel "Trail Town," by Ernest Haycox, author of "Stagecoach."

BRIGHT IDEAS from Hollywood



DOROTHY LAMOUR

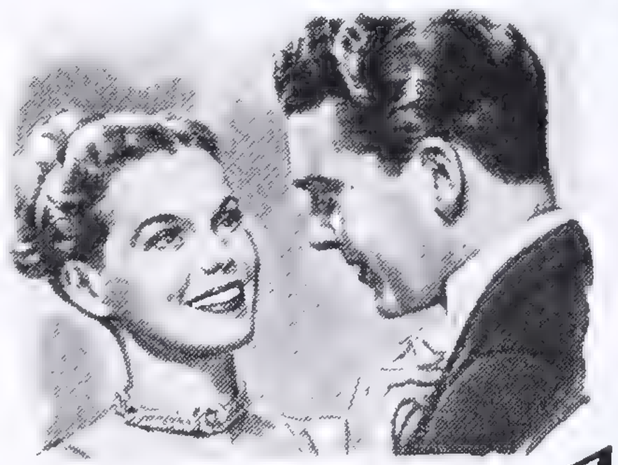
star of Paramount's

"MASQUERADE IN MEXICO"

grows her own earrings! She had clips designed that hold real flowers; now Dottie shops in the garden every morning to pick her fresh-and-fragrant jewelry for the day.



Another bright idea that Dottie shares with many other movie stars is cleaning her teeth with Calox Tooth Powder. Calox has five different cleansing and polishing ingredients to help remove all kinds of surface stains and bring out all the natural lustre of teeth. "I depend on Calox for daily care," says Dottie.



Calox does more than cleanse and polish. It actually sweetens your breath as it brightens your teeth, leaves your mouth feeling clean and minty-fresh. For a smile of Breath-less Beauty, try Calox Tooth Powder today!



CALOX gives your smile Breath-less Beauty

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

(*Continued from page 24*)

✓✓ Road To Utopia (Paramount)

OH, those big, silly wonderful B's—Bing and Bob we mean, of course, who in this film surpass all their Road to Nonsense excursions. How we love their unstudied and at times, we swear, unrehearsed tomfoolery. In fact, the boys have never seemed so relaxed, so in the "to heck with everything" mood, as one gag piles atop another.

A pair of vaudeville hams, the boys head for Alaska, where Dorothy Lamour has gone to reclaim her father's mine. Pretending to be a pair of notorious crooks of the frozen North, the boys get chased and do some chasing on their own. Villains Douglas Dumbrille and Jack LaRue have a whale of a time keeping up with the boys and their one-dog sled.

Dorothy is good as usual, but it's the boys' picture and one is conscious of little else. To reveal the gags would be to spoil the fun, so we'll merely say if you miss this, you've missed the laugh riot of the year.

Your Reviewer Says: A howl a minute.

✓✓ Vacation From Marriage (M-G-M)

QUITE the cutest thing to come out of London, probably due to Hollywood-wise Alexander Korda, is this story that places England's two fine stars, Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr, in character parts that really hum. As the meek, mousy London clerk who joins the Navy and becomes more assured and worldly wise Donat turns in a delightful hand-clappy performance that's a pet. Deborah Kerr, his cold-in-the-head little wife, equally mousy, who joins the Wrens, dons make-up and learns to flirt, is equally fine. When the two meet after a three-and-a-half-year separation with each remembering the other as he was, we really have a nice tea-cozy situation. And how these two troupe. Glynis Johns, Ann Todd and Roland Culver are the other English performers (and good) who turn out a film almost American in feeling.

Your Reviewer Says: So delightful it is.

✓✓ She Wouldn't Say Yes (Columbia)

WOMEN psychiatrists, how sick we are of them! Coy ones, especially, and Rosalind Russell a fine actress, should avoid coyness like a plague. Nevertheless, the same old story of a career woman who tries to avoid love only to meet it head on, has moments of enjoyment, hilarity and even solid common sense. But there is a lot of space between such moments and Columbia hasn't provided much material for the filling in. Lee Bowman, the man who falls for Roz, almost steals the show to our notion. Adele Jergens, who tries to steal Lee, is pretty and amusing. Three old lambie pies, Charlie Winninger, Percy Kilbride and Harry Davenport, enrich the proceedings that aren't dull, you understand, but neither are they as sound as they should be. Anyway, we gave one check for Lee and one for Roz and hope for better things next time.

Your Reviewer Says: We've seen worse many's the time.

✓ Detour (PRC)

PRETTY good little thing, this one, telling the story of a boy who tries to get to his sweetheart, a continent away, only to be lifted up by Fate (*Continued on page 136*)



She Knew What She Wanted

. . . and she stopped at nothing to get it!

ELLEN BERENT was one of the world's most breath-takingly desirable women. But beneath a loveliness that made men gasp was the soul of a tigress — with a ferocity that knew no bounds; respected no laws; tore to shreds the lives of every man, woman, or child whose most innocent action aroused her insane jealousy!

No wonder the *New York Times* stated that *Leave Her to Heaven* (the million-copy best-seller you can now have FREE) "will hypnotize you until you have turned the last page!" For here is a woman whose passionate career will hold you spellbound. Her whole being flames into deadly rage if she is forced to share even a tiny part of a man's love with anyone else—or with any *thing*.

Her devouring love gorged itself like a wild animal after a jungle triumph. Her lies and betrayals tore the heartstrings of others with crafty cunning. Her jealousy—as racking as a never-ending heartburn—bit like acid into every life that touched her own. This woman, who gave too little and took too much, stopped at *nothing* to get what she wanted!

BOTH FREE—This MILLION-COPY Best Seller Which Has Just Been Made Into A Smash-Hit Movie—

Leave Her *to* Heaven

and ALSO

SHORT STORIES OF De MAUPASSANT



LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN is one of the most fascinating love stories of our time. And now you may have it—FREE—as a New Membership Gift from "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club"!

In addition, you ALSO receive, FREE, *Short Stories of De Maupassant,* containing over fifty tales of love, hate, intrigue, jealousy, passion and madness—complete and unexpurgated, the frankest stories of their kind ever written!

Read of *Ball-of-Fat,* buxom girl of easy virtue—and what she did! Read *Love, Mademoiselle Fifi, Story of a Farm Girl, A Bad Error*—and all the best works of this master of daring realism!

Our Double-Gift to You—Both These Books FREE!

EACH month ONE of the Book League's selections is a modern best-seller by a famous author like Ben Ames Williams, Somerset Maugham, Ernest Hemingway—selling for $2.50 and up in the publisher's edition.

AND EVERY MONTH YOU RECEIVE A BONUS BOOK—a masterpiece of immortal literature. These classics are *uniformly bound.* They grow into a handsome lifetime *matched* library. The great authors in this series include Shakespeare, Poe, Balzac, Zola, etc.

This club builds for you a library containing the best of the new best-sellers AND the best of the older masterpieces.

You Do NOT Have to Take Every Selection

The NEW book plus the BONUS book sent you each month are valued at $3.50 to $4.00 in the publisher's edition. But you get BOTH for only $1.49!

You do NOT have to accept each monthly selection and BONUS book; only six *of your own choice* during the year to fulfill your membership requirement. And each month the Club's "Bulletin" describes a number of *other* popular best-sellers; so that, if you prefer one of these to the regular Selection, you may choose it instead. There are no membership dues; no further cost or obligation.

Accept This Trial Membership—No Obligation

Send the coupon without money. Read these two gift books for five days. If they do *not* convince you that this IS "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club," simply return them; pay nothing. But if these volumes DO demonstrate that subscribing to the Book League is the wisest move a reader can make today, then keep them as a gift; your subscription will begin with next month's new selection and BONUS book. Mail coupon for your TWO FREE BOOKS *NOW!* BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Dept. MWG-3, Garden City, N. Y.

Mail this Coupon to
BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Dept. MWG-3, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me—FREE—**Leave Her to Heaven** and **Short Stories of De Maupassant.** Within 5 days I may return them if I wish, without cost or obligation. Otherwise, I will keep them as a gift, and continue to receive forthcoming new monthly selections and BONUS books—at only $1.49 plus few cents postage, for BOTH books.

However, I do not have to accept each month's new selection and BONUS book; only six **of my own choice** during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. Each month I will receive the Club's "Bulletin" describing a number of other popular best-sellers; so that, if I prefer one of these to the regular Selection, I may choose it instead. There are no membership dues for me to pay; no further cost or obligation.

MR. }
MRS. }
MISS } (Please print plainly)

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... Zone No. (if any)..... STATE.....

Occupation..... Age, please, if under 21.....

☐ HANDSOME DE LUXE BINDING: Check box if you wish your masterpieces (monthly BONUS books) in simulated leather, silver stamped, for only 40c extra monthly. We will then also send you FREE gift copy of **Short Stories of De Maupassant** in this binding—at no extra charge.

Slightly higher in Canada. Address 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Canada.



GENE TIERNEY at the flood-tide of her glory... in a motion picture that engulfs the screen in dramatic greatness!

DARRYL F. ZANUCK
presents

GENE TIERNEY
in
Dragonwyck
From the Novel by Anya Seton
with

WALTER HUSTON
VINCENT PRICE
GLENN LANGAN

and
ANNE REVERE • SPRING BYINGTON
CONNIE MARSHALL • HENRY MORGAN

Written for the Screen and Directed by **JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ**

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

STORMY PASSAGE for *Joan and Phil*

They said goodbye—first stormily, then pleasantly. Here is the story from one who has watched first-hand the marriage of Joan Crawford and Phil Terry

BY RUTH WATERBURY



Joan Crawford
of "Humoresque"

AT AN hour before midnight, nine days before Christmas, Louella Parsons broke the news that Joan Crawford and Phillip Terry had separated.

I think I can safely say I was one of the very few people in Hollywood who wasn't startled by the information. Heartsick, yes, because Joan and Phil, together and individually, are both such nice people. But the only surprise to me in the announcement was that the parting had come so dramatically. In the Crawford library the Christmas tree was already alight and only the night before I had sat on the floor under it and wrapped gifts for Christina and Phillip Jr. The big holly wreaths were up at the windows and the outer doors. The children already had their new Christmas clothes laid aside for the joyous occasion. I had thought that Joan and Phil would weather it through the holidays. But that they would part before many weeks, I felt (and I use that verb "felt" deliberately) was inevitable.

You see, Joan and I have known one another since long before she did "Dancing Daughters," through three of her marriages and two of mine, through illnesses and ups and downs, with scarcely a day without an exchange of phone calls or a week without our spending at least a few hours together. In other words, it's the type of friendship only possible between two women who know the complete truth about each other.

That Sunday night of the parting, Joan's telephone call wakened me about eleven. "Oh, Ruthie," she said, "Parsons just called me to ask if Phil and I had separated. How she knew Phillip had left for his parents' home this evening, I don't know, but it is true, so I admitted it. But I can't talk about why we (*Continued on page* 122)



Phil Terry
of "To Each His Own"

Smoke Screen

Lolly takes the lid off the romance of June Haver and Victor Mature which has more question marks as to the outcome than "Take It Or Leave It"

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

NO ROMANCE in Hollywood has been operating behind more of a smoke screen than the heart affair of June Haver and Vic Mature. Part of this is due to the fact that it's June's first grown-up romance and she herself is in a state of perplexity, infatuation and indecision where Vic is concerned. And part of it is due to the mercurial Mature who would keep even the Answer Man guessing.

I've talked to both—with some interesting results. But before I tell you what June said to me, I'm going to let you in on a few secrets which she didn't happen to mention that day she came over to my house to talk about Vic and what goes with them.

In spite of the fact that the world knows that June's mother does not approve of her romance and June says she would never marry without permission—*I know she went to one of the heads of her studio and admitted she was seriously considering marrying the handsome hunk of man.*

I also know that they got as far as Palm Springs in an elopement on one occasion before June changed her mind. She is a very religious little girl, and her faith forbids marriage to a divorced man.

As for Vic, he has told me that he is very much in love with June and I believe him. But with that boy, well, he has been in love before—and has told me so.

Just when I thought he was carrying a torch a mile high because Rita Hayworth had married Orson Welles, he called me long distance in New York announcing that he and Anne Shirley had matrimonial plans! That was just one occasion. Before Rita, he was ma-a-ad about Lana Turner and pretty little Buff Cobb has recently been in his love life, too.

I like Vic—but he doesn't fool me. Even he would have to admit that his loves are subject to change—and frequently—without notice.

So now you know what I knew that day I invited June over to my house to let her hair down. Over a cup of coffee (she doesn't drink anything stronger, and I don't dare) I asked, "Junie, are you going to marry Vic?"

She's only nineteen and she looked even more like a kid than usual in the simple little blue slack suit she was wearing that just matched her eyes. She looked straight at me and was very serious when she answered, "No, I'm not going to marry for a long, long time."

"Does that *long, long time* mean, perhaps, about two years more when you will be of age and legally free to marry the man you love in spite of paternal objections?"

"I would never marry Vic or anyone else without the blessing of my mother—if that is what you mean," she said with that straight-from-the-shoulder-way June has of talking. "My mother and I have been too close and there is too much deep understanding between us—for that. It would (*Continued on page* 104)



The fire burns bright: Victor Mature, Twentieth Star, and little June Haver of "Three Little Girls In Blue"

Ingrid, Spellbinder

BY GREGORY PECK



Friends and co-stars—Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck of "Spellbound"

NO MATTER how many characters I play from now on, it's distressing to think that I'll always be best remembered as the guy who gave Ingrid Bergman a close shave—a Hollywood knave whose sole claim to fame lies in his having made love with a razor in his hand.

It's the toughest acting I've ever done—not only the razor episode, but skiing down that long slope making faces at Ingrid in "Spellbound."

"Look as if you're going to *kill* her!" said Director Hitchcock.

So for five minutes skiing along beside her, I had to leer, squinch my eyes, grit my jaw and makes faces. No matter how much imagination you may have, nobody could ever feel like making faces at her. She's as regular as they come.

You learn a lot about any star with whom you appear in a motion picture. During the three months that you spend together making a picture like "Spellbound," you see more of them than you do of your own family, and you see them under long hard working hours and tense situations that could have you running up white flags in formation. You can throw away the flag pole with Miss B. She was my favorite actress before I ever met her and she's still my favorite after working with her. She's even tempered, considerate, and has a super sense of humor.

I've been a Bergman fan ever since those first days when I was going to dramatic school at the Neighborhood Playhouse on 46th Street in New York and used to see her getting in and out of an elevator on our floor. Ingrid had come to New York then to do "Liliom" with Burgess Meredith and was coming up to our school to study dancing with Martha Graham. Most of us had seen her in "Intermezzo" and we all thought she was great.

I didn't have any classes with her, but since all the classrooms were on the same floor of the office building, I was always seeing her around. She usually wore an old trench coat, a beret, low-heeled shoes and she always looked perfectly natural, just as she does now. Just an unaffected friendly-looking girl whom you felt you could walk right up and talk to. But remembering how famous she was, I kept hanging back and trying to figure out some way to break the ice and speak to her. Two months later when she left school, I still hadn't figured one out.

Certainly I had no idea that I'd be doing a picture with her a few years hence. We didn't meet in Hollywood until we were getting ready to make "Spellbound" and I was very glad to note then that the impression I'd had of her in New York was the same as that I got some five years later when we met on a test stage at Selznick Studios.

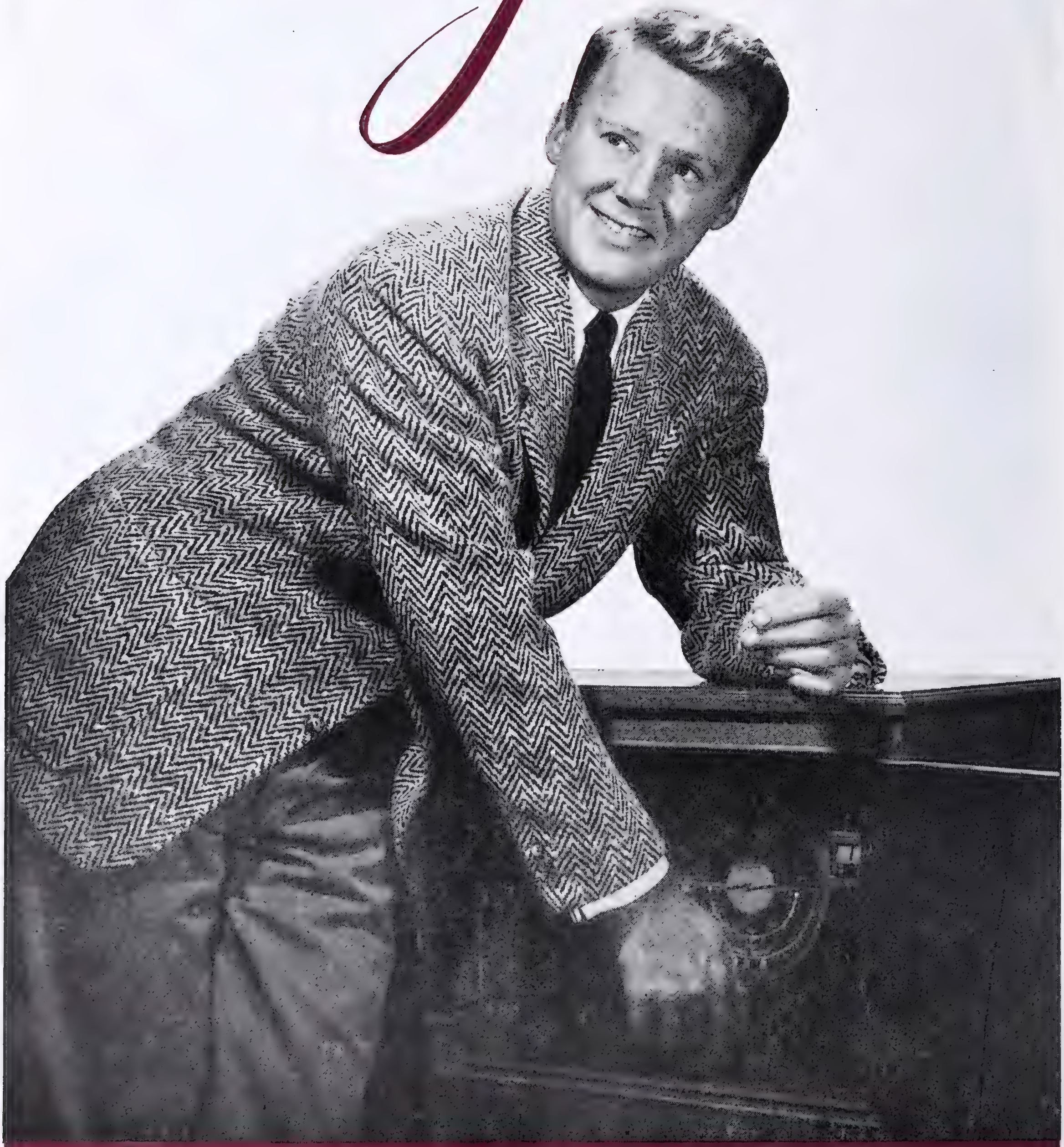
This came (*Continued on page* 68)



"I used to see her with beret and trench coat in the elevator at dramatic school.

Now five years later, I've come to know her greatness as a human being"

Heart of a Yankee



A newsreel gave Van back his faith in his dream. Next to be seen in "No Leave, No Love"

In the life of any man who reaches the pinnacle of fame there is a woman who influenced his steps. In Van Johnson's life there were three

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

SOMETIMES, it is said, life imitates art.

The arrival of Van Johnson in New York was pure art, from the dramatic point of view. By which I mean that no author writing a fiction story could possibly better it as a scene representing a scared but determined boy arriving from the small town bracket to make good in the world's biggest city.

The tall youngster who trudged up a ramp into Grand Central Station that hot summer afternoon in 1936 actually carried a straw suitcase, he actually wore a battered straw hat. Standing there overawed by the architectural beauty of the vast building, by the multitude of its activities, the scurrying throngs of people all intent upon their own business, Van Johnson was any boy from New England hitting the big town for the first time. But the wide-eyed gaze, which was then and still is entirely sincere, the shock of unruly red-blond hair, the friendly smile even when nobody smiled back—these were all special to Van Johnson.

For a moment he was stunned by it all. His heart did a dive into his shoes and the smile flickered and almost went out.

The real moment of decision in Van Johnson's life was right then.

It had taken him quite a while to make up his mind to come at all. A New Englander and a Swede to boot, he is a careful, almost a cautious, thinker—inclined to be very sure of his goal before he moves, and then to move inexorably toward it, no matter what the obstacles. When he played on his high-school football team, the visitors never looked for flashy, tricky runs from Johnson, but once he got possession of the ball and started ploughing through he went places even if he had to carry two or three opposing linemen with him.

So after he was graduated from Rogers High School, he went about his routine life trying to make up his mind. Working as a bookkeeper in his father's real estate office, meeting his friends, taking his pretty blonde sweetheart to a dance or to the movies, getting an extra job as a waiter at a clam house called the Barnacle—the ordinary existence of an American boy just out of school—but all the time underneath the question tormented him.

This burning desire to get into motion pictures, this strange inner conviction that he could make a success of it, was it just the movie itch that a lot of young people get? Should he settle down to his knitting in Newport, Rhode Island, and spend the rest of his life there as his father had done before him? Or was it a true call, a real vocation which was intended for fulfillment?

Lois Sanborn, the tall, handsome girl who ran the Barnacle restaurant, put out a hand and swayed the scales. In the end, hers was the voice that sent him on his way to movie stardom, to becoming a factor to be reckoned with in the minds and hearts of Americans.

She had, this red-headed girl, a quality that was new to Van Johnson, that was in its way un-New England. Not only enormous vitality, but a sort of dry, brilliant irony—a deep philosophy, unusual in so young a woman perhaps, that a man should always try to fulfill his (*Continued on page* 129)



Pals—back when Van was a song and dance man with June Havoc in the Broadway musical-comedy, "Pal Joey"



FIRST LADY- *Second Time*

BY FRED R. SAMMIS

An editor's-"I"-view of the sparkling sophisticate you chose to win again Photoplay's Gold Medal

TIME was the cocktail hour. Place was the playroom in Louella Parsons's Maple Drive home. Reason was for this editor to mix a special Martini with the vermouth applied by breathing the cork over the ice. It was to be a tête-à-tête, the conversation strictly on the intimate—or you don't print it—variety.

The bar spoon was no sooner in the shaker when the doorbell rang and in swept a slim, vibrant lady haloed with spun-gold hair. If the bar spoon clattered to the floor it was not accident but simple consternation. You see, this was a year ago and the winners of the Photoplay Gold Medals as America's most popular stars of the year had not been whispered to a single curious person in the entire forty-eight states. I knew that the actress of the year was to be Greer Garson, but Louella Parsons didn't know and certainly Greer Garson didn't.

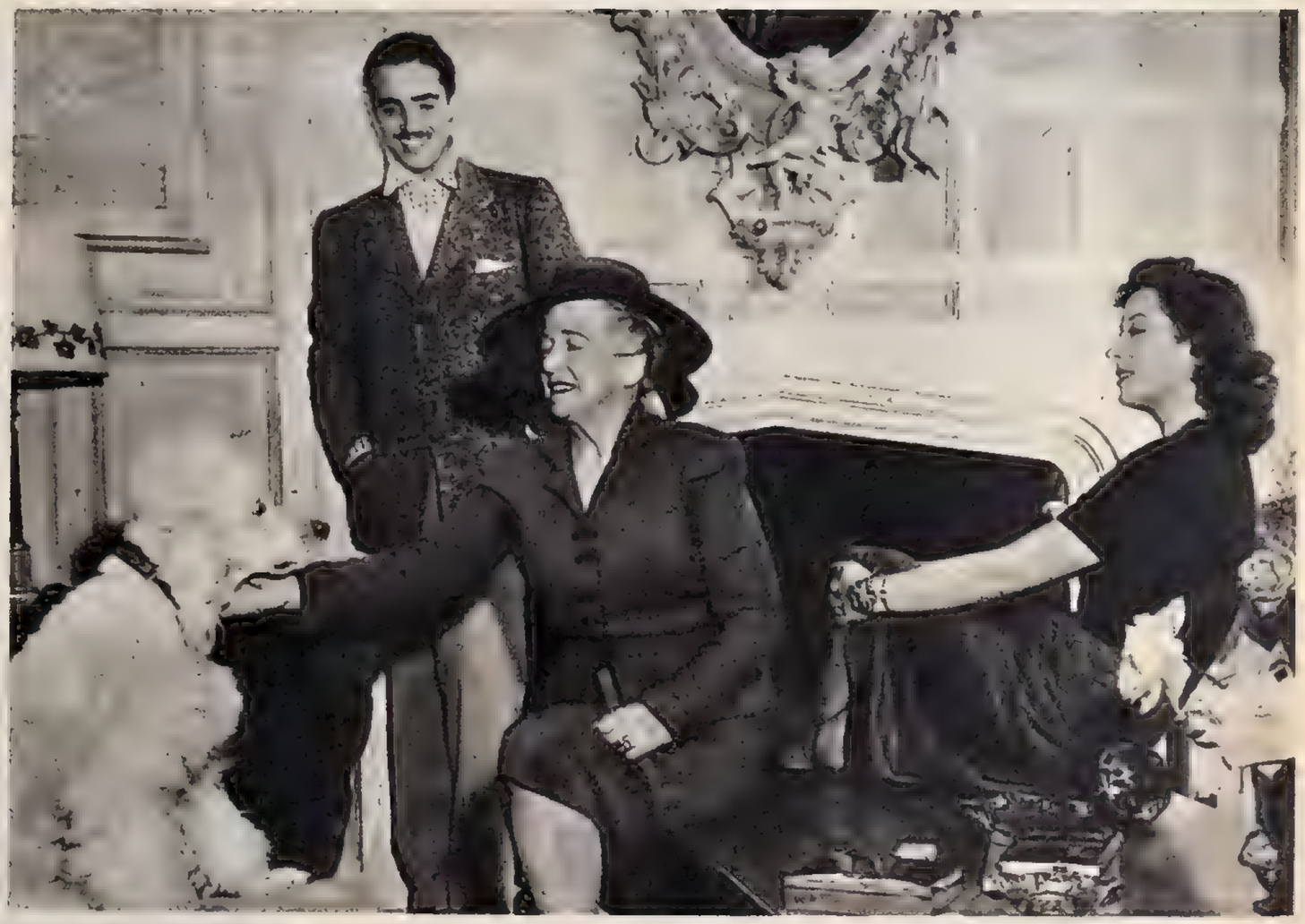
And here she was, charm, sophistication, humor all wrapped up in as exciting a package as Hollywood and acting talent could present. The next half hour was fun, excitement, worry. The announcement of Greer's winning the Gallup movie poll was to be made in exactly five days. For five days then the secret must be kept and neither Martinis, Hollywood's best reporter nor a redhead must worm the secret out of the editor, unaccustomed as he was to Spartan silence.

The secret was kept. It is not, however, an assignment to welcome often. It demanded speed afoot, avoiding cleverly camouflaged snares and the ability to resist rapier counter thrusts.

To this day, let it be added, I don't know whether a spy had stumbled on Photoplay's secret and rushed to Greer with it, who then learned from Louella I was to be at her home that day, or whether Louella had the secret, cunningly called Greer without my knowing it and mysteriously (*Continued on page* 106)



Song session with husband Richard Ney



Greer and Richard look on as Mrs. Garson gives Gogo, the family pet, a pat

American favorite — Greer Garson, next to be seen in "Adventure"
Portrait by Paul Hesse

He never ran away from home, his attitudes are realistic. Next in "Two Sisters From Boston"

He is punctual to work but usually late to dates. Once was a parking-lot attendant





He is an avid reader of Philip Wylie—and mystery novels

PORTRAIT OF PETE

The little things that go to make up a remarkable lad—British-born American favorite, Peter Lawford



He's the only son of Lieut.-General (retired) Sir Sydney and Lady Lawford—lives with them in a modest white cottage

HE does not plan to marry "for at least six or eight years."

He hates Martini cocktails.

He used to jitterbug "like mad" but is now concentrating on the tango. He is very fond of peanuts and olives.

He cannot abide girls in heavy make-up.

He was baptized Peter Sydney Ernest Lawford.

He is gradually breaking himself of the habit of biting his nails, and is addicted to doodling in meaningless geometric designs.

He is a fatalist and prides himself on his ability to fry eggs sunny side up. He was born on September 7, 1923, in London.

He admits to being a "pidgeon" in gin rummy and made his first film appearance at the age of seven in "Old Bill," which was produced in London in 1930. He is six feet tall.

He has not read "Forever Amber," calls his mother Honey, and has traveled twice around the world visiting thirteen countries.

He would rather marry "out of the business."

His greatest extravagance is clothes and his hypersensitiveness frequently depresses him at some unwitting remark. He is very fond of plain chocolate candy.

He never ran away from home, likes avocadoes only in shrimp cocktails and is an avid reader of Philip Wylie, whose "Finley Wren" he has read several times.

He is left-handed.

He delights in playing practical jokes on the telephone, always carries a comb and is the only son of Lieut.-General (retired) Sir Sydney and Lady (*Continued on page* 114)

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE



Fink

A skiier who slalomed into a talent scout, a traveler who wanted to be

a five-and-ten-cent store king—Kurt Kreuger of "Sentimental Journey"

Sensational Swiss

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

YOU could have told him, just from looking at him. A number of Hollywood biggies did tell him but it seemed absurdly fantastic to Kurt Kreuger—the idea that he might become an actor. "I am a business man, pure and simple!" he protested. "Actors are artists and I—well, what I want is to own a string of ten-cent stores! I'll do whatever I can at first and then I shall work up to my ambition." This was soon after Kurt arrived from his native Switzerland.

And then it happened to him—acting—like measles and a more pleasantly bewildered man you never saw. Now, having viewed the Hollywood hocus-pocus at close range, he thinks he likes it and, what's more, he thinks there is "good business to be done here, too." But he'll feel safer when he has those ten-cent stores.

And don't be fooled by his mundane ambitions or the fact that he has played mostly "heavies" in pictures. Kurt has glamour, a nice, masculine sort of glamour, of course. But it is a compelling quality which makes photographers flock around him at premieres and big parties, even if they don't know exactly who he is, as they often did not in his early days in Hollywood. They are sure he must be *someone* or he wouldn't look and act like that!

He is brown and lean, a sun-burned blond and his smile flashes excitingly. Women look at him and say, "oooh!" and reach for their lipsticks and wonder nervously about the state of their eyelashes, but men shake his hand and start talking sports because he looks as if he knew about such things. And he *does*.

He should. Sports were his chief interest in life for years before he came to this country. Kurt learned to ski while he was still very young simply because every Swiss boy learns that art . . . and it was so much fun that he also learned to ride and to do lots of other strenuous outdoor things, just for the joy he got out of doing them. (*Continued on page 72*)



His home reflects his liking for things Chinese

Kurt and Wolfie, whose bark is worse than his bite. He frightened away a succession of butler applicants



Mr. Gage gives his bargaining power a brush-up by a quick look at "Easy Spanish" on a shopping tour





Esther and Ben found quaint little silver shops and bought many gifts with Christmas and families in mind



The sun shines bright on the honeymooners, on the roof of the Reforma Hotel, Mexico City

HONEYMOON

A pair in paradise south of the border—

indefatigable Hymie Fink scoops 'em

all with gay pictures and intimate story

about Esther Williams and Ben Gage



Esther, star of "The Hoodlum Saint," in tropic dress, joins Ben for informal fun and food on the Reforma Roof

IN MEXICO



LITTLE did I dream until that December day when I flew to Mexico City that I was going to go overboard for another Hollywood honeymoon couple.

Maybe its just that there's something super-romantic in that Mexican sunlight and those Mexican nights. Or maybe it's because Esther Williams and Ben Gage do seem to be two of the happiest kids ever. Or maybe it's just because I knew I was being a terrible nuisance after I picked them up in Mexico City when they were trying to keep their happiness—quite naturally—to themselves.

After the wedding and reception back in Hollywood all of us lens guys had chased them to the midnight plane bound for Mexico City.

Then through the Fink spy system, I had found out that in spite of her happiness and desire to talk over with Ben everything that had happened, Esther had been so tired she had fallen asleep the moment the plane had got off the ground. And Ben, because of his



A-tisket, a-tasket—the bride and groom bought a basket on the Paseo de la Reforma

Color pictures and story by Fink



The groom hides behind a Mardi Gras mask while his bride giggles

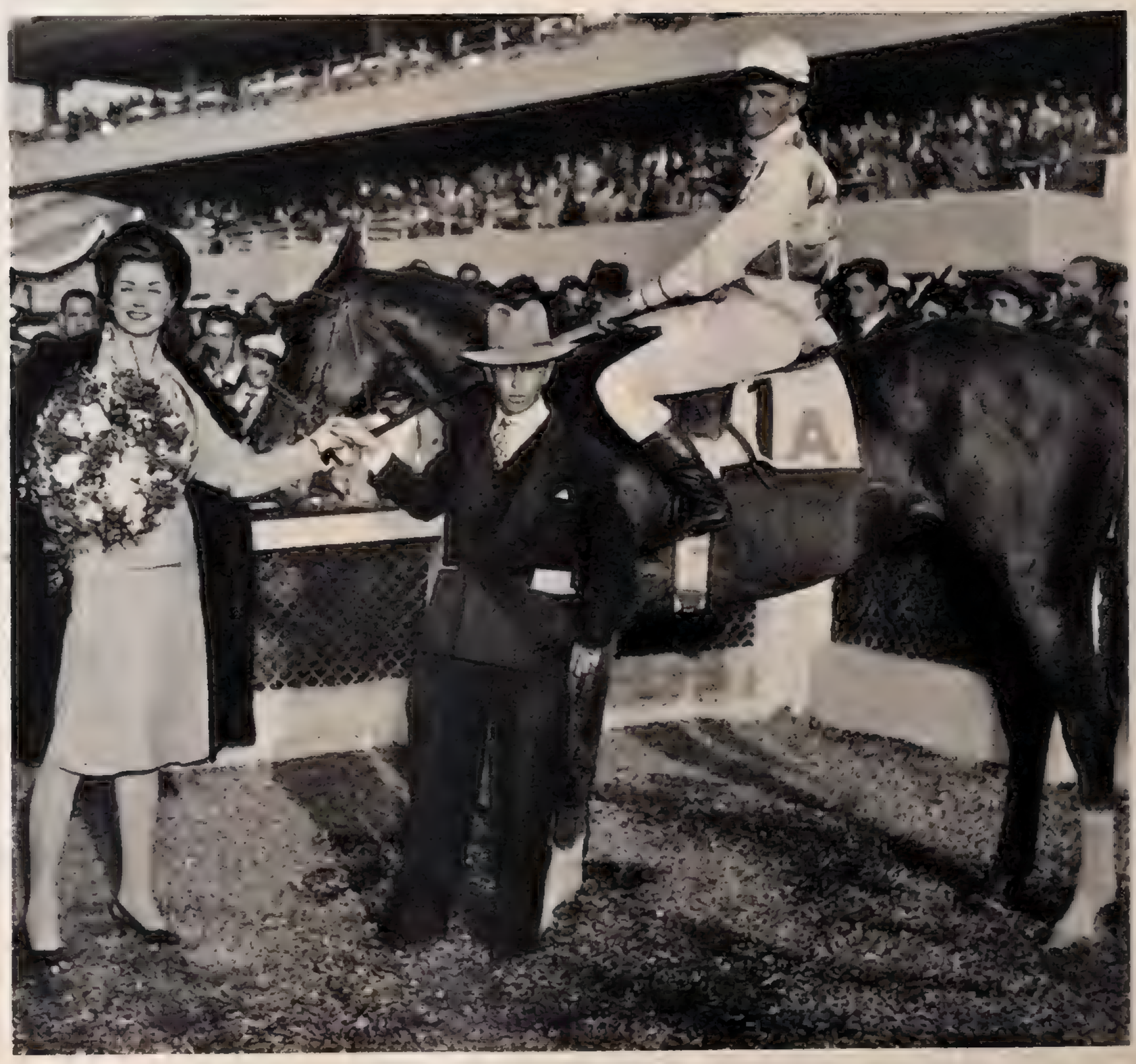
six feet five and a half inches, had spent the first night of his honeymoon stretching out in the aisle. When Esther awoke as the plane came down at the border for customs inspection, there was her groom stretched out at her feet, dead to the world.

M-G-M had given Esther a week off for a honeymoon before she had to go back to work on "Fiesta." She and Ben were planning to slip off to one of those quaint little Mexican seaside towns where they could relax in the sun and water, for this is their idea of about the best fun on earth. That's what they planned. But the minute they arrived in Mexico City there were friends inviting them to dinner, there were requests for Esther to appear at various events, there were all kinds of people calling to congratulate them. It was dawn of the second day of their marriage before they were finally alone.

The next day they did slip out of town for a whole twenty-four hours, after which they had to come back because, having been a radio announcer and singer before entering the Army, Ben had a contract to make some recordings in Hollywood. Of course, this would be the week they chose to make them! But since these recordings were going to pay for their trip to Mexico, the love birds reconciled themselves to being separated for a few days. (*Continued on page* 120)



Esther rehearses the art of "Capote" with Louis Briones, famous matador, for her forthcoming picture, "Fiesta," being made in Mexico



Esther gives the bouquet to the trainer and jockey of the winning horse at Guadra, Mexico

HONEYMOON IN MEXICO

Spanish splendor—bride and groom come merrily down the steps of Reforma Hotel





Esther beats Ben to the draw on hiding behind the paper

Shopping spree—this time for gay Mexican materials

S is for Salome, a Biblical beauty. D is for De Carlo who made the ancient siren torchy modern news

Yvonne, where she danced



Canadian fliers had a word for Yvonne of "Frontier Gal"



With her mother at the Florentine Gardens, where she danced

BY DOROTHY DEERE

"SALOME" DE CARLO, they'll tell you at Universal Where She Danced, is one in 20,000, picked from that many aspirants for the role. When discovered, it turned out she'd been in Hollywood all the time, well hidden behind a heap of cheesecake at Paramount. Which isn't the first time a nation-wide search has ended up in the movie town's own back yard.

In Yvonne De Carlo's case, her picture arrived in producer Walter Wanger's hands by detour. It came the long way 'round from Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada, sent in by a group of Royal-Canadian Air Force bombardiers who'd voted her their favorite pin-up girl.

"They liked me because I'm a native of Canada, too—" says Yvonne.

Of course—only it wasn't her nationality that showed up in the photo and all things considered, the boys thought she rated a starring role. Mr. Wanger hesitated long enough to sweep 19,999 other photos off his desk.

Salome has been well described, so it wasn't as if the studio had nothing to go by. Among the requirements, according to Oscar Wilde, were "Hands like fluttering white butterflies—feet like little white flowers that dance upon the (*Continued on page* 80)

Fink

In the bedroom of the first home Yvonne ever owned where she lives with her mother and pet dog and cat



She was in an act with a "gorilla" in a night club. A friend made the remark that made her mad enough to quit

King Bing

Crowned for the second time as "America's most popular"—there's a reason for the Crosby coronation. A famous friend tells you why

BY ELSA MAXWELL



Getting in practice to be like Dad, the four young Crosbys, Lindsay, Denny, Phil and Gary, take over at a CBS broadcast.

BING'S king pin in Hollywood. For a second time he's received the Photoplay Gold Medal awarded to the man star whom a year-round, nation-wide poll conducted by Dr. George Gallup's Audience Research, Inc., has voted The People's Choice.

Bing, however, doesn't stop with being a great actor. He goes on to be a great human being. It's Bing, the human being, I want to talk about.

Years ago—I may as well get this over with right now—I couldn't see Bing for sour apples. Whenever I received a new batch of his records or dialed the radio to his singing I was irritated. In those days crooners were something new and not too highly esteemed in the music world. It was Bing, remember, who blazed the trail for the Frank Sinatras, Perry Comos, Dick Todds (keep your eye and ear on this lad, by the way), Dick Haymeses, Jerry Waynes and such.

When Bing began making pictures I still couldn't see him for sour apples. He never made a fool of himself by monopolizing the camera or by mugging, but neither was he any great shakes as an actor. In spite of all this, however—since I'm in a self-revealing mood—there was something about him that kept him in my mind, in spite of myself.

It was the same way when I came to know him casually. Meeting at the races at Tanforan Park in San Francisco one day we entered a "Hello, how are you?" relationship. Bing never pursued our acquaintanceship further and neither did I. Actually I doubt he ever has pursued anyone. He's a complete contradiction of the fact that it's the aggressive male with push and initiative who gets ahead. Impresarios and advertising executives offering fabulous contracts always complain they have to pursue him—and pursue him!

On the other hand I didn't pursue Bing. He did not frequent the social groups I knew and he was a type that didn't interest me in the least. He belonged to a rather horsey set, actually, and liked to sit up late and bend the elbow in a hail-stag-well-met fashion with the boys.

Nevertheless, once I met Bing I began asking questions about him. I liked what I heard about his relationship with his four boys, Gary, the twins, Phil and Denny, and Larry.

I also rather liked the fact that Bing stayed away from Hollywood parties, odd as this may seem coming from the party champ I am supposed to be. I thought this indicated that Bing, who never monopolized the camera in the studio and never did exhibitionistic handsprings for (*Continued on page* 108)



Hesse

The People's Choice, winner of Photoplay's Gold Medal—Bing Crosby of "The Bells Of St. Mary's"

Cowboy Crosby

Pull up the cracker barrel, stranger, and hear tell this story about a crooner who can out-ride and out-shoot the best of the boys up Elko way

SOME sixty miles above Elko, Nevada, as the snow flies—which it does—there's one poll that Bing Crosby wins that nobody knows anything about. One which is completely by-passed by Hollywood.

It's the Sit-Up Poll (not to be confused with the Gallup Poll) of the folks who sit around the belly stove of the general merchandise store in Tuscarora and give Bing their unanimous sitting vote. All twelve of 'em.

They don't pay any attention to the other polls. To the stove-sitters he isn't the very famous film and radio star but just Cowboy Crosby, Singin' Squire of the Quarter-Circle-S. They don't vote for him for his actin', or even his singin'—though they do get snatches of crooned cadenzas from time to time—but because he's a regular fellow who can out-ride and out-shoot any of them and he makes a mighty good listener around the stove.

They don't have any Oscar to give . . . bein' as Bing already has the only one around those parts . . . a nag named "Oscar" out at the ranch. But to him goes the number one spot, the seat of honor, the cracker barrel around the stove.

Whenever Crosby's on the cracker barrel the community gathers for a stoveside chat. Wearing levis, smoking his pipe, his boots propped up like theirs on the iron rail around the stove, Bing just listens while they swap stories or tell tall tales about the old days. Sometimes he asks a question or two . . . whether they think cattle prices will go up, whether the telephone lines will go down. Reckon it's gonna snow tonight? Somebody goes out and takes a look. Yep—looks like snow. Yep, the lines'll go down. He takes another contented puff on his pipe thinking about tomorrow. No telephone calls from Hollywood. Good deer hunting day. Better get some hay over to the east forty. Cattle will be hungry—can't eat in the snow. And so it goes—just passin' the time of day. Course that's about all you can pass in Tuscarora—less'n maybe it's the biscuits Bing's cook, Chinese Charlie, makes out at the Quarter-Circle-S.

Time was when they could brag about a lot around there, besides Bing's ranch being four miles from town. Used to be the biggest town in Nevada. Booming with gold mines, with 5,000 Chinese working there. Now it's a ghost town with buildings slowly falling on their faces. With a population of about twelve or thirteen, countin' (*Continued on page* 126)



Welcoming-home committee of two—Bullett and a visiting pooch



The Quarter-Circle-S, Bing's home on the range, has a brown ranch house, is all knotty pine in the inside

BY
MAXINE ARNOLD



Hold still, little dogie, hold still! Eighteen below and branding time

The Singing Squire attacks boots with bear grease





What's for chow? Ask the king of the kitchen, Chinese Charlie

My Hollywood Friends...

WRITING about Lucille Ball is somewhat like writing the libretto for a Walt Disney cartoon. She's not a complete mad-cap, mind you. She just has a faculty for making the commonplace into fun and frolic. Her whole person and personality is in technicolor. Red is a little bit redder on Luci, blue a little bluer and laughter a little more real. And best of all, she's ninety-nine per cent heart. In Luci all the fine fundamentals of friendship are a la mode. That "Ball of Fire" tag is an apt one. Her every mental and physical process is spontaneous combustion . . . her sense of humor is perpetual motion.

I hesitate to attempt an extensive description of Luci. It couldn't be good enough, and besides, she'd probably sound like a screwball! It's just that she lives a happy, bouncy, impulsive sort of existence that we more inhibited folk would relish if we weren't such inhibited folk. So I shan't describe Luci so much as just plain talk about her and hope that you will get the general idea.

Her thoughtfulness seems a good beginning. Like all her traits, it's a bombastic sort of thoughtfulness. I'm always reminded of her arrival at a friend's baby shower staggering under a gargantuan load of gifts and saying, "Well I may not have brought the best present, but by gosh I brought the most!"

Actually, she's always so exuberant and vital that it's difficult to think of her as she was for so long after her automobile accident, crippled in a wheel chair. And, of course, I find fresh hope for my complete recovery, not to mention fresh courage to wait and fight for it, whenever I'm with her.

It was when I was playing the hospital circuit that I really found out about Luci. One morning a tremendous florist box arrived. I opened it with great anticipation only to find *one* yellow rose and a card saying, "Hi, Susiface—Luci." It occurred to me that we had the same strict business manager and that she probably only had twenty-five cents left of her allotted weekly budget money. Well, the next day arrived and so did another huge box, one yellow rose, and "Hi Susiface—Luci." This went on for five months until our mutual business advisor called to suggest that either I get well or Lucille purchase a florist shop. I got well. All kidding aside, Luci's was a very practical idea. I was never without at least a half dozen perfect yellow roses in my room, for as one died another took its place.

And then there was the food department. "Why don't you eat more?" said Luci. "I don't like the food!" I said. So Luci brought food—butter from her ranch, home-made fresh bread, pies from her mother and goulash by Ball—and good! (*Continued on page* 98)



Only a person who knows Lucille Ball, dynamic star of "Easy To Wed," as well as Susan Peters knows her could write this story—the fourth of the series in which a gallant girl gives you her warm, human impressions of her Hollywood friends.

BY SUSAN PETERS

Dynamo with a heart—Lucille Ball, as generous

as she is vital, as unpredictable as a slot machine



"Luci was the tar of tars on our fishing trip. We crowned her Miss Seaweed," says Susan, shown here with husband Dick Quine and Lucille



COVER GIRL





Peasant mood for Gene, starting also in "Dragonwyck"

Beauty in thought—Gene Tierney of "Leave Her To Heaven"



Double take of sophistication —Gene in a favorite bonnet

Countess from Brooklyn

Soup for breakfast and mad gay hats—among the many fascinating finds on this regal miss, Gene Tierney



kfast with husband Oleg, out of mufti and going into business



Personal history: Born twenty-five years ago in Brooklyn, New York; attended fashionable schools from Connecticut to Switzerland; made her debut in New York society—and then raced from Park Avenue to Broadway to Hollywood Boulevard!

What her Beverly Hills home is like: It's like a farm house on Cape Cod—not a palm tree in sight! It's an old white house set in two and one-half acres of charming grounds, complete with guest house and mountain view.

Who lives under the same roof with her: Her husband, Count Oleg Cassini; her little daughter Daria; and a nurse.

Who lives under the guest-house roof: The latest cook—who wallows luxuriously in her own living room, bedroom, kitchen and bath—and then walks out because there's no bus or street-car up to the hilltop home!

The nearest neighbors from whom to borrow that cup of sugar: Gregory Peck and Elizabeth Bergner, both of whose houses look down on Gene's rooftop.

Favorite colors in her closet: She goes for fascinating color combinations in clothes—black and brown; bottle green and royal blue; navy blue and black. In her simpler moods she choses straight black, beige, or teal blue.

Favorite colors in a room: Her dream room (which is still a dream) is a color combine of gray, yellow, and white.

What she does the minute she enters her home: She takes off her shoes, lipstick and dress—and gets into wool jersey slacks (bright red with black dots) and a sweater (black). "I firmly believe that no girl should wear make-up around her own home—she should look natural," says Gene.

What you'll always find on her head: The prettiest lettuce-fresh hat in town—her latest being a black velvet and Mexican pink job by Schiaparelli—the first Paris hat over on the first post-war boat. Her other current favorites are a white feather number and a smart navy blue one with a bright red bow. (*Continued on page* 78)

The Name



Zack, of "Danger Signal," polishes his car—likes things kept in order

A ROMANTICIST, according to Zachary Scott, is one who patronizes the finest restaurant, orders their most delectable dish, relishes it rapturously, and during the entire procedure is fully aware that he'll wind up doing dishes to pay the check.

Zachary Scott is a romanticist. Some of his most mercurial moments have been spent in kitchens reaching from Texas to Trinidad. But only the best kitchens, those that featured foods of imagination and distinction. The hash house circuit never figured prominently on the Scott itinerary, not even for a one night stand. Of course, Zack was very young then, still in his teens, but already he was reaching out to life with a fervor that has only mellowed with the passing of passionate years.

One kitchen in particular stands out in Zack's memory. It marked a milestone. The direct result, a turning point for a boy whose destiny had already embraced everything but the commonplace. Born and bred in Austin, Texas, Zack went to England for reasons of his own. His genteel mother and two adoring Southern sisters pretty much worshipped the very ground their only son and brother walked on. His dad, a prominent surgeon, wanted Zack for his assistant.

"It was lack of emotional stability that finally forced me to make my decision," Zack analyzes. "Actually, the profession of a doctor or surgeon is the most romantic and exciting in the world, and the most



Charlie Chaplin in miniature. Zack at three playing his first role in a neighborhood play

Is ZACK

. . . also known as Mr. Zachary Scott, who might have been a surgeon if he hadn't been a romanticist

BY JERRY ASHER

self-fulfilling. Curing illness, or preventing illness is pretty thrilling. That part of it I loved. But I realized I couldn't take the emotional disturbance of breaking bad news to people. I couldn't destroy hope. I love life too much myself to voluntarily witness death. The theatrical side appealed to me strongly, but, lacking emotional stability, I was automatically forced into acting. So I went to England to live and learn."

In England, Zack played the Provinces. He did anything and everything to know more about his chosen profession. There were times when things weren't too promising. When he made money, Zack spent it on the finest foods, clothes and entertainment. During one particularly precarious period, he attired himself in sartorial splendor, dined handsomely in one of the finest restaurants in London's West End. After brandy and a demi-tasse, he retired gracefully to the kitchen. It was the year of 1934.

In odd moments, which became more and more frequent, Zack's thoughts turned to Elaine Anderson back in Texas. It was a college romance and typical, fluctuating between the torrid and the tepid. Quite suddenly Zack decided the time was propitious for leaving England. That old one about two living as cheaply as one had a very personal significance. His last shilling went for a third class passage on an old tub crowded (*Continued on page* 76)



Jingo rests while Zack helps Waverly and friend Kathy with a color book

Elaine, Zack and little daughter Waverly in a strictly-Scott huddle in their Hollywood home





This book of Kley's sketches is Linda's favorite

Siren in Slacks

BY DIANE SCOTT



"Hold it!" says Pev to Chief who is having his portrait painted

They said she was "too good to be bad" but Linda Darnell turned loose the tom-toms and the boom was on



BEHIND the Mona Lisa smile and calm poise that cloak the conflicting saint-and-siren qualities of Linda Darnell is a personality as colorful as the femmes fatale she now portrays.

Along with the Madonna-like beauty of her face, there's a lush warmth that hints of her emotional fire. The big brown *Bambi* eyes that look dreamy are wide-awake and occasionally shoot sparks that show you why her career is now soaring as a successful screen siren. She has a smile that would melt a picket line, yet beneath the natural friendliness there's also a stubborn determination that has overridden an inferiority complex almost unbelievable in anyone so beautiful and has carried her over the hurdles of Hollywood. For, typical Texan that she is, she always has in reserve when needed the fire that has distinguished Texans as famous fighters since the days of Davy Crockett and the gang who drew their line in the Alamo.

For most of her life she's been in the midst of some personal crisis, whether minute or otherwise, that called on her to well remember the Alamo. And the calm poise and the smile have often been her best defense, as well as her best hold card in Hollywood.

In childhood they hid the disappointment of losing a beauty contest, after a group ganged up on her and supported another girl. Later they concealed the sense of failure she felt and the dread of facing the kids at Sunset High when she was sent back home in two successive tries at Hollywood. They covered up her fears when she came back the third time—a too-big success, this naive fifteen-year-old with the great brown eyes and the bewildered look, who found herself a star over night, walking into the arms of James Ellison and Tyrone Power to portray a woman of twenty-five with emotions she couldn't even understand.

She's had to call on her fighting reserve a lot since then. When she finally rebelled against family friction and too much discipline at home and moved into an apartment, facing raised eyebrows and criticisms, without being able to tell anybody any of the reasons why. When she fell desperately in love with an older man and fought to marry him, not only against the advice of others, but against that of Pev himself, who had to be convinced that it was the right thing for her to do. And when, after top stardom, she saw herself slipping, being by-passed for parts she wanted, she fought against being liquidated in too-sweet roles.

Linda all a-bustle for "Centennial Summer"



"Duckie," as he calls her, corners Pev in chess game



Linda bought this hat on an impulse—has never worn it

Linda lands a bull's-eye on merry-go-round hat rack



Siren in Slacks

At that time she begged for sexier, more sophisticated parts. Producers eyed her with a tolerant "there-there-little-girl" look and inferred that she would have to grow up, that she was too sweet to be bad.

There was one stretch when she didn't work for nineteen months, during which she bit her nails in nervousness, did Army shows, worked at hospitals, painted, took up the study of religions and was even delving into the psychology of dreams. Her chances of becoming an actress remained a nightmare.

Finally the *Bambi* look left her brown eyes. She asked them to really look at her. "I'm grown up now," she announced. "I can't stay a sweet little thing all my life. Life doesn't treat you that way. There comes a time when you learn what it's all about. I can do those sexy things—and I'll show you. . . ."

When she took the part of the Russian peasant girl with the dresses falling off her shoulders in "Summer Storm," she again fought against the advice of her friends, her studio, even against that of Pev, who felt that it wasn't a big enough production for her.

After the preview, the "S" adjectives started rolling her way—"Scorchy—sultry—sexy—sensational!" And Twentieth Century-Fox started combing feverishly through all their scripts looking for "bad" women parts. "It was really a moral victory more than any-



Pev and Linda give two of Chief's "babies" a work-out—or vice versa—in back yard of their home

thing else," says Linda—or perhaps she meant immoral victory.

Now with her performance as the sultry waitress *Stella,* who deals Dana Andrews so much mental misery in "Fallen Angel," Linda's career is really booming.

Though she looks Latin in coloring, she's actually English—with a dash of Cherokee that really comes to the surface when she gets mad. You can all but see the tom-toms smouldering behind her usually wide-open eyes. Whenever she blazes, it's a three-alarm fire.

She will get furious over any criticism of her marriage to Pev Marley, or any vicious report that it isn't working out. As one radio columnist found out when he boasted over the air that he had the "inside story of the break-up of Linda Darnell and her husband," even going to the point of naming the "other man." Linda and Pev were sitting at home quietly reading when they heard it, and for a minute Linda was so stunned that she couldn't even think of when she'd seen the man in question—finally remembering that he'd stopped by her box at the races to say hello one day.

The tom-toms were really touched off recently when, after having been married for over two years without a honeymoon, she was given (*Continued on page* 117)



Linda took up golf for Pev's sake—now she loves it

What's Your



Joan Crawford



Louise Allbritton

WE get off on the wrong foot insofar as our social desirability is concerned, when we take our families for granted. It is our family, after all, with whom we spend the most time—especially during our young and formative years. So a bad habit is cultivated.

I've taught our children, Christina who is six, and even little Christopher, to knock before they open any door, to consider the wishes of other members of our household and of each other. Both children, I feel, will always be nicer people and, by the same token, happier people if they learn these things while they're young. No one, however, is too old to learn them.

I'm also training Christina and Christopher to go up to any guest who comes to our house or to any friend or acquaintance they meet on the street and, with hand outstretched, say "How are you?" or something of the sort. It's so much better to do this than to stand back and wait for the other person to speak first. It avoids the embarrassing pause which sometimes develops if the other person too is too shy to speak first. Besides, it's warm, considerate and friendly.

Then there's the matter of entertaining. No one, I think, is more difficult than the flurried hostess who is forever at your knee asking if you are comfortable, if you will have this or that, and rushing around to get what is needed! Therefore, I try never to be guilty of disturbing my guests by this behavior. In fact, I go to any lengths necessary to have everything ready before guests arrive—so I can reach for what is needed—hors d'oeuvres, tea, sandwiches, cigarettes or matches. Even when my family comes to dinner I pursue this plan. For all of this is something I believe we should get into the habit of doing at all times.

In regard to table manners: When I am working I breakfast and lunch alone. But I pretend I'm not alone. I try to have the same manners I would at a dinner party. When you do this you have greater reason to believe in your own fastidiousness and attraction—you have a pleasant conception of yourself and so enter all relationships with greater confidence.

THE wonderful thing about sociability is that anyone can have it. Some people—they're lucky—are born with it. Anyone, however, can attain it. It's largely a matter of being thoughtful of the other fellow.

My pet peeve is superfluous apologies. They're such a nuisance to those who have to listen to them.

I remember the evening this first was brought to my attention—so forcibly that I've never forgotten it. . .

It was a lovely dinner-party and I had the sense of well-being that comes when everything is right, when the food and music is superb and the conversation is not forced.

Suddenly a bustling bit of femininity fluttered into the vacant chair on my right.

"Oh, dear," she said, "I do hate being late! And I try so hard to be on time." Then to me she confided, "I know I look a perfect fright. My hair, my dear. . . ."

This went on to include her entire appearance, from her shoes to her nail polish. My neck got a crick from turning to reassure her.

This woman had an aura of haste and confusion. Consequently, she foisted her lack of proper planning or management or whatever caused her haste and confusion, on everyone at that party. No fair!

Pet Peeve No. 2 in my book is turning compliments back on the innocent and well-meaning people who offer them. For instance, if your escort says, "I like your hair," he is being gracious, trying to make you feel relaxed and beautiful. When you disagree with him you create a difficult situation because you imply either that he has no taste or that he is insincere. It's easier and kinder—and much more poised!—to smile and say "Thank you, so much!"

Pet Peeve No. 3. The repetition of these pronouns—"I" and "my." When we are with others—if we want others to like being with us—we can make an effort to talk about something besides ourselves.

Whereupon I'll sign off. There's no worse bore, after all, than the person who talks too long about anything!

Sociability?



Joan Fontaine

SURELY the best way not to be a social nuisance is to avoid doing those things which irritate us in others.

I, for instance, have trained myself to give everyone who talks to me undivided attention, because I know of nothing more exasperating than to talk to a man or a woman whose eyes are forever roaming over the room. A man with whom I dined last night did this. The only time he kept his eyes on anyone was when *he* was talking—and need I add that, for the most part, he talked about himself. The rest of the time he craned his neck to see who was coming in, interrupted anyone's and everyone's conversation to ask, "Who's that, Mrs. So and So?" And often he seemed more interested in what was being eaten and said at a near-by table than in anything else.

Next in my list of social nuisances are:

(1.) The man or woman who asks: "Where are you going on your vacation?" and then, twenty minutes later, just as if you hadn't answered, asks the same question again. These people make it all too clear that they really care nothing about you whatsoever; that they ask their questions idly, with no real interest in what you are doing.

(2.) The man or woman who keeps on talking while the waiter endeavors to take an order. A luncheon or dinner—or even such a simple thing as afternoon tea—goes much more smoothly if a minute or two is given over completely to the waiter.

(3.) Last, but not at all least on my list, are those irritating human beings who sit beside you at parties and talk to you so steadily that you cannot escape them. Usually they talk about their work or ask about your work. I go to parties for relaxation—to escape my work, interesting as I usually find it. I think most people feel this way. At parties I avoid talking about what I do for a living—or talking to anyone so insistently that they cannot, if they wish, escape me. And I watch the faces of these people I talk to—to make sure I have their interest—that they're not only listening politely, that they're not eager to get away.

Give yourself this quiz—then check what the stars say to get your person-to-person rating

Answer the following twelve questions with "Yes," "Sometimes," or "No." Keep a count of the number of replies in each group, then check below for your score.

1. *Do you knock before you open a closed door in your home?*
2. *When you meet people do you go straight up to them and ask, "How are you?" or something similar?*
3. *Do you look after your guests' comfort before they arrive, rather than inquiring what they'd like after they arrive?*
4. *Are your table manners the same when you are alone as when you are at a party?*
5. *Do you forego making self-conscious excuses and apologies?*
6. *Are you responsive to compliments?*
7. *Can you talk for five minutes without using "I" or "my"?*
8. *Do you avoid talking at length about one thing?*
9. *Do you give the person with whom you are talking undivided attention?*
10. *Do you listen and remember the answers to the questions you've asked?*
11. *Does the waiter taking the order get your attention?*
12. *Do you watch the expression on your listener's face?*

Score: "No's" count 0. "Sometimes" count 4. "Yes" count 8.

If your score is 80 or above your sociability's super.

If your score is 64-80 your sociability's slightly sub-super.

If your score is 56-64. A narrow squeak!

If your score is below 56—better memorize what the Misses Crawford, Allbritton and Fontaine have to say on the subject.

Our Gait is growing



The color blue, small gold earrings, crossword puzzles are passions of Gail, starred in "Our Hearts Were Growing Up"

Gail Russell, the hide-away girl who has come out of the shadows

Eye—

BY SARA HAMILTON



Harmony—Gail, her father and brother George, home, much to Gail's pleasure, from the Aleutians

"Corny's" the distraction in Gail's record collection checking





Gail's mother helps on a skirt fitting. Gail hates shopping

WHEN Gail Russell was a small child and friends came to call, she invariably hid beneath the piano and peered out, wide-eyed and silent. Today, Gail, both spiritually and mentally, wants to hide beneath the piano in retreat from all but a small portion of her world. Shy, inhibited, moody, she is now gradually emerging from the loneliness that has so long been a part of her and is accepting the open-hearted friendliness that awaits her.

Her family, patient and understanding, her new friends, gay and witty, her studio anxiously hovering, are encouraged at the evolution of Gail Russell. They have the good sense to speak of it openly and even humorously.

And Gail, frankly agreeing, will allow as how she has improved.

There was the time when Gail was just beginning her movie career that Paramount sent her off to New York with a studio publicist to get acquainted with the Eastern office, meet the press and see the sights. It was a dream trip that most nineteen-year-old girls would have swooned over. But Gail, who had never been to New York, was miserable. She insisted upon staying in her hotel room, she expressed no interest in the sights, sounds or color of the city or its people. It was no act or any part of an act, for Gail had always walked alone with no desire for company. Like a baby taking its first steps she has had to learn to walk in company with people, every type, every kind of people. Or perhaps the secret of her rapid progress from complete introversion lies in the fact that those around her have matched their steps to hers.

Now she has progressed from her inner shell to the point of loving a rib and perpetrating a gag with those who strike a responsive chord. "It's no use to put make-up on that face over there," she'll whisper loudly for the benefit of Lizabeth Scott, Paramount's new (*Continued on page* 111)

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED
BY
CLAUDETTE COLBERT



DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I really have a tough problem to solve. I've been working at a base where two hundred sailors were ordered to work. I really fell for one of the boys I met there and we had many dates. When the fleet was ordered to another base, this boy came down in our section and kissed me goodbye in front of everyone and made me promise to write, so I gave him my address.

Weeks passed without word, then I received a letter from his buddy telling me where they were and asking why I didn't run down to see them. So I arrived in town on my vacation. When he came down and found me in the lobby, he was stunned. He said he couldn't have a date with me that night as he had to go home (he happened to live in this town, too), but he let me walk to the bus with him. He said I had been very foolish to come down and he saw no sense in it.

I'm twenty-one and he's twenty-two, but he said he had no intention of going with one girl to make her a wife. He just goes out with any beautiful girl until he sees another one.

Can you please tell me, Miss Colbert, how I could win his love and some day get him for a husband?

Lynne J.

My dear Miss J:

Any girl who has reached the age of twenty-one should know that simply because a man kisses her goodbye and asks her to write to him, particularly when that man is in uniform, the girl had not automatically become engaged.

Your first mistake, then, was in assuming romance existed. You should have realized it didn't when your erstwhile boy friend failed to write to you. If a man is genuinely in love—he finds time to write.

The second mistake was going to his base with the intention of spending your vacation near him. It is quite true that a girl can maneuver a man into a marriage mood if she is adroit about it. But it is equally true that men dislike being obviously chased.

The average male has enough vanity to respond to interest shown in him if it isn't too overpowering. But persistent telephone calls, impulsive gifts and showers of invitations from a girl in whom he has shown little interest are apt to make him duck. Least of all does he like physical pursuit.

The thing for you to do—and I'm sorry to disappoint you by saying it—is to forget this boy, forget your bad-mannered surprise visit, and be sweet and pleasant to some other chap who takes an interest in you.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a girl of sixteen and a junior in high school. My aunt has been living with us for eight years, so I have to share my bedroom with her. Everything has to please her; I can't put my pictures on the wall because she doesn't like them.

When I have friends in for the evening, she always has to be included and she acts like a goon, giggling and carrying on with the boys. When I talk to my friends on the telephone, she listens, then asks me why I said this, or what I meant by that.

To me this doesn't seem fair. I can't be really mean to her, because I love her in spite of everything, but what could I do to get some privacy and some rights in my own room and with my own friends?

Elsine J.

Dear Elsine:

I don't consider your problem of trifling proportions; surely every human being should be entitled to some spot utterly his own in this wide and sprawling world.

Why don't you have a simple, heartfelt talk with your mother, without getting vehement. Ask her, in all honesty, if she doesn't think it fair for half of the room to be yours, to decorate exactly as your taste dictates. I'm sure she will agree. If you want to draw a real or an imaginary line through the room, dividing it from north to south or from east to west, I think you should then be allowed to treat your half as fancy requires.

When you are planning to entertain friends, why don't you ask your mother to take your aunt to a movie. Your mother would seem to be the key to the situation. I'm sure she will help you.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am eighteen and will be graduated from high school in June. Two weeks later I am supposed to marry the boy to whom I am engaged, but lately I have been having serious qualms.

This boy has two sisters who work in the city, but who can't live within their salaries. He is discharged from the Army and is working; however, one or the other of his sisters is always borrowing money from him. He keeps this secret from their mother, with whom he lives, so his mother has been telling around (*Continued on page* 133)

Photoplay Fashions
In Color
Start on Page 85

She's Engaged!



ROSE-MERI'S RING— a square-cut diamond. Her fiancé sent it from Honolulu in a native box with her name, a heart and a rose on the cover!



Her complexion is ivory-miniature smooth! Pond's is her complexion care.



IN THE ARMY reconditioning program, Rose-Meri helps at Lawson General Hospital. Recently she visited the Institute for the Crippled and Disabled in New York to see how they teach the handicapped to re-educate muscles, train for self-support. Many handicapped people need a helping hand today. Can *you* give one?

She's Lovely!

She uses Pond's!

ROSE MERIWETHER LEWIS, of Atlanta, Ga. and Coral Gables, Fla., engaged to Lt. Comdr. BRUCE GREGORY KROGER, U.S.N.R.

Rose-Meri's middle name comes from the famous Meriwether Lewis who helped discover the Pacific Northwest. "There's been a Meriwether in every generation ever since," she says!

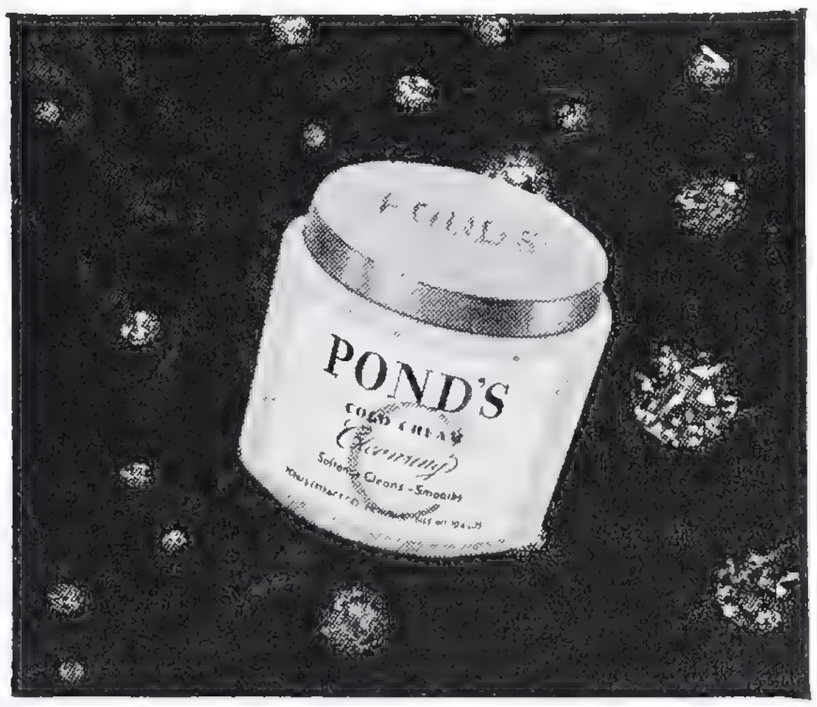
Another adorable Pond's bride-to-be, Rose Meriwether Lewis has true Southern charm—dark-dreamy eyes, a complexion so smoothly soft it fascinates.

"I just love Pond's Cold Cream," she says—and here is the soft-smooth way she especially likes for using it . . .

She slips luscious feeling Pond's Cold Cream all over her face and throat, and pats it well to soften and release dirt and make up. She tissues off—clean.

She *rinses* with more fluffy-soft Pond's, whirling her white-tipped fingers around her face in little circles. Tissues again—"to get my face *extra* clean and soft."

Copy Rose-Meri's twice-over Pond's creamings—every night, every morning, for in-between-time cleanups, too! You'll soon see why it's no accident so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price!



"*DOWN SOUTH*" Rose-Meri says, "You *have* to take good care of your skin if you want to keep it nice. Pond's Cold Cream is such a help! It leaves my face with the grandest soft, clean feeling. I honestly don't think there's a finer cream anywhere." *You'll* love Pond's Cold Cream, too! Get a *big* luxury-size jar—*today!* On sale at beauty counters.

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties { *The Countess of Winchilsea · Miss Mimi McAdoo · Mrs. Victor L. Drexel · Mrs. Victor du Pont, III · Lady Stanley of Alderley*

Ingrid, Spellbinder

(*Continued from page* 32) about while I was still working in "Keys Of The Kingdom" at Twentieth Century-Fox and was called over to Selznick's one night after work to make wardrobe tests with Ingrid. All the way over to the studio I kept thinking of the girl in the trench coat and beret and wondered if she would be as unassuming as she'd seemed going up and down in the elevator in New York.

When I walked onto the test stage, there was Ingrid wearing an old grayish-colored smock, glasses, flat-heeled shoes and giving no evidence of being a famous motion-picture star. The first thing that struck me was her friendliness with the crew. How she laughed and kidded with them. You could tell that the cameramen, the grips, the prop men, all liked her.

I stood over in one corner of the stage in the background watching her as she walked up and down in front of the camera in her smock. It occurred to me that it might have been a good idea to have a psychology book to enable me to better discuss her role as a psychiatrist with her, but I hadn't gotten around to it. Later on, I was glad I hadn't, for Ingrid said she read two of them and they didn't help her at all.

As it turned out, there was nothing psychiatrical about our meeting anyway. Nor was there any of the usual polite give and take of complimentary formalities. When Ingrid finally spotted me, she came quickly across the stage, saying out of the blue, with that warm alive smile of hers, "Oh, I'm so glad you got out from under that tank."

Wanting to see what kind of a leading man she was getting, Ingrid had had "Days Of Glory" run off for her at the studio. That's the one in which you probably don't remember that I perish heroically beneath a flaming tank. I'd have felt better if Ingrid hadn't remembered it. But with typical Bergman humor, the words that I might pass on to posterity concerning my meeting with this actress would be relative to the fact that she was glad I got out from under a tank.

OUR first scene together was equally memorable. We just stood there like two wax dummies while the camera ignored us and focused on the color of her smock or the length of my coat. You always feel so silly in a wardrobe test.

There beside me was an actress whom I really wanted to impress as an actor, and so far as showing any acting ability, I might just as well have died under the tank.

Finally Ingrid laughed. "I surely feel foolish standing here like this, don't you?" she said. "I surely *do!*" I agreed. Sparkling dialogue! But it showed the genuineness of Bergman and I knew that we would get along great from then on.

Hardier men than I have gone down swinging trying to describe Ingrid. The best I can do is to say she's both demure and dynamic. Utterly feminine, but with a straightforward masculine approach. Never coy.

It's downright refreshing to see the honest way she goes about eating, say, a piece of chocolate pie. Without any introductory feminine remarks, no timid hesitancy, no toying with the meringue. Just levels off into it, obviously enjoying it, cutting right through filling, crust and all.

I'll always remember the reassuring consolation Ingrid offered when I was going through the terrors of first fatherhood, when Greta was in the hospital for the birth of our son, Jonathan. We were working on "Spellbound" at the time, and Ingrid would talk calmly about how babies have a way of making their entrances on cue, without any fuss or bother (or any need for ad libbing from the sidelines.) No fluffing. No re-takes. Telling me not to keep worrying about it. All of which helped to offset the pacing of hospital corridors later on.

There's no "smorgasbord" about Bergman. No confused assortment of emotions. No complex characteristics. She's realistic, clear thinking, with no temperament, and with a genuine love for the acting profession. She uses no movieland measuring stick, doesn't count success by shekels, and has a warm interest for meeting and knowing all kinds of people, whether they're grips or glamourites.

She likes to sit around and talk with the fellows in the crew on a picture, to listen to them tell about their families, or relate some of the experiences they've had. It's typical of Ingrid that her two best friends, as far as I can make out, are her dialogue director, Ruth Roberts, who's been with her for four years de-accenting her English, and her publicity representative Joe Steele, a good friend of long standing, since the time when, as publicity director of Selznick Studios, he tried to send her a wire in Swedish that was so confused that even Ingrid couldn't straighten it out. But it was so funny that it appealed to her sense of humor, and helped form the basis for a fine friendship.

INGRID always enjoys anyone with a sense of humor. She loves laughter. There was a grip named Swede on our set who, aside from his nationality, held a special attraction for her, simply because he was a very funny guy. Swede made coffee for us every day, took up a daily collection for rolls to go with it, and would "build" an impromptu restaurant out of odds and ends lying around. One morning it might consist of a piece of scenery, two chairs and a soft drinks sign. The next day it could be an arbor and a bench. Ingrid always looked forward to seeing what kind of a coffee shop Swede had dreamed up for that day. On Saturdays she bought special cakes for it and Swede, in turn, would try to whip up something really special, with ruffles on it, to eat in. Another favorite of hers was the assistant cameraman Jack, who hits a hot lick on an ocarina. Usually whenever Director Hitchcock was ready to shoot, Jack would summon us with a ragtime rendition of "Reveille." Between scenes he'd give out with all the torch tunes she likes, while Ingrid sat on a stool nearby accompanying him with her favorite one, "I've Got A Right To Sing The Blues," singing along with the "sweet potato" in her smoky contralto voice. It would surprise you how she can sell a song like "I've Got A Right To Sing The Blues."

Never will I forget the first time Greta and I were invited to Ingrid's home. After dinner there was some discussion about what to do for the rest of the evening. All of which Ingrid put to an end by suggesting, "Let's put some records on and dance." By this time she and her husband Dr. Peter Lindstrom were rolling back one end of the rug, and were soon out in the middle of the floor jitterbugging. None of the slinging-around-the-shoulder stuff. Just some good snappy hopping around. It seems that the GIs had taught her to jitterbug when she visited them in the Aleutians and she lost no time initiating Peter into it when she got home.

Inasmuch as Ingrid and her quiet husband Peter, the brilliant head of the Neuro-Surgery Department of the Los Angeles General Hospital, come from Sweden and my wife Greta comes from Finland, the three of them have many things in common, including a fondness for herring, which strikes a discordant note with me. Bergman or no Bergman—herring leaves me cold. (*Continued on page* 70)

Do You Play Favorites?

If so—and who doesn't—here's your chance to vote for a color portrait of a man star and a woman star whom you'd like to see in Photoplay.

Simply fill out the coupon below and mail to:

COLOR PORTRAIT EDITOR

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

205 EAST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK

Please print color portraits of

(Man)

(Woman)

(My Name)



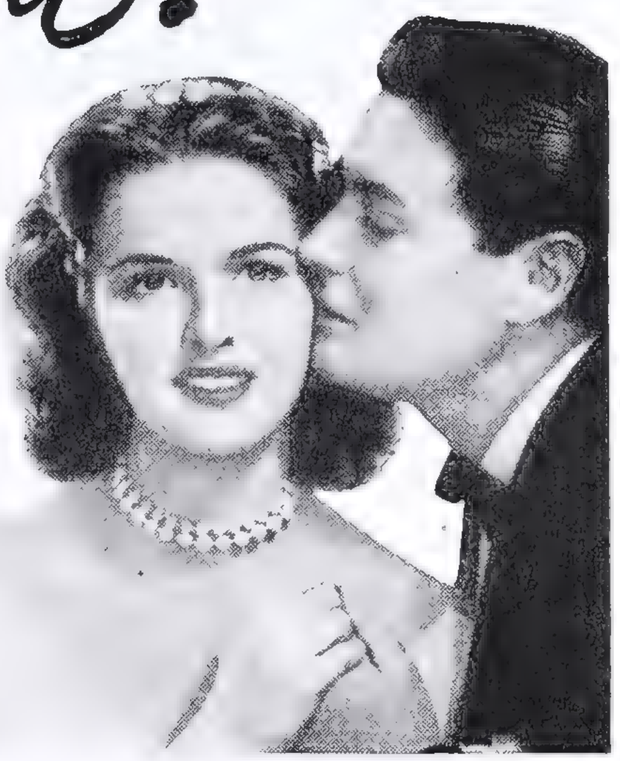
"Be Lovelier Tonight!"



"My Beauty Facials bring quick new loveliness"

Feels like smoothing beauty in when you cover your face with Lux Toilet Soap's creamy Active lather the way Lana Turner does. Work it well in, rinse with warm water, then cold. Pat with a towel to dry. Now skin is softer, smoother, takes on radiant new loveliness.

Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. This gentle beauty care screen stars recommend will make *you* lovelier tonight!



In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually three out of four complexions improved in a short time!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap—*You* try it!

HAT—MME. REINE • SUIT—TROY STIX



slightly
dangerous

it's spring,
it's love,
it's the new
nail polish
shade by

La Cross

BONNEFEL BROS. CORP., 630 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

(*Continued from page* 68) Premieres leave me cold too—from fright. Ingrid never goes to them, because of a sense of modesty, shyness and neurastroclaustrophobia—a non-medical term for fear of strangulation by glamour. I went to the Hollywood premiere of "Spellbound" at the Carthay Circle Theater, but I'm just not up to things like sweeping searchlights, canopies, and bleachers full of 1500 enthusiastic fans.

After the premiere was over, coming down the last mile of red carpet, I kept worrying about whether the boys out front wheeling up the long black limousines would ever be able to find my beat-up Lincoln Zephyr, so we could take off.

When they finally found it, Greta and I went on over to the Alfred Hitchcocks' for a small get-together. And there standing in front of the fireplace, big as life, was Ingrid in a pair of slacks and having a wonderful time.

"They say we're sensational," I said, eyeing her coldly.

"That's good," she laughed.

"When I think of you here having a swell time while I sweated through—" I exploded.

She kept laughing.

WHEN she saw "Spellbound," it wasn't down any red carpet, but among the red jackets of the wounded service men out at Birmingham Hospital in the San Fernando Valley. They were showing the picture in the auditorium for the ambulatory patients, boys in wheel chairs and on crutches, any one could be navigated there, and Ingrid and I made an appearance before the show. They really loved her. She ad libbed a little speech, told them she hadn't seen the picture yet, except for what little of it she saw at the "rushes," which she described as "what you go to see at the end of the day and wish you'd done differently yesterday." She was so glad they were going to let her see the picture with them. "All right, let's *roll* it!" she said gaily, and went down into the audience to sit with them. The way they looked at her I thought it wise to get out ahead before the boys saw me coming at her on the screen with a razor in my hand.

There are never emotional off-sides with Ingrid. She saves all of her fire for the screen. Having heard about temperamental movie stars before coming to Hollywood, I used to wait for her to hibernate in her dressing room in solemn seclusion. Instead, there she'd be upon a stool by the cameraman accompanying the sweet potato in "I've Got A Right To Sing The Blues." Then she'd go in and do an emotional scene that would have you weeping.

If anything could upset her it would have been one jinx scene that we got into, the one on which we did forty-two takes. It was the cozy little sequence where we're standing in front of the fireplace after I've saved her from going over the snow cliff and we're discussing the whole plot of the picture, as well as our own future plans. We stood up against that hot fireplace all day. It was a three-minute scene with four pages of dialogue, and called for tricky camera angles, with the camera moving around with us to catch our fleeting reactions before they fled. We kept saying the same lines over and over, until we began to sound like two parrots. Even lines like the tender, "You'll look wonderful in white with a little orange blossom in your hair," sounded like a style note instead of a proposal. We started working on it at 9:00 A.M., finally getting it at 5:55 that night. Ingrid was swell about it—even got in a chorus or two of "I-G-A-R-T-S-T-B."

It's probably due to the Ingrids that temperament is becoming passé. She's helped set the pace for an era of peace. Luckily, I've always been fortunate about drawing non-temperamental leading ladies, including the lovely Jane Wyman, now co-starring with me in "The Yearling" at M-G-M. But if ever I were to encounter any—they'd be tough to take—after Ingrid.

Her ability to put realism into love scenes is especially notable. Not only is love what makes the world box office go around, but it's also something the world knows quite a lot about. Nobody is sitting out front ready to level on you on scenes like the razor sequence in "Spellbound." For nobody ever goes wandering around the house with a razor in hand anyway—unless they've lost the soap. But with love, it's different. In his or her own way, everybody has some private knowledge thereof. A love scene just has to be good. Ingrid moves in and out of them easily.

We had quite a crowd of visitors on the set the day we played our first love scene. All of whom knew something concerning the subject of l'amour-toujours-l'amour. And all of them standing by waiting to watch us go into an embrace.

While we were waiting for the camera to reload, Ingrid looked at our audience, leaned over and whispered, "I feel just like a yak."

"What do you mean?" I said, thinking this hardly the time for double talk.

"This is a yak scene," she laughed. Then went into detail about how one time in New York, by way of killing time, she went to the zoo in the Bronx. Noticing a large crowd gathering around one cage she investigated and found that one yak was nuzzling another one. "There were two yaks yakking," she said.

It broke us both up. Thereafter whenever we were going into a love scene, Ingrid would always announce gaily, "Here come the yaks."

SHE likes working with Director Alfred Hitchcock, whom she admires tremendously. She likes his quiet manner of directing and gets a big kick out of his dead-pan expressions, his dry British humor and the gags he pulls. We're both great fans of Hitch who never indulges in theatrical flourishes but just tells you calmly what he wants and knows you'll do it. "I'd rather keep calm and get all your excitement on the screen," he says.

On the one occasion that I ever heard Ingrid blow a line, she got a little furious with herself for slowing down the works for the rest of us, went over and sat down on some steps, resting her chin a little dejectedly in her hands. Hitch went over and sat down beside her, assuming her identical look, his chin in his hands. They sat side by side for five minutes not saying a word, then Ingrid burst out laughing and they came back and shot the scene.

She's always very amused by the way Hitchcock kiddingly refers to her, and to all of his stars, as his "cattle," though saying it so nicely that he makes you feel like mighty prize stock. It's a habit of his to send the assistant directors after you saying, "All right, cowboys, get the cattle in here and let's roll it!" And Ingrid gets a bigger bang out of being addressed as such, than she does out of the more elaborate extravaganzas that are piled upon her.

So far as Hitch himself is concerned, Ingrid Bergman is strictly the blue-ribbon brand. "If I were *forced* to do another Bergman picture," I've heard him say to her kiddingly, but with a very serious look, "it wouldn't be as nauseating as you might expect. I would rise to it again. . . ."

He isn't alone in that. I too would "rise" to doing another picture with Ingrid. With one provision . . . that there's no razoring involved. I couldn't go through that again. For when it comes to Bergman . . . I'm Spell—B—O—U—N—D—D—D.

THE END



New RCA VICTOR Smart Sets





"POLONAISE" by AL GOODMAN

Al Goodman and his Orchestra, with chorus and soloists, in a rhythmic recording of seven Chopin tunes from the Broadway show: *Polonaise; Finale; O Heart of My Country; I Wonder As I Wonder; Mazurka; Just For Tonight; Now I Know Your Face By Heart;* plus the new *The Next Time I Care.* Smart Set Album P-145, $2.50.

"SHOWBOAT" by TOMMY DORSEY

Jerome Kern's immortal music from "Showboat" in new super-smooth arrangements by Tommy Dorsey: *Why Do I Love You; Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man; Make Believe; Ah Still Suits Me; Ol' Man River; You Are Love,* plus Kern's latest, *Nobody Else But Me.* Smart Set Album P-152, $2.50.

Hear the top RCA Victor artists in their latest hits—
at your dealer's...on the radio...on juke boxes

Eddy Arnold • Bill Boyd • Elton Britt • Perry Como • Johnny Desmond Tommy Dorsey • Duke Ellington • The Ginger Snaps • Al Goodman • Erskine Hawkins • Lena Horne • Spike Jones • Sammy Kaye • Wayne King • Freddy Martin • Vaughn Monroe • Roy Rogers • David Rose • Dinah Shore Sons of the Pioneers • Charlie Spivak • Martha Stewart • Billy Williams

Listen to The RCA Victor Show, Sundays, 4:30 p.m., Eastern Time, NBC.
Radio Corporation of America, RCA Victor Division, Camden, N. J.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON

RCA VICTOR RECORDS

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Prices are suggested list prices exclusive of taxes



This active, busy shopper Is modern as can be, Relying on Meds' comfort, Meds' real security!

So convenient, too! Meds internal protection means quick changing, easy disposal and complete freedom from all odor and chafing. A generous supply of Meds can be slipped into your handbag—and no one the wiser! "Next time," do try Meds!

- Meds alone have the "SAFETY-WELL"—designed for your extra protection.
- Meds are made of real COTTON—soft and super-absorbent for extra comfort.
- Meds expand quickly and adapt themselves easily to individual needs.

Meds only 25¢

FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS



Note special design of Meds applicators. Firm, smooth, easy to use, completely disposable.

Sensational Swiss

(*Continued from page* 41) When he was born World War I was "making the world safe for democracy." His father was a large landowner in Germany but his mother returned to Switzerland to welcome their little son. She died while Kurt was still very young and his father entrusted his education to tutors and later to private schools whence he emerged to attend the University of Lausanne. Later he endured a year at London's School of Economics which bored him almost unbearably.

He inherited enough money to make him modestly independent. Eventually he found himself at Sun Valley where he augmented his income by becoming a skiing instructor. His instructing was done earnestly. Some of his pupils turned out to be Norma Shearer, Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland and a covey of Hollywood talent scouts. (Those guys turn up *everywhere!*) People kept on saying that Kurt should be in pictures and he kept on thinking that they were joking. In Europe people who were going to act were trained from childhood. He had never heard of anyone's unstrapping a pair of skiis and starting to tread any boards.

His wanderlust persisted, even if his funds were dwindling, so when he went back to New York he began to cater to the wanderlusts of sympathetic souls by opening a travel bureau. He was doing all right, too, with his enthusiasm when suddenly there was World War II . . . and Kurt found himself with (1) a desk, (2) a bushel or so of cancelled steamer reservations, (3) so many outdated travel folders that he had to pay for a truck to haul them sadly away.

IT left him in quite a fix and since he had never been completely idle in his life, he hunted up actors and inquired about "the acting business." Everyone advised him to get some experience, so he went into summer stock and after four months of that felt he must be well equipped, so he set forth blithely for Hollywood. No one was a bit impressed by his four months' apprenticeship so back he went to New York where he managed to get himself the role of a German officer with Helen Hayes in "Candle In The Wind." Not bad! The play ran a year. Then the indefatigable man came right back to the Coast and hunted up a childhood friend, Andre de Toth, who instantly tested him for the role of the German flier in "Sahara." He got the role, plus featured billing, and went on, to everyone's surprise but his own, to "Mademoiselle Fifi," "Hotel Berlin," "Paris Underground" and, recently, "The Spider."

Then he signed a fine long-term contract with Twentieth Century-Fox and admitted, for the first time, that acting is, indeed, "a very fine business!"

Now he has bought himself a hillside home and is indulging, he says happily, "in all the Hollywood cliches." Latest two of these are the beginning of construction of the inevitable swimming pool and the acquisition of a butler. The pool was easy but every time Kurt found a servant who came well recommended they struck a snag over Kurt's two well-loved and *very* large police dogs, Wolfie and Hansel. Although Kurt assures all comers that the pair are gentler than lambs, they didn't look that way to prospective butlers. He has found a dog-loving gentleman's gentleman now, though.

Kurt cannot bear any suggestion of what he calls "interior decorator's decor," so he has done his house himself in what he feels is a truly masculine manner. It's rather Chinese! Everything is enormous and brightly colored.

He delights in parties, both the ones he attends and the ones he gives himself, with a slight edge toward the latter. He usually gives one big one each month . . . a cocktail-buffet affair on the terrace for a hundred or more guests and he bustles and glows and greets with amazing enthusiasm and friendliness although, if you must really know . . . he gets into a perfectly terrible panic when he has to introduce people to one another. The names leave him and he comes up with a blank and presents "Mr. Umph" to Miss "Uengh."

About once a week he likes to give a party for eight or ten intimate friends. These are buffet affairs too, with music and games afterward. Kurt dismisses rather sternly the idea that there may be people who don't like parlor games. "At *my* house they will like them," he says.

JUST here we come to Kurt's favorite subject in all the world—food! He is a true gourmet and will talk joyously until next Wednesday about famous restaurants, chefs, seasonings, menus and go on to erudite discussions of the art and philosophy of really fine chefs. He can cook, himself, and he loves to do it and he gets very chesty over the fact that during war shortages he evolved fifteen "really *artistic* ways in which to do meat balls."

He thinks his greatest extravagance comes from a preoccupation with fine living. "You live only once . . . you should sample all the best of it, if you can!"

He is fond of the theater, opera and ballet but he can't enjoy them unless he can sit in the very best seats. This, he assures you, is not snobbery. It is because he is a tiny bit deaf and the least bit near-sighted and if he isn't seated advantageously, he might just as well stay at home.

He likes to dress well and his tastes run to "really good" casual sports togs and superlative evening clothes. He likes color—preferably green—green ties, green sweaters and socks, even a green car. And when labor was short he went to quite a lot of trouble and expense having the shutters on his new house painted green, simply because "it would feel so much better."

He likes Nature, "in the raw," he says. He likes mountains and lakes and oceans, pine forests and great stretches of prairie to look at. He doesn't wish to come to grips with Nature, herself, in the matter of digging in a garden or killing snails. He'll thank her to keep her distance.

He thinks he has an "April nature," by which he means that he is always changing his mind after he has made important decisions. He falls in and out of love with an intensity and regularity which rather frightens him. That's why he is chary about marriage. When he does marry he wants to do it permanently and . . . what if he should change his mind when it was too late? How awful for both of them!

"You see," he explains, "it is one thing to spend lovely evenings together, as you can in Hollywood, all dressed up and listening to beautiful music . . . or going for drives by the ocean under the stars . . . or something. It's another thing to face everyday life together, problems, the drab details of living, quirks of temperament. You have to be very sure of one another. I'm—actually—afraid!"

He considers American women smarter in looks and manner than the Europeans he remembers. And they make better friends, they are more fun to know, than their European sisters. But American career women appall him with their apparent ruthlessness and he resents it when they take special (*Continued on page* 74)

GOING TO HAVE A BABY?

Get this MENNEN BABY BUNDLE FREE!

before your "bundle from heaven" arrives





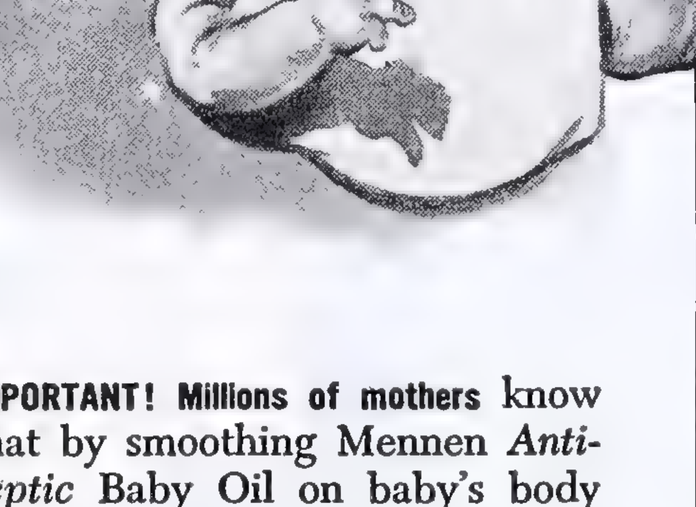


Yes, it's free . . . if you're expecting a baby, send coupon below for your wonderful Mennen Baby Bundle! You'll receive: 1. New Baby Care Guide, latest instructions. 2. Beautiful new book of 2000 names for baby, and meanings. 3. Perfumed Sachet Card for baby's clothes. 4. Helpful Shopping List of baby needs. 5. Generous sample bottle of Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Oil, good for many applications!

IMPORTANT! Millions of mothers know that by smoothing Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Oil on baby's body daily, you help keep baby's delicate skin lovely, comfy, *glowing with health.* Most doctors, hospitals and nurses* say Mennen Baby Oil is *best* for baby. Being *antiseptic,* Mennen Baby Oil helps prevent urine irritation, diaper rash, many other troubles. And Mennen babies *smell so sweet.* Get *both* Mennen Baby Oil and Mennen Baby Powder *now,* to have for baby's first day home

*Acc. to surveys.

Ask for Money-Saver sizes



MENNEN

ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL

ANTISEPTIC BABY POWDER

YOU GET ALL THIS FREE



1. Famous Guide on baby care.
2. New book of 2000 names for baby.
3. Lovely Perfumed Sachet Card.
4. Helpful Baby Shopping List.
5. Generous sample bottle of Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil, best for baby.

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY

Dept. MC, The Mennen Co., Newark 4, N.J.
Send me at once the Mennen Baby Bundle absolutely free, as I'm expecting a baby about:
Date.....
(Write approximate date you expect baby)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

THE WESTMORES OF HOLLYWOOD BRING YOU

Hollywood LIPSTICK Reds

A group of seven exciting, lipstick colors created in Hollywood for the Hollywood stars. You should try the new *red-red* color DANGER SIGNAL — inspired by the Warner Bros. motion picture of the same name!

Westmore Lipsticks



There is no LIPSTICK like a WESTMORE LIPSTICK because:

- Westmore Lipsticks offer you the newest fashion-wise reds straight from Hollywood, style center of the world!
- Created by Perc Westmore, the country's foremost make-up authority!
- Designed to give the Hollywood stars exactly the lustrous, flattering lips they want. You, too, will be delighted with the creamy texture, staying quality, true, vivid reds of Westmore Lipsticks.





Perc Westmore, who with his brothers Wally and Bud, comprise the world-famous trio of Hollywood make-up artists—creators of the popular Westmore Lipstick, Rouge, Face Powder and Creams.

(*Continued from page 72*) compliments or gallantries for granted—act bored about them. "I like to make gracious gestures," he remarks. "But I like to be rewarded by a smile or a murmured 'Thank you.' I do *not* like my especial thoughtfulness to be taken for granted." He seemed right wrought up about this. Perhaps he had a reason.

He is an intense movie fan . . . will probably never get over it . . . and the biggest thrill he had when he first arrived in Hollywood was glimpsing Greta Garbo in the car next to his at a drive-in. Dismay caught up with him almost immediately, though because, "well—er—you see, she didn't look—er—very tidy!" That seems to have wounded him deeply and he hasn't quite recovered even now.

HE has a squirrel streak in him which embarrasses him a good deal. He just can't bear to part with old suits, shoes, sweaters, slacks until the size of the heap shames him and he knows he *must* bestow them on people who can make use of them. He does it—eventually—but he parts with each elderly garment with a really personal pang, as if it were a discarded and reproachful relative.

He is fussy about shirts and has them custom made and they never, never please him. They are either too large or too small, too short or too long and he is constantly ordering new ones in an exasperated manner. "If just one—just *one* shirt is ever right," he shouts, "I shall never part with it. I'll have it patched and patched and finally 'done' in plaster—like those baby shoes fond parents use for book ends!"

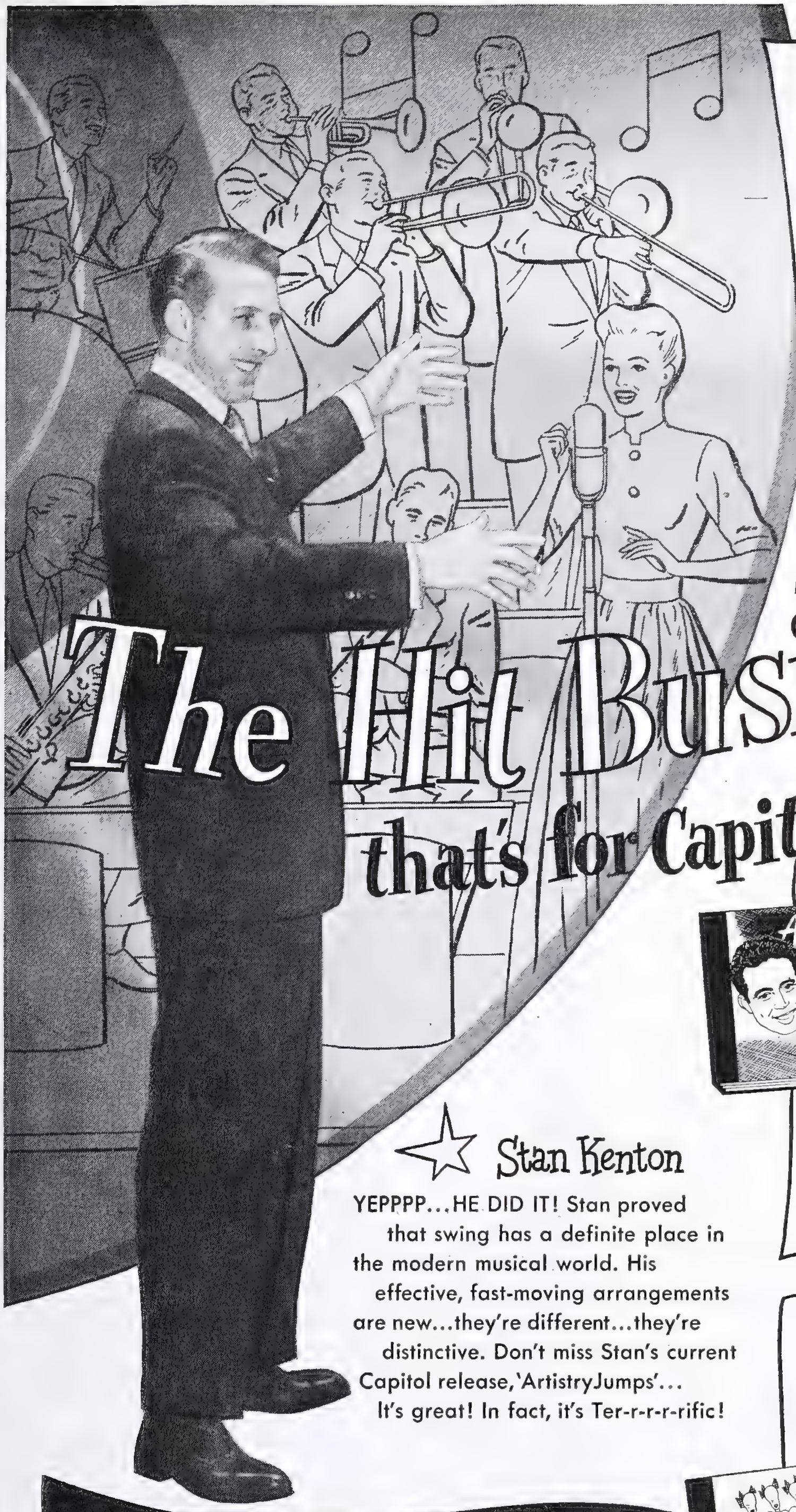
If he has a really important superstition it is distrust of anything that smacks of routine. When an athletic instructor told him to "count off" his exercises by eights, he immediately rebelled and counted them by alternate threes and fours. This made him feel much better. He feels a bit queer if a black cat crosses his path, but he doesn't do anything about it . . . like going home again. He just stays uncomfortable until he forgets about it. If there is a question of his getting through a green traffic light at an intersection—and he makes it—he makes a wish. "It always comes true," he assures you.

He regrets that something inside him inclines him to be almost ostentatiously cool and ungracious to someone of importance who might possibly be able to do him a favor. His hatred of toadies and phonies is so great that he thinks it unbalances him. With charming naivete he says, "I really *don't* wish to be rude to anyone—not even an important producer!"

Sit-down dinners make him feel imprisoned, "arty people" depress him. Climates where the seasons "really change" stimulate him. He loves to sing and is studying voice earnestly. But he is happy that he isn't and doesn't expect to be "dependent upon it." He couldn't be happy without that "flashy car" and he will never be content until he finds out what it is women discuss so earnestly when they retire to corners at parties for a few moments' fervent conversation. "They *couldn't* look so intense if they were just discussing hairdressers or—even men!" he marvels, adding, mournfully, "I suppose I'll never know!"

He thinks the most wonderful advice ever given him came from J. Carroll Naish who admonished, "Learn to *milk* a scene, my boy, for everything that's in it. And while you're at it, learn to milk every experience in life, too. Get every drop of zest and knowledge that you can from every experience, however large or small!"

Kurt thinks there couldn't be a better recipe for rich living and working than that one. THE END



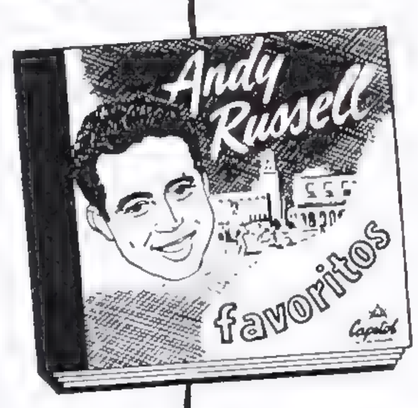
The Hit Business...

that's for Capitol!



☆ Margaret Whiting

This vivacious Johnny Mercer "find" is another Capitol-exclusive artist! Her individually-styled Capitol record, 'It Might As Well Be Spring', has clicked in a big way! More of Margaret's sure-shot top-tunes are on their way. Watch for them!





☆ Andy Russell

Sensational is the word! He skyrocketed with 'Besame Mucho' and 'Amor'; his Capitol album, 'Favoritos', is a best-seller; currently he is making his film bow in "Stork Club". Andy is an exclusive Capitol artist, too.

☆ Stan Kenton

YEPPPP...HE DID IT! Stan proved that swing has a definite place in the modern musical world. His effective, fast-moving arrangements are new...they're different...they're distinctive. Don't miss Stan's current Capitol release, 'ArtistryJumps'... It's great! In fact, it's Ter-r-r-r-rific!

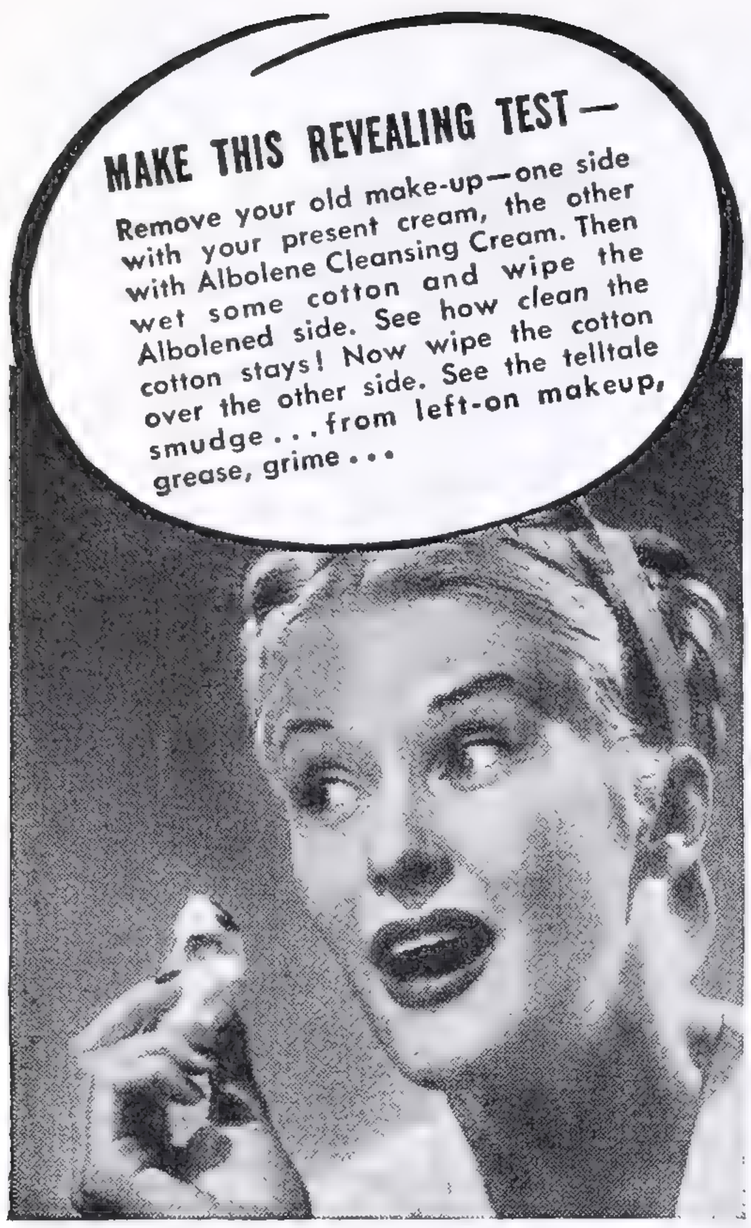


☆ The Dinning Sisters

These slick chicks won wide fame on radio's "National Barn Dance"!...are now picture-making in Hollywood. Their popular Capitol album, 'Songs by the Dinning Sisters', sets a new high in triple-tone close harmony.

Capitol RECORDS FROM HOLLYWOOD

SUNSET AND VINE



It's smart, modern, exciting, the new

FLOATING FACIAL*

**Literally* floats *off pore-clogging make-up remnants, grease, grime ordinary creams may miss . . .*

A CREAM *must* liquefy quickly and thoroughly to cleanse your skin of complexion-fogging debris . . . dirt, grime, grease, stale, old make-up . . . and particularly, *stubborn cake make-up!*

ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM LIQUEFIES INSTANTLY—

Albolene, 100% pure, crystal clear, liquefies on application, sweeping away gently and thoroughly these menaces to beauty . . . conditioning your complexion for truly subtle, flattering make-up effects.

You see, Albolene is *all*-cleansing . . . no fillers or chemicals . . . and none of the water so many creams contain. Smooths on, tissues off so easily and daintily. See the amazing difference in your skin texture . . . how infinitely softer and more flattering fresh make-up looks.

Thrill to an Albolene *Floating Facial* today! Albolene is the salon-type cleansing cream at a fraction of the cost—from 10¢ trial size to big 16 oz. jar at $1.00.



One of the 225 products made by McKesson & Robbins for your beauty, health, and comfort

The Name Is Zack

(*Continued from page* 57) with refugees. With empty pockets and rosy dreams, Zack eagerly looked forward to meeting Elaine, who was coming on to New York from Texas to marry him.

"I'll never forget that first glimpse of Zack when the boat docked." Elaine, wise, witty and charming doubles up at the memory. "Zack, complete with ascot and gloves, was the last word in elegance. He had a Leica camera strapped across one shoulder, binoculars strapped across the other. His clothes were strictly Saville Row. Peasants with handkerchiefs over their heads, and carrying box lunches, were crowded around him. Through his binoculars, Zack finally spotted me, and started making wild gestures. Zack was heading for another adventure!"

TODAY the Scotts are three. For the first time in eleven years of marriage, Zack, Elaine, and nine-year-old Waverly are experiencing the rigors of housekeeping. For the most part, they've lived in New York. Elaine wanted to act, too. Waverly was placed in schools, leaving them free to win their way. They loved and laughed, quarreled, and loved all over again. More and more, they became independent individuals, as the existing bond brought them closer together.

It was Elaine, strong, sensible, and in this case, particularly practical, who decided that one of them must bring in a steady income. They talked it over. Elaine felt that Zack had the best chances. She'd make the living, leaving him free to make the rounds, meet producers and people who were doing things. Zack subordinated his male ego and submitted to this unorthodox setup. He knew it was only a matter of time until he'd be able to make up for Elaine's unselfish decision. To this day, he has never stopped demonstrating his appreciation.

Eventually, Zack appeared in such New York productions as "Ah, Wilderness," "Damask Cheek" and "Those Endearing Young Charms." Elaine terminated a six-year association with the Theatre Guild (she was stage manager for "Oklahoma" and other famous productions) when Zack got a contract at Warner Brothers. He came out and found a house, then sent for her and Waverly.

It's been two and a half years since Zack arrived in Hollywood. His first picture, "The Mask Of Dimitrios," was the first time he ever faced a camera.

Zack hates to be told things if there's the barest possibility of finding out for himself. He has extreme curiosity about everything except other people. He isn't concerned with their morals or their manners, their religious or political points of view. Zack believes in the theory of live and let live.

Since "Dimitrios," Zack has made his mark in one good part after another. "Mildred Pierce" was followed by his favorite of all roles, the share-cropper in "The Southerner." Zack loves the outdoors. His entire childhood was spent on ranches in Texas, so he felt particularly close to that character. Working in "The Southerner" (he did this on his one outside picture a year allowed in his Warner contract) also brought Zack very close to Jean Renoir, the eminent French director.

"It was a privilege working for the great Renoir," Zack enthuses. "He has the heart and brain of a genius and the simplicity of a child. Everything he feels about acting, I try to feel. One day in talking to me, Renoir expressed a philosophy that strengthened my own. 'Life is short!' he said. 'I am too old, and there isn't enough time—to be bored.' I feel this strongly. I feel I'm too young to be bored *or* boring. I hope I'll never be guilty of either."

There's a lot to be said for and against Zachary Scott, but no one could accuse him of dullness. To the contrary, he might well take time out, occasionally, to do absolutely nothing. He personally thinks such a foreign suggestion would be a disastrous shock to his nervous system!

"Danger Signal" and "Her Kind Of Man" are the remaining two of the five pictures Zack has made in Hollywood. In three of these, he played opposite Faye Emerson Roosevelt. He refers to her (artistically speaking) as "a habit, and a delightful one." The Roosevelts and the Scotts are most friendly. The Scotts have other friends, too, usually invited to buffet suppers, because their charming rented house off Sunset Strip is too tiny for formal dinners. Ann Sothern and Bob Sterling are neighbors. Ditto Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell. There are the Scott McKays, the John Emerys, artist Paul and Ruth Clemens (he once traded Elaine a portrait sketch of Waverly for four seats to "Oklahoma"), Angela Lansbury and Richard Cromwell, New York people from all branches of the theater, Texas people from all parts of Texas—share the Scott hospitality.

HE'S an extremely definite person and yet he makes his own exception to the rule. For example, he not only loves, but he insists on order in his life. Whimsically, Zack explains it in this way:

"I want order in my life—until I want disorder. I can't stand leaving things undone. No unfinished business, shoes that need shining, pictures that need framing, clothes that need cleaning, desk pigeon holes bulging with unanswered letters. Usually, when everything is caught up, I begin thinking about entertaining. Then I go completely social, parties every night.

"Incidentally, at our house we like everyone to do what he likes to do. We never insist on our guests working themselves into a lather playing games. At one party recently, I begged to be excused. The hostess was adamant. I was the one who had to go out of the room. I kept right on going—out the window and home! I know it was rude, but I had no alternative. Needless to say, we were never invited back."

There are times when Zack wants to be completely alone with his family. They practically lock themselves in, refuse to answer the phone. Zack puts on old dungarees and moccasins, plays their favorite recordings, and the four of them (this includes Jingo, Zack's white French poodle, who occupies position number three on the Scott preferred list) spend a whole weekend without seeing anyone. They eat whatever they please, Zack threatens not to shave (and always does), the complete order of things is temporarily abandoned.

Whenever he's being a homebody, Zack exudes a kind of elegance. He doesn't slop around the kitchen with an apron tucked into his trousers. Anything Zack turns his hand to is made special. He mixes an unusual salad dressing, learned from a chef in Trinidad, where he once vacationed. He somehow manages to own the latest book or the newest recording. Zack likes atmosphere, candles lit, fireplaces burning, plants green and growing. He's a great one for moving furniture all over the house—usually on one of those evenings when he says to Elaine, "I'm tired tonight. Let's have dinner at seven and make it an early evening." At 2:00 A.M. he's still shoving around chairs and couches.

Zack has often been accused of being

fastidious. Excessive in his taste, better explains it. It's loving life. He finds it romantic, fascinating when attracting the out-of-the-ordinary. *Not* extraordinary—just seeking and appreciating the individual and the distinctive.

Listing the things he loves (not in the order of their importance), Zack goes for blue points on the half shell, oxblood shoe polish, clean automobiles, spike heels and thin legs on women, (Elaine says "thanks!") odd, old rings, the smell of leather, boat whistles, sleeping without pajamas, gloves, Washington Square in the spring, shopping for anything, highly seasoned food like curries, thinking of, planning for, and getting away on a trip in fifteen minutes. "Little Abner," Ray Milland's performance in "The Lost Weekend," Greenwich Village, the organ grinder, the traveling carousel, Pete the flower man who gave Waverly a daily posy, the dogwood in Connecticut, New York streets with snow on the garbage cans, staying up all night, bright plaids, clean ash trays, actresses Gladys Cooper and Agnes Moorehead, strange cheeses, "Terry And The Pirates," John Barrymore's uncensored recording of "Cowboy's Lament," given to him by Gene Fowler (Zack yearns to play Barrymore in "Goodnight, Sweet Prince"), discovering unusual gifts and jewelry for Elaine and Waverly, listening to his lovely mother tell about the time Gypsy Rose Lee stopped off in Texas and exchanged crochet stitches and recipes, taking Waverly's pals on outdoor excursions, off-color stories, a review in which the critic referred to him as "A young man who smiles like a charging grand piano!"

BALANCING the ledger, Zack can do without bread pudding, soirees, being contradicted if he knows he's right, ostentation, a band of red gooey lipstick on cigarettes, squeaking doors, being told he *has* to do something, to which he invariably answers, "I don't *have* to do anything but die," tooth paste tubes squeezed in the middle, overpowering perfume, dripping faucets, swimming in bathing trunks, after dinner speakers, people who say, "I bet you don't remember me," and he invariably doesn't, people who take themselves and actors who take their "art" too seriously.

Being individualists, who believe that all people have a right to choose their own friends, their own vocations and their own religion, the Scotts have raised Waverly accordingly. They take her to church, alternating amongst several. She was taught to make phone calls, ride on buses, plan her own amusement, because they want her to have a rich, full life of freedom and independence.

With rare wisdom they explained that Waverly might hear them use slang, occasionally even swearing. They *wanted* her to hear it. Because she was still a little girl, they wanted her to know that until she was old enough to decide for herself, she'd be punished if she copied them. Waverly, above average in intelligence, enjoying a healthy, normal childhood, has never been denied an answer to a direct question. Which brings up the subject of sex.

"When Waverly asks questions, as every curious child does," muses Zack, "Elaine always tries to give her a satisfactory answer, rather than provoke mystery."

"I know all about people having babies," confided a serious Waverly. "But there's just one thing that bothers me. Why is it that only *married* people have them?"

It hasn't happened very often in his interesting life. But even individualists and rugged romanticists like Zachary Scott don't always know all the answers!

THE END



"Coming Up!"

Yes—the nation's long-standing order for Fels-Naptha Soap *is* being filled. Cars of this badly-needed, civilian laundry soap are rolling to all parts of the country. ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪

You won't have to 'do with something else' much longer. You won't have to shut your eyes to "Tattle-Tale Gray." Shirts and sheets and towels will come out of the wash the way they should—dazzling white and sweet. ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪ ▪

As so many women have learned during recent war-time years—to keep a house and a family *really* clean, there's nothing like good, mild soap and gentle naptha—Fels-Naptha Soap!

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

"... it's definitely the kind of make-up that does things for you!"



IT IS THAT SUPERB Evening in Paris face powder which gives your skin such a velvety look, of course! It is so soft and fine, and it clings so long and smoothly. Evening in Paris rouge and lipstick are designed to harmonize . . . and the complete make-up is more marvelously becoming than you'd even dream! You'd better try it now . . . and discover for yourself why the men say "if a lovely woman would be even lovelier . . . her make-up should be Evening in Paris!"

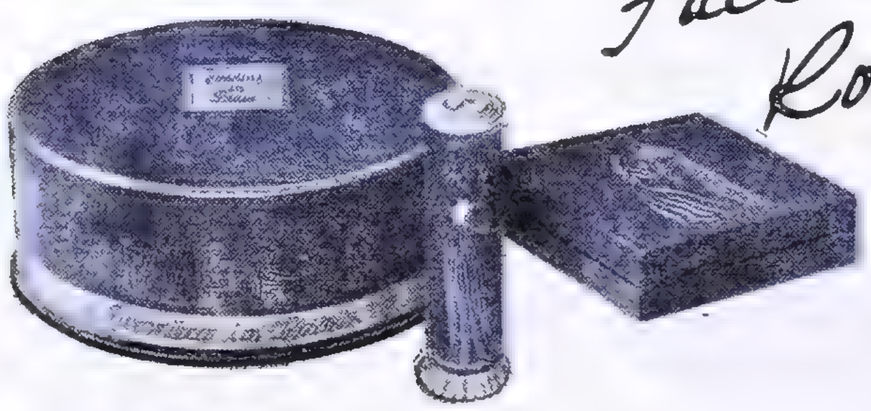
Evening in Paris

Face Powder $1.00

Rouge 50¢

Lipstick 50¢

plus tax



BOURJOIS - N. Y. - Distributors

Tune in the Powder Box Theater—Thursday, 10:30 P. M., E. S. T., Columbia Network.

Countess from Brooklyn

(*Continued from page 55*)

Her rule for smart dressing: "Wear very simple clothes—and a hat or accessories with pezaz!" (That "pezaz" is a Tierney-coined word!)

What she does behind your back: She invents things—"gadgets to fix up the little things in life that annoy you," is her only explanation. But all of them have Washington patents, so the lady means business.

Favorite flowers: To wear—violets; to see—lilies of the valley.

Favorite book: "Leave Her To Heaven," which she not only loved to read, but loved to act in.

Biggest thrill out of her recent New York visit: Having lunch at the Algonquin Hotel, after having acted in "Laura," one scene of which showed an exact replica of the Algonquin Hotel dining room. She sat near the table at which she sat in the scene in "Laura," and she stared so hard at the movie-scene table that the two ladies dining there in real life thought their slips must be showing!

What she eats for breakfast: Orange juice—and soup! (Any kind—creamed, clear, or vegetable.) No coffee, ever.

What she reads over her morning soup: First the headline news, then the movie columns by Louella Parsons and Hedda Hopper. Then she drops the newspaper and picks up the *Hollywood Reporter.* The comics are taboo.

What she eats for lunch and dinner: At home she eats Italian food to please her husband Oleg; away from home she dines almost exclusively on filet mignon and corn fritters with maple syrup.

What she eats on a bedtime ice-box raid: She rivals Dagwood. She either munches a sandwich made of camembert cheese, salami, and dill pickles; or else she goes for red caviar on rye bread—with onion and lemon!

What she never lifts to her lips: Liquor, coffee and desserts. Doesn't like 'em.

The cars you'll find in her garage: One black convertible (Oleg's) and one green sedan (Gene's)—and both in a state of collapse. His is ancient history, and hers has four cauliflowered fenders, thanks to her gay and jaunty driving through any obstacle in her path!

The friends she invites over of an evening: The Joseph Cottens, the Gary Coopers, Virginia Bruce, Marina and Frank Shields, and Barbara Hutton Grant.

What she likes to do come sundown: Sit around with the above friends and chat. Never does she long for a night club.

What she would rather talk about than eat: Real life murder cases. She's an authority on the subject—and she's convinced that everyone is a potential murderer, given the cause and the opportunity. She likes to figure out why the murderer murdered.

Favorite beauty trick: It's strictly Tierney: She licks her fingers and pats her cheeks to make them shine! When she was eighteen and a non-actress, she did this once in the Stork Club powder room—and a curious bunch of strange girls watched her and, puzzled, did it too!

How she keeps that Tierney complexion: What make-up she wears is only powder and lipstick. At home, she removes it with cold cream, then dashes hot water on her face and then cold.

What she'd like to be doing fifteen years from now: She'd like to be the mother of a large family, and to be traveling with them all over the world in any vehicle at all, from tramp steamers to airliners. She'd like to live near New York City and to have forgotten what a camera looks like.

The song she sings in the shower: "The Whiffenpoof Song," Yale's most famous.

Her favorite pieces of music: "Clare de Lune" and "Ave Maria"—sung by a boys' choir.

Her most embarrassing moment: The time she was introduced by Chester Morris in a rave speech at a Bond tour before an enormous audience. Smiling graciously, she walked up the ramp to the stage, lost her shoe—and rolled and bounced all the way down the ramp again into the audience! (However, she recovered with typical Tierney skill: She remarked, "How *not* to make an entrance!" and brought down the house!)

The time she most amused her husband: When, in a rage, she threatened to throw a glass of milk in his face. "You just can't do it, you're not the type," said he, grinning. More furious than ever, she rushed up to him—and uneasily sprinkled a few drops of milk on his head!

What she most longs for in the way of presents: A Capehart radio and a diamond pin shaped like a crown.

Her husband's post-war career: Oleg has dropped (1) wardrobe designing, (2) the Army—in favor of being an agent. But he still may design some of Gene's clothes on the side.

Favorite piece of furniture: The cobbler's bench in her living room—her pet among all her many antiques, which she collects feverishly.

What she doesn't suspect about herself: That she has the magnetic attraction to others of a person who knew what she wanted and got it—a happy career and a happy marriage.

THE END

Jennifer Jones—

romantic as an
old-fashioned portrait—
will greet you
from the cover of

the April Photoplay

And inside there will be such an intimate and human story as you never have read about Jennifer before—because it is written by her friend

Elsa Maxwell

GALE STORM, STARRING IN "SWING PARADE OF 1946" A MONOGRAM PICTURE



BE LIKE *Gale Storm*

Have hands whose softness is charming.

It's easy, with Gale Storm's hand care—Jergens Lotion.

Personal Hand Care of the Stars, 7 to 1, is Jergens Lotion

NOW--PERFECTED EVEN FURTHER. Thanks to wartime studies in skin care, this famous Jergens Lotion is even more effective now.

For protection! Women say this postwar Jergens protects even longer.

For softening and smoothing. They say this even finer Jergens makes the hands even smoother and softer.

Those 2 ingredients, so special for skin-tending that many doctors use them, are included in this finer-than-ever Jergens Lotion. Now on sale--same bottle--still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). None of that oiliness; no sticky feeling.



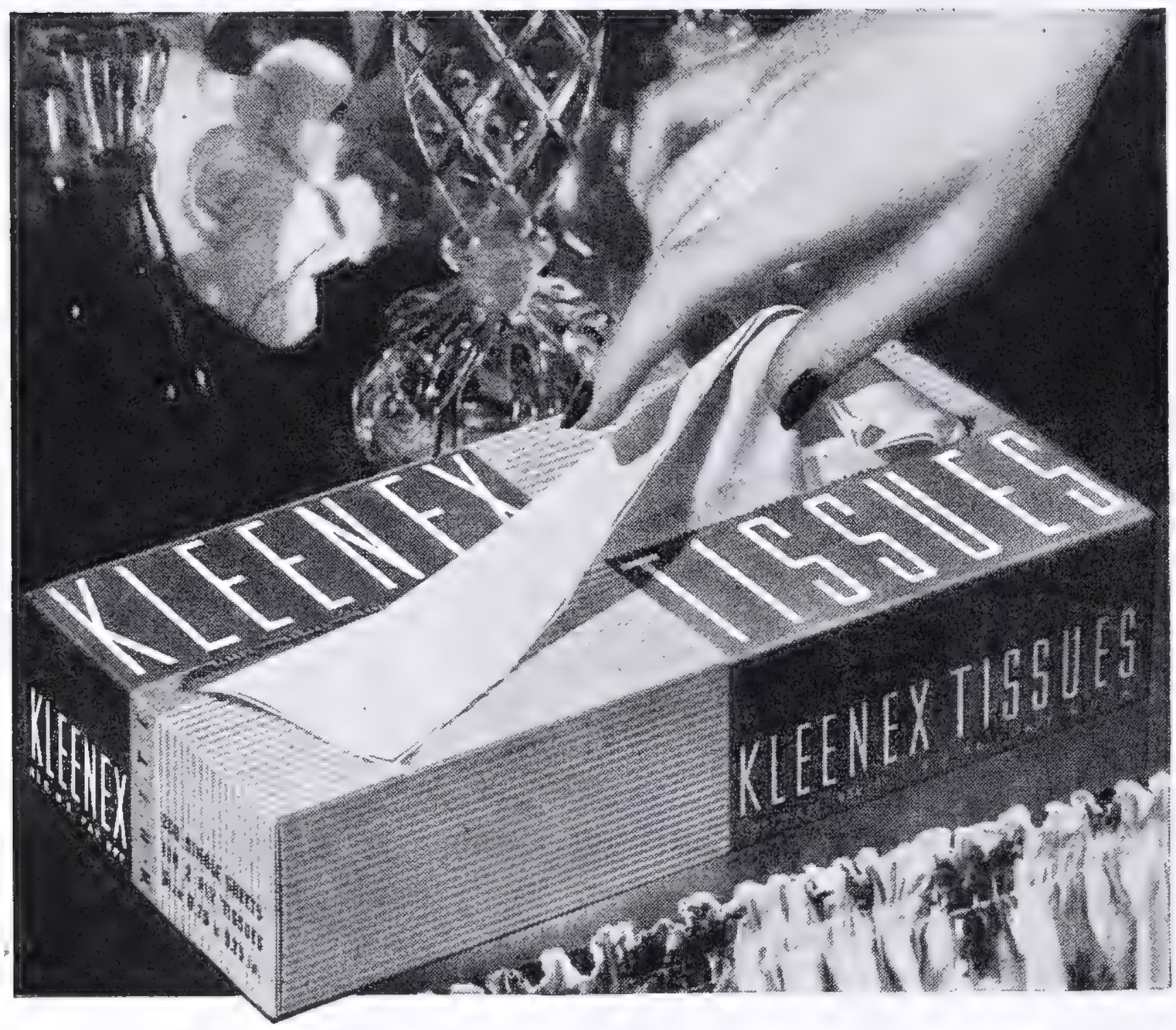
For the Softest, Adorable Hands

Use JERGENS LOTION

Now more Effective than ever—thanks to Wartime Research

A special process keeps Kleenex

Luxuriously Soft – Dependably Strong



Only Kleenex* has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that serves up just one double-tissue at a time!



YOUR NOSE KNOWS— THERE'S ONLY ONE KLEENEX

In these days of shortages we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: we'll always keep Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

There is only one KLEENEX

Yvonne, Where She Danced

(*Continued from page* 46) trees . . ." Both are standard equipment with Yvonne, who has had the grace of a dancer since childhood. In addition, she has a storm-cloud of darkly curling tresses and exotically tilted eyes, colored blue-gray like a disturbed sky.

A strictly-Wanger requirement was that the candidate also be able to act, which made some people consider him a very unreasonable man. All except Miss De Carlo who, to prepare herself for any such emergencies which might arise in her life, had been studying and doing "little theater" dramatics since her very early teens. In fact, if his screenplay had required it, she even could have tossed in a little poetry-writing, painting and sketching and some of the fancy horseback riding which has won her numerous trophies and awards for style at rodeos.

THE prospect of being typed in epics in which, in one scene at least, her costume will consist mostly of veiling, dismays her not at all.

"Don't tell anybody, but it was the elaborate clothing I wore in the other scenes of the picture—the heavy satins and velvets—that bothered me. They were pretty hard to get around in. As a dancer, I'm used to brief costumes, they're my work uniform. When I first came to Hollywood I was a featured dancer at Earl Carroll's and the Florentine Gardens. Dancing on the screen is a much happier occupation—except that I miss the gorilla."

The gorilla was her first big-time leading man, and while he was no Sinatra or Van Johnson, he never failed to get screams and near-swoons from their night club audiences. Actually, there was a gentleman inside the ape suit, although he didn't act it. Their dance skit started with the heroine on an auction block, being sold as a slave to a be-turbanned Sultan. With music and circumstances already at a dire point, the big gorilla would crash from his cage, and merely as a starter, kill the Sultan—

"I never got tired of watching people's expressions when he came after me. Most of them must have realized it was a man inside the suit, but that long-armed crouch and those long fangs were really terrifying to see. The climax—and the loudest screams—came when he'd toss me over his shoulder and carry me out.

"Usually, I felt like a bag of wet laundry—especially when he'd grab me by one foot, which is not the world's most comfortable way to make a living. But I always wound up in giggles—it was so funny when we got back stage, to have him put me down with some remark about what a warm night it was, or maybe, he hoped it wouldn't rain the next day and spoil his golf."

Her repertoire includes tap, ballet, Spanish and South American dances, and until she came to the screen she preferred to create her own routines. Currently she is working on a Scheherazade number, to be seen in her third picture, "Heat Wave."

"And guess what—" she grins, "This time they're going to put *me* in a cage! A nice, golden one—"

In between, she has starred in a Western, "Frontier Gal," designed to take advantage of her Technicolorful screen personality. In this one she neither dances nor unveils, but serve it any way you want, it's still Salome:

"I'm the dirtiest-dispositioned gal in history," she says happily. "The picture opens with me hitting the hero on the head with a bottle. I slap his face, he kisses me and I slap him again for about two reels. I kick him in the shins. I throw the whole

contents of a log cabin at him—logs, a stuffed deer's head on the wall, and assorted pots and pans. I even shoot him—"

The hero is the very rugged Rod Cameron, who was also on the romantic receiving end in her first picture. The strong type, but not always silent—especially when some of the "break-away" props failed to perform as expected.

"When I first started throwing he didn't even duck. I should have warned him I'm a very good shot. A big platter hit him right in the middle of the stomach. He let out a beautiful, natural 'Ooof!'—I hope they left it in the picture!

"He was good-natured about it until I had to hit him on top of the head. You can't imagine what a feeling it is to hit someone with something you expect to be soft and fall right apart, and instead it makes a hard cllunnk! That time, he just sat there on the floor, looking dazed. 'That will never happen again,' he said finally, and from then on, he tested everything I was to throw at him before we started shooting."

As usual, the male triumphed in the end. The last scene called for Mr. Cameron to place his TNTemptress across his knees and administer a fine and fancy spanking. Screen fights and spankings usually consist of considerately "pulled" punches, but Rod had other ideas. Gathering the camera crew around to witness his triumph, he gave the little girl the biggest hand she's had so far.

Rodeo riding may not be the accepted idea of what a silken siren does in her spare time, but then, Yvonne's not a siren in her spare time. She's a friendly girl with a breeze about her, and a secret amusement concerning the screen-queens who are "always putting on their act." She doesn't worry whether her lipstick's on straight because she wears it only on state occasions and her hair-do is the kind that can be combed without bothering with a mirror. Her long-sleeved, man-tailored black dress with glen-plaid vest, could go right off to business—although it's a cinch business would increase.

SHE neither drinks nor smokes, and her favorite fun is to hit the cowboy trail for supper over a campfire. Her own horse is part Morgan, part Arab, and named Kickapoo "because he dances so, has so much style." The steed she rode in "Frontier Gal" was a stranger, which gives her a delayed-action chill every time she remembers him.

"We were on location at Long Lake and one day Fuzzy Knight and I took a ride up a snow-covered mountain trail. My horse had to follow a lead-horse, and he started getting persnickety about it. All of a sudden, on a narrow switch-back road, he reared up and tried to leap off the ledge. I remember Fuzzy and the guide yelling to me, 'Jump off—' but I couldn't—he was such a beautiful animal, I just couldn't let him throw himself into that chasm. . . ."

He was also a very big animal, according to report, and the small brunette sat his back, pitting her 117-pound strength against his, while he whirled and danced on the brink.

"Afterwards, when Fuzzy stood there mopping his brow and told me the horse's hind feet were already over the ledge, I nearly fainted. If I'd known it, maybe I wouldn't have been so brave."

Courage is a part of her, although she chooses to call it "my terrible impatience." It was that impatience, however, that brought her to the screen.

"I'd studied so hard and I wanted so badly to be an actress, and I was still dancing in cafes. One night at the Gardens, a man whose intellect I admired, put it into words for me. 'You're not in a rut—' he said, 'because in a rut, you can

It's fun...it's young...it's meant for You!





frolic

...by CHERAMY



Frolic is *such* a joyous perfume!

So fresh and carefree . . . sparkling and bright. And . . . when you use it you'll agree . . . Frolic has the most head-spinning, heart-winning ways'

Perfume, $6.50; 3.50; *debutante size,* 1.10.
Toilet Water, 1.75.
Dusting Powder, 1.00. *Talcum Powder,* 50¢.
(Plus tax)

Do Your Hands



Add to the Picture?

When he reaches for your hands they'll be thrillingly smooth and soft to the touch if you use SOFSKIN CREME. You can rely on soothing SOFSKIN to keep your hands lovely-to-hold straight through winter's chapping cold. For hands, wrists, elbows and ankles, use non-sticky SOFSKIN, the creme that many beauticians prefer. A wonderful powder foundation, too.



In the Black and Gold jars
35¢ 60¢ $1.00 sizes*
**Plus tax*
Ask for the free Sofskin demonstration at your beauty salon or cosmetic counter

SOFSKIN CREME
for lovely hands and skin

SOFSKIN COMPANY FINDLAY, OHIO

still move a little from side to side. What you're in is a *hole!*' "

It made her so mad, she quit right in the middle of the show. She didn't want her mother to worry, so she told her she had an acting job. "I had myself nicely trapped then—until I really got an acting contract at Paramount."

The contract was an opportunity and a disappointment. She was hired as a threat to Dorothy Lamour, who had taken a sudden distaste for sarongs. When Dottie donned the jungle scanties again, there was nothing left for Yvonne but bit roles—and very few of them. Mostly, she tested with leading men—and watched them walk into important roles. Between time she posed for scads of bathing-suit and "leg" art, of the kind that eventually was pinned up in the bombardier barracks in Saskatchewan.

"I'd get so impatient and discouraged—but I know now that the experience and training I got at that time was what helped me to clinch my big opportunity at Universal."

During the months of preparation for "Salome," Yvonne lived in an auto motel because of the apartment shortage—and she used to spend all the time she could in her studio dressing room "which was really much nicer."

Her home is "medium sized, just six rooms—but mother and I love it. I've really enjoyed the shortage of furnishings—it's more fun to find the piece of drapery material you want, at long last, and pounce on it. I signed the papers for the house just a few minutes before the bells began to ring on V-J Day. I couldn't get over it—peace for the world and my own home for me—I just couldn't believe either one of them had actually happened!"

HER romance is so deeply thrilling she's keeping the gentleman's name to herself for awhile. "He's everything I admire and respect—and I want him to feel the same way about me. I don't think he would if I went around giving out wholesale stories about him. If it stays serious, the way I hope it will—well, I'll let him announce it in his own manner—"

The columnists say the dream-gent is Howard Hughes, airplane millionaire and producer—but the lady neither denies nor affirms it. She'll tell you the kind of man she likes, however: "A thoughtful man—in all the important small ways. One who thinks enough of your feelings to call and apologize if he's delayed. I never could stand the kind of person who says, 'Well, I'm late—so forget it.' He doesn't have to be affectedly polite, but I like him to remember to open car doors and help you with your coat. Even when I was a kid in school, I couldn't like a boy I couldn't admire."

School was King Edward's High School in Vancouver, British Columbia, where she was born. Her mother was French, born in Nice, and her dad was an American. What she remembers most about her childhood were the fir trees that grew around her home. There were deep woods she loved to walk in and although she got lost several times, she always found her way out again. Wind in the trees is still the most beautiful sound-music she can hear. The most intriguing sound she ever heard came from a flock of seals, when she was visiting Pebble Beach recently.

"They were sprawled all over the rocks, big seals and little seals, and they kept up a constant jabbering. Even when we were a mile away the wind kept bringing their voices to us. It made me curious to know what they were talking about—in a way they reminded me of the De Carlos at home!"

The "De Carlos" include herself and Mother, Mitzi and Jolie. "We're certainly a noisy bunch. Mother and I hold the loveliest, loudest conversations when we're two or three rooms apart. We love to argue, too—especially when one of us is on the telephone, which makes it hard on the person holding the other end of the wire—" Mitzi is a gray cat, which seems to make her a French cat, "because in France all cats are called *Mitzi gris* (gray)." Jolie is a Pomeranian, and dog and cat love each other so much their owner is sure they would die if separated.

Gray is a favorite color of Yvonne's. She likes to combine it with lavendar, which is Frenchy—like her own personal color scheme of very white skin, smoke-blue eyes and dark hair. Her favorite perfume is French, too. A heavy, heavenly scent of flower gardens, it has to be used discriminatingly, which is all right with her because it is a pre-war blend and she has just one precious bottle left.

Someday she would like to visit Paris, to see all the places she has been hearing about ever since she was a child, and because she can parlez-vous like a native, of course. (*Continued on page* 84)



Official party guests, Canadian born Yvonne De Carlo and Rod Cameron at a party given by the Canadian Government for the stars at the Beverly Hills Hotel

the New Way

to take VITAMINS...for better results!

Take them in fortified food—the delicious Ovaltine way!

Of course, the whole subject of vitamins is new. We learn more about them every day. And today, millions are learning a new and better way to take their extra vitamins—a more modern, more natural way that can do more good. Discarding earlier methods of taking vitamins alone, they now take them in *fortified food!*

For latest evidence shows that vitamins do not work alone. They work most effectively in combination with certain other food elements—which are absolutely necessary for best results.

This is the reason so many people are changing to Ovaltine. A specially-fortified supplementary food-drink, it contains—besides vitamins—nearly every precious food element needed for good health, including those elements necessary for vitamin-effectiveness.

For example, Vitamin A and Vitamin C can't do their complete jobs in body-tissue building without high-quality protein. Vitamin B_1 and energy-food act together for vitality. Vitamin D, Calcium and Phosphorus also need each other. You get them all in a glass of Ovaltine made with milk!

So why not turn to Ovaltine? If you eat normal meals, 2 glasses of Ovaltine daily should give you all the extra amounts of vitamins and minerals needed for robust health.

3 out of every 4 people should get extra vitamins or minerals—according to Government reports. Reasons include vitamin deficiencies of many modern foods—also loss of vitamin-mineral values due to shipping, storing and cooking.





READ WHAT YOU GET IN
2 GLASSES OF OVALTINE

MORE **VITAMIN C** THAN 4 OUNCES OF **TOMATO JUICE**

MORE **CALCIUM** AND **PHOSPHORUS** THAN 2½ SERVINGS OF **AMERICAN CHEESE**

MORE **IRON** THAN 3 SERVINGS OF **SPINACH**

MORE **VITAMIN G** THAN ¾ POUND OF **SIRLOIN STEAK**

MORE **VITAMIN D** THAN 10 OUNCES OF **BUTTER**

MORE **FOOD-ENERGY** THAN 2 DISHES OF **ICE CREAM**

MORE **NIACIN** THAN 6 SLICES OF **ENRICHED BREAD**

MORE **VITAMIN B_1** THAN 3 SERVINGS OF **OATMEAL**

MORE **PROTEIN** THAN **3 EGGS**

MORE **VITAMIN A** THAN 2 SERVINGS OF **PEAS**

TAWNY ORCHID BRUNETTE — by Earl Cordrey



Brunettes be glad! Artist Earl Cordrey shows how *your* type of coloring is enriched, enlivened with original* "Flower-fresh" shade of

CASHMERE BOUQUET face powder



Here's the right Cashmere Bouquet shade for *you!*

FOR LIGHT TYPES
Natural, Rachel No. 1
Rachel No. 2

FOR MEDIUM TYPES
Rachel No. 2, *Rose Brunette

FOR DARK TYPES
*Rose Brunette, Even Tan

We give you a brunette's best bet! It's Cashmere Bouquet's new "Flower-fresh" face powder, lovely Rose Brunette. With the faintest flash of pink, it makes those gorgeous, tawny tones in your skin come to life. It clings for hours, smooth as silk, veiling tiny blemishes. Cashmere Bouquet comes in six new "Flower-fresh" shades, keyed to all skin types from an ice-cream blonde to a green-eyed red head.

Photoplay Fashions

JOAN FONTAINE

will be seen in RKO's "From-This Day Forward," a dramatic story dealing with the problems of a girl and a returning veteran.

Here Joan wears a flattering belted aqua raincoat of Rosewood "Voyager" fabric designed by Sherman. In beige and silver gray also. Sizes 10—18; under $20.00 at Franklin Simon & Co., N. Y.; Kreeger Store, New Orleans. Matching rain hat about $4.00.

(For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 96.)

(*Continued from page* 82) Other personal statistics include a habit of losing gloves, scarves and sun glasses. Especially the sun glasses, which she now buys three pair at a time.

The smell of burning leaves fills her with a pleasant nostalgia. When she reads she likes to take a volume of Shakespeare or Greek mythology, or a book on the theater, and lie on her stomach underneath a tree. Not a jive hound—"but I'll have to admit that certain numbers send me, like 'One Meat Ball' and 'Caledonia.'" Church music gets her, because as a child she sang in the choir. When traveling she's a tourist—"In New York I took all the rubberneck trips, to Staten Island, the top of the Empire State Building, Grant's Tomb and even Brooklyn. Gosh, I was surprised to find that Brooklyn is a real place—lots of Canadians think it's some sort of American joke."

Her favorite indoor sport is sitting in the projection room, having old reels run off, things like "Blue Angel" and "Alice In Wonderland" and anything with Vivien Leigh, who's her favorite actress. Her most admired leading man? Well, there are several, but if someone told her to take her pick of heroes for a picture, "I'd choose John Lund—he's a terriffic actor. Or, I wouldn't turn up my nose at Gregory Peck, of course!"

Someday she'd like to play *Cathy* in "Wuthering Heights." And it would be a lot of fun to work in a horror picture.

"Maybe it's a hangover from the gorilla dance. Anyhow, I've had experience with monsters chasing me. I've heard that Universal has a new series in mind called 'The Creep.' The wags are saying they shouldn't have much trouble casting that one—I know a lot of creeps personally, myself!"

Meantime, the siren is a perfectly happy girl, no matter how purple her disposition on the screen. "It isn't how bad they make me—it's how good I can be at it! And so far my pictures have been loads of fun to make. I liked 'Salome' because it had everything in it but the Mounted Police. In 'Frontier Gal' we missed having a tribe of redskins, but we've got *one* Indian—a very busy Indian, who says "Ho!" loudly, all the way through. Maybe that's not art, but we've certainly got action!"

THE END

Photoplay Fashions



Photoplay Fashions

Three Signs of



JOAN FONTAINE

Joan, witty as well as beautiful, now is at work upon RKO's production of "Christabel Caine." Here Joan wears a softly tailored Printzess suit of Velo-Twill designed by Printz. In Petite fittings, 10P-18P, for figures 5'5" and under. Black, navy, brown, green, beige or blue. $49.95 at Russek's, N. Y. and Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, St. Louis

(For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 96)

All photographs—Ben Studio

Spring





VERA RALSTON

Vera Hruba Ralston, who skated to fame, now establishes herself as an actress in stories like "Dakota." In this Republic picture, which tells of the American Northwest in the days of the first railroad, Vera does no skating whatsoever

Above Vera wears a Rosewood gabardine jumper by Ciro. Aqua, lime gray, coral or navy, 10-18. $18.00 at Saks 34th Street, N. Y., The May Company, Los Angeles. Left, a striped classic of "Luana" fabric by Tommie Austin. 12-20. Pink, lime, aqua. $8.30 at J. W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles; Mandel Bros., Chicago

(For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 96)



Ben Studios

VERA RALSTON

Vera loves clothes but, fortunately for her chic, has the knack of forgetting them completely after she puts them on. Here she wears an all wool suit with matching topcoat by Junior-Deb. Each $39.95. Also available in brown and white checks. 9-17. At Chas. A. Stevens & Co., Chicago and Rich's Inc., Atlanta

(For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 96)

✓ Check wool



Ben Studios

to suit you

VERA RALSTON

Vera is 5′6″ tall and, having lost weight, weighs 115 pounds and wears a size 11. Above, a navy basque jacket and tattersal check skirt by Madison. Also brown jacket and brown and yellow check skirt. Jacket $12.95, skirt $7.95, 10-18 and 9-15. Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia and L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis. Beret by Madcaps $5.00

(For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 96)

THIS IS, INDEED,

NYLON HOSIERY "AS YOU LIKE IT"! You'll be delighted with the smoothness of fit which full-fashioning and skilful knitting achieve. And, sheer as these trim stockings are, there's no need to save them for dress-up wear, for they'll take you many a mile! Ask for them by name at your favorite hosiery counter



NYLON HOSIERY
"As You Like It"
READING, PA.



THE COSTUME ON THE COVER

"There'll be a flavor of the Far East in our new fashions," predicts Kay Nelson, Twentieth Century-Fox designer, who created the costume Gene Tierney wears on this month's cover. "Eastern lines, simplified," she explains, "are both exciting and flattering to certain faces and figures.

"Gene, who wears clothes with great drama, is ideal for this manner of fashion. It can be an extremely simple fashion, actually, with much of the interest lying in the draping.

"Gene's hat, for instance, a combination of the headgear associated with India and Arabia, is simply a twisted roll of green jersey made into a large ring, ornamented with gold pendant beads and with criss-cross drapery giving grace at the back.

"And Gene's figure-molding frock, quite untrimmed except for a slight drapery, is really a background for her hat and the wide flat circlet of gold at her neck.

"Since the Far East promises to influence our fashions so greatly, especially in silhouettes and jewelry," Miss Nelson concludes, "I want to warn those who are intrigued by the East's allure that these effects, above all, must be used with discretion. Otherwise, they're more likely to be theatrical than alluring."



*Dovetex, a California Fabric Co. superb rayon woven by Frank Ix and Sons.



#9507 100% NEW WOOL
ALL-ROUND PLEATED SKIRT

Stitched-down pleats, full skirt in 100% new wool. Powder, Shocking, Lime, Maize. Zipper Placket. Sizes 12 to 18. $4.95 P.P.A. PRICE PLUS 10¢ POSTAGE

#5012 WHITE TUCKED BLOUSE

Jeweled neckline...rib-tucked rayon blouse. Sizes 32 to 38. $2.70 P.P.A. PRICE PLUS 10¢ POSTAGE

SEND NO MONEY...WE MAIL C.O.D.
or if you prefer, enclose check or money order plus 10¢ postage and save C.O.D. charges.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money will be cheerfully refunded.

Jo Kaye Inc., 2130 So. Broadway, St. Louis 4, Mo.
Please send me Jo Kaye BLOUSE # 5012 at $2.70 each, plus 10c postage.
Size 32 ☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐
Please send me Jo Kaye SKIRT # 9507 at $4.95 each, plus 10c postage.
Size 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16 ☐ 18 ☐
Mark 1st and 2nd color choice.
Powder, Shocking, Lime, Maize
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY & STATE_____

Prompt Delivery! Money Back If Not Satisfied!
JO KAYE INC., ST. LOUIS, 4 MO

* CINEMODES *

No doubt about it, Spring stuff will be costume stuff. We won't wear just suits, for instance. We'll have matching topcoats. Dresses will boast little over-jackets or hip-length or free-swinging coats that again will match —or perhaps correspond. We'll have gloves cut from the same fabric as our suits and dresses. Hollywood tells us so.

*

Irene Dunne's new spring suit is delightful. It's a two-piece dress supplemented by a brief box jacket. The skirt is sheer navy wool. The blouse, made shirtwaist style, over which the skirt buttons, is pink and navy blue plaid crepe. The jacket is sheer navy wool with revers piped with pink and navy plaid. Irene wears a large cartwheel hat of navy blue felt with plaid roses lying close to the crown. Her pumps, pouch bag and gloves are navy blue.

*

Taffeta is romantic, especially on Ginny Simms. At a recent party at The Club, a newly opened social center in Beverly Hills, Ginny wore a black taffeta bustle-backed dress (with practically no back to it) and a low-cut heart-shaped neckline in front. Tiny hearts of seed pearls were embroidered all over the tight, basque bodice. The skirt was plain and very full. And Ginny wore elbow-length gloves of white suede and a diamond and seed pearl choker.

*

At the same party Connie Moore wore a gown of gold taffeta. It had an off-the-shoulder neckline, a long tight bodice with self-piped seams and a long full skirt which hung over small hoops to accentuate Connie's small waistline. Here and there the skirt was caught with tiny black velvet bows. Connie wore black velvet evening wedgies and a short box coat of pale beige natural stone martin which blended with the gold of her gown beautifully.

*

Strictly in the dreamy department is the divine dinner gown that Travis Banton designed for Merle Oberon. It is made of "Oberon blue"—a pale icy shade—crepe. It is slim and slinky all the way from shoulders to the floor. It has a low square neckline in front and a high back. It also has an enchanting peplum, made of slightly deeper blue coq feathers, which ripples across the front from both sides and leaves the back of the skirt flat and smooth. As a wrap Merle wears a long stole of the same blue feathers. And her beautiful diamond necklace! The feather stole and the necklace, we dare say, would strain most budgets. But the feather peplum is worth consideration.

*

Dolores Moran attracts much attention at parties because of a beautifully clever idea. She supplements a simple black dress with a lovely flowing chiffon scarf. Sometimes her scarf is cerise, sometimes pistachio green. It's always bright, it's always sprinkled with sequins of the same color, and it falls to the hem of her short dress.

*

Kathryn Grayson, so ingenue on the screen, has been looking the sophisticated young lady at restaurants and cafes lately. Usually she tops her up hair-do with a small cart-wheel hat that is loaded with ostrich feathers. One cartwheel in particular, the color of the brightest pink plums you can imagine, she tilts at an angle that leaves only one eye visible.

*

Hollywood's younger set is going* mad *for the new boudoir wedgies—those bedroom slippers that are neither slippers *(Continued on page 94)*

ALLURA

Junior Fashions



ALLURA brings you a brief beauty of a coat. Color contrast is its theme . . . as you see by the neat cuffs, the dapper revers, the brave shoulders — so smartly defined. Your choice of Spring-Spirited color combinations in a suede-y 100% wool fabric loomed for us by the

AMERICAN WOOLEN CO.

Sizes 9-15. Around $35.

Consult with your Local Retailer, or write LOU SCHNEIDER
512 Seventh Ave., New York 18, N. Y.







CINEMODES

(*Continued from page 92*)

nor mules, but act as both. Some are embroidered in bright colors. Some boast sequin or bead trimming. But all have some manner of glitter. They're divine with lounging coats and around the house, with "just clothes." Meaning when your feet are tired they need not look it!

*

Constance Bennett has a cocktail costume which gets away from stereotyped black and would be heavenly in any number of color combinations. Connie has combined gray and bronze. She wears a cocktail sweater of the palest gray wool that is sequined in bronze, a skirt of bright bronze crepe, softly straight, and a high, wide bronze crepe belt that has a huge buckle of bronze bugle beads. Her bag, shoes and gloves are soft brown doeskin and suede. She wears no hat. However, a matching brown beanie would be smart with such a costume.

*

Lana Turner wore another variety of her favorite type of dancing dress the other night—and took everyone's breath away she was so beautiful! The top, as usual, was a black sweater type with tiny short cap sleeves. Her tremendously full skirt which swept the floor was starched white marquisette striped in pink, green and black. Her hair was piled high—in spite of the fact that most of Hollywood's femme fatales are letting their hair down, literally, not figuratively—and all through her white-blonde tresses were tiny pink *camellias. And around her neck, as a choker against the black of her gown, she wore a necklace of the same tiny fresh pink flowers!*

*

We thought we had seen everything there was to see in the way of earrings when along came Alice Faye with a set of small gold pinwheels in her ears—so beautifully and perfectly made that they actually revolve when there is a breeze—or you flip them with your finger!



heart snatcher...

Doris Dodson creates an original embroidery design on rayon flannel... melody blue, vixen pink, sunshine yellow... sizes nine to fifteen. about fifteen dollars.

Write for the name of your local shop...
Doris Dodson, St. Louis 1, Missouri

Doris Dodson

JUNIOR ORIGINALS



June Preisser
Vivacious Screen Star

. . . a dream come true!

Romance-hued liquid colors that take to your lips with the idea of staying. Liquid Liptone, the miracle 'lipstick,' at last, that *can't smear*—and that really *won't rub off!* Makes lips beautiful and keeps them beautiful for an extra long time. And the shades are lovelier—*much* lovelier than you have ever hoped for!

MAIL COUPON FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZES

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 6103, 2709 South Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.

☐ **I enclose $1 (and 20c Fed. tax) for full size, Liquid Liptone—My dealer is out of it.**

☐ **Please send *Trial Sizes*. I enclose 12c (2c Fed. tax) for each.**

Check shades wanted:

☐ **Scarlet**—flaming red, definitely tempting.
☐ **Parisian**—spectacular with dark hair, fair skin.
☐ **Regal**—exciting with dark hair, medium skin.
☐ **English Tint**—inviting coral-pink for blondes.
☐ **Orchid**—exotic pink. Romantic for evening.
☐ **Gay Plum**—enchanting with fuchsia or purples.
☐ **Gypsy**—vivacious with dark eyes, olive skin.
☐ **Medium**—natural true red, flatters all types.

PLEASE PRINT

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____



PAT. U. S.
PAT. OFFICE

liquid liptone

TO MAKE YOU LOVELIER

Wear your charm bracelet, for a change, looped through your suit lapel:

Sew your GI's emblem on a plain sweater or blouse—about five inches below the neckline for the best effect.

Cut a square-necked dress much lower and make yourself a frilly guimpe of organdy to fill the open space and serve as a fresh, crisp touch for spring.

Loop a chiffon scarf around your neck and tighten it at your throat with a ring—and you'll start a new jewelry fad among your friends.

Rejuvenate last year's dress with a collar and cuff set of striped seersucker.

Girdle your waist tightly with three bands of grosgrain ribbon, blending a color from light to dark.

Put a ruffle of fabric around the cuffs of your simple gloves that will match or contrast with your costume.

Buy gold or silver hoop bracelets and wear them the new way—banding your upper arm.

Make a hair band of multicolored sequins for special evenings.

Put colored shoelaces that match your play clothes in your sport shoes.

Embroider your initials on the wool gloves and socks in your wardrobe. They will look twice as expensive and be completely yours.

Tie your hair back at the nape of your neck with a big satin bow when you have one of those don't-wear-a-hat dates.

Edge the lapels and pockets of your gray suit with black grosgrain ribbon to give your suit that custom-made look!

Make a scarf out of taffeta plaid and use a little of the same taffeta for a perky hair bow.

Sew a band of net around the bottom of your slip and you won't be ashamed when you hear "Hey, your slip shows!"

Make some gay Tyrolian suspenders to top an old skirt and your friends will think you very "fashion wise."

●

For the shop in your vicinity where the Photoplay Fashions shown on preceding pages are sold, write the manufacturers listed below:

Raincoat
Sherman Bros., 205 West 39th St., N.Y.C.

Printzess suit
Printz Biederman Co., Cleveland 3, Ohio.

Jumper
Ciro Sportswear, 530 Seventh Ave., N.Y.C.

Striped dress
Tommie Austin, 1400 Broadway, N.Y.C.

Three-piece suit
Simon Cohen, 512 Seventh Ave., N.Y.C.

Basque jacket, checked skirt
Madison Sportswear, 1410 Broadway, N.Y.C.

Suede beret
Madcaps, 28 West 39th St., N.Y.C.



Beaunit Fabrics get Personal—

Designed for your loveliest lingerie,
BEAUNIT'S tricot rayon jersey
has knit-in beauty...guaranteed non-run,
washes superbly, needs no ironing.
Let BEAUNIT'S *Seal of Merit* be your
personal fabric guide.

SEAL OF MERIT
BEAUNIT FABRICS

BOOKLET devoted to your fashion problems sent FREE on request.

BEAUNIT MILLS, INC., DEPT. 21, 450 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK 1

Your Favorite Two-Way Stretch is Back



Look what's for you...Real-form Lastex 2-way stretches with the wonderful *Raschel knit fashion to fit features* that give such blessed comfort and control. Won't roll, creep up or run.

Real-form GIRDLES OF GRACE
358 Fifth Ave., New York 1

Pull-ons, panel-front girdles and panty girdles... also with zippers. Up to $5... at your favorite store. Write for booklet, Dept. P



BLOSSOMED BEAUTY

Frances Brooks garden print on rayon crepe. Fagoted wing sleeves and swank side ruffle produce a look of elegance . . . and slimness. Sizes 16½ to 24½
Under twenty-five dollars

At fine stores or write
HERBERT LEVY • 237 S. MARKET STREET • CHICAGO 6, ILLINOIS

My Hollywood Friends . . .

(*Continued from page* 52) That problem solved she worried about my teeth. "What's happening to your teeth while you're in this joint?" asked she. "Er . . I don't know!" said I. "Well, you'd better take care of them," so she brought me gum stuff and tooth stuff and brushes and dental floss and made sure I used 'em, by golly!

With my tummy and tooth problems solved my hair became a vital concern. She dispatched a hair expert to my bedside post-haste. My hair was brushed and rubbed and combed and massaged until I feared it would fall out. But you just don't argue with Luci. It seemed that with each visit some new crisis had arisen and Luci came galloping to the rescue—but with a vengeance!

As a bedside sitter she's not just a ray of sunshine, she's unadulterated ultraviolet. I got the latest dirt from all comers; but from Luci I got it with gestures. She'd be awfully tough on a patient with an abdominal incision.

When I finally went home Lucille became obsessed with the idea that I "go to a party or something—just get out of this blankety-blank room for awhile!" So she had a party. I finally promised to be there after extracting her assurance that I could talk about my operation.

The night arrived and our little caravan, Dick, the nurse and my chair in the car and me in a chartered ambulance, set out on my first excursion.

LUCI and her husband, Desi Arnaz, live on a charming little ranch in the San Fernando Valley, with chickens, a cow and five crazy dogs. That night it was converted into a fairyland with gay lanterns and a full moon reflected in the swimming pool. There were about ninety people there but there was a wonderful feeling of intimacy that all Arnaz parties have regardless of size. Lionel Barrymore was my dinner partner and we had great fun comparing wheel chairs. At that time I was using a great bulky one and his was just such a collapsible sport job as that to which I have now graduated.

Luci buzzed about with her usual exuberance, the dogs at her heels, making each person feel he or she was the guest of honor—including me. I had a wonderful time and felt a hundred per cent better for having gone. Luci knew that would happen and I'm so grateful for the impetus toward activity she gave me.

Then last summer Dick and I moved to the beach to dodge the heat. We had a spare bedroom, but not for long! Lucille and Desi came a-visitin' one Saturday night and stayed three weeks! But this is a switch on the old house-guest gags. We had our own private fun-house. The days were lazy, sunny and female, with Desi and Dick away at camp. At night, Desi taught me to play the guitar, sorta, and to sing in Spanish—sorta. And then there was always The Game. Some people call it charades. You act out song titles, books, quotations or practically anything in pantomime. Luci plays with a vengeance and Desi plays with an accent! You've never seen actors act until you see them play The Game. There was no shortage of ham in the Quine household those evenings.

No sooner had the Arnazes arrived than we found ourselves without a cook so Luci took full charge of production. Sometimes Dick got the chefing urge or Desi whipped up a fabulous clam chowder or halibut steak if the fishing had been good but Luci was the Maitre D. One night I cooked, by gosh—corned beef and cabbage, all the trimmings and I even made a lemon pie! Luci was relegated to assistant;- she peeled potatoes, onions and took (*Continued on page* 100)



Colors: White, maize, pink, lime, shocking, aqua.

Sizes: at ***left,*** 32-38; at ***right,*** Juniors 9-15.

About $3. At leading department stores.

BESTFORM

Girdles

Brassieres

All-in-ones



no finer fit at any price

Bestform Foundations, Inc. • 64 West 23rd Street, New York 10, N.Y.



Check and **DOUBLE CHECK**

. . . this adorable dress for your casual moods. It's slim and fitted at the waist—and flares swishly below the hips. Washable *CADILLAC TEXTILE* rayon in neat checks of royal, red, green, brown. Sizes 9 to 15.

$4.70

GITTLEMAN'S

Six Stores in Michigan

ALMA • IONIA • GREENVILLE • MIDLAND
MT. PLEASANT • CADILLAC

MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY

GITTLEMAN'S STYLE SHOPS Alma, Michigan
Please send me the CLAIRE KAY JUNIOR described above for which I enclose $4.70 plus 15c for postage

*Size*_____ *Color (state 1st and 2nd choice)*_____

*Name*_____

*Address*_____ *City*_____ *Zone*____ *State*____

____ *Cash* ____ *Money Order* ____ *C.O.D.*

(*Continued from page* 98) orders in general, me being the boss that meal. She did the shopping, too, and what an understatement that is! No half-way measures for Luci.

Then there was the Sunday we went fishing. Dick and Desi arranged to charter a boat at the Malibu pier. We packed a lunch and went down to the sea in search of denizens of the deep. I went aboard, chair and all. Luci was the tar of tars—dark glasses, an old sailor hat, dungarees over a bathing suit and a face full of zinc ointment! We crowned her "Miss Seaweed of 1945." It was a glorious day, nobody got seasick and we all caught fish. (Including me—it was that long!)

And so the days went; fishing off the pier, sunshine, food, games, and above all laughs, thoughtfulness and more laughs, courtesy of Luci and Desi. Gosh, how we hated to see them leave. But they'll be back, we know.

Luci is a master at the wonderful art of doing anything and everything to make you happy and comfortable without working at it. It's her nature, that's all—her good, good nature. It showed to particular advantage on one of her one-night-stand visits not long ago. First our cook ordered her out of the kitchen (all she wanted was a piece of bread); then Thunder, our great Dane, mistook her nose for a tid-bit and *almost* sampled it, and some heel stole her car. All in one evening! Now let's face it, some gals would run for cover. Not Red. It was all something to laugh about. So we fired the cook, Thunder apologized, her car was found and they lived happily ever after.

You're probably familiar with the metamorphosis of Luci's career. My fondest hope for her is that she attain the same success in her work that she already knows as a person. She's the kind of a girl men call a "swell guy" and more than that too. She's a dynamo with a heart, always on the move,—as unpredictable as a slot machine, yet she pays off as consistently as a government bond in thoughtfulness, friendship, and the joy of living.

THE END

Can she "really understand" him now?

TUNE IN

"My True Story"

Hear real-life stories on your radio taken from the files of TRUE STORY MAGAZINE. A different story every day revealing the troubles, triumphs, loves, adventures of real people. Don't miss them!



Every Morning
Monday Thru Friday
9:00 CT., 10:00 ET., 10:30 PT., 11:30 MT.
ALL AMERICAN BROADCASTING CO. STATIONS



Featured at fine stores everywhere. For name of store nearest you write **KORACH BROTHERS,** Chicago





For a Flawless-Looking Complexion, Use

FORMULA 301

Powder Base and Complexion Beautifier

The Foundation of an Exquisite Complexion. Skillfully conceals tiny lines and minor blemishes.

ASTRINGENT • ANTISEPTIC • PROTECTIVE

At Drug and Dept. Stores 39c • $1.00 • $1.50

At all Ten Cent Stores--Trial Sizes 10c and 20c

KAY PREPARATIONS CO., 522 5th Avenue, New York 18

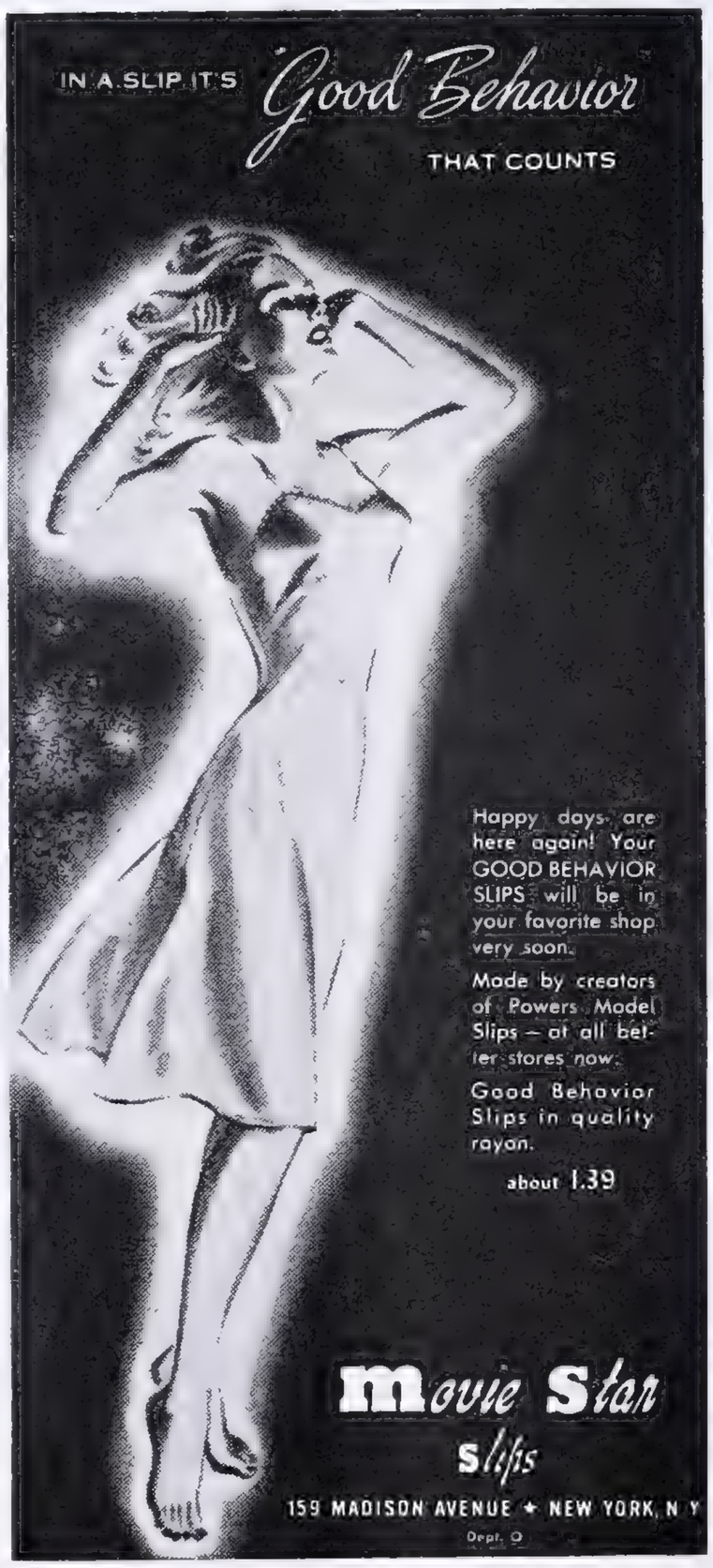
If unavailable in your locality, order from us.

10c ☐ 20c ☐ 39c ☐ $1.00 ☐ $1.50 ☐ (Add 20% tax) F3

Name

Address

City & State



Give To The Red Cross

HELP HEAL

THE WOUNDS OF WAR!

There are still tremendous tasks ahead for the Red Cross. Until every boy or girl in the service is back home again, Red Cross workers are needed to meet those problems that come with the order to "Cease Fire!"

Through recreation clubs the Red Cross helps ease that "lost" feeling your boy away from home is experiencing—helps him feel a little nearer to his "folks"—to the America that isn't really so far away.

They help our wounded men get back on the right emotional track—help them resolve family problems—teach them crafts, plan entertainments, etc.

Red Cross Home Service helps discharged veterans and their families by giving them temporary financial assistance if they are disabled, while a claim is pending—helps them apply for hospitalization in a Veterans' Hospital if they need it. In addition, the Red Cross is continuing its emergency assistance through foreign Red Cross societies and other welfare agencies in war-devastated countries. More than forty stricken areas have been helped by the Red Cross.

And at home the Red Cross is continuing its regular activities—errands of mercy for victims of peacetime disasters.

In Peace Or War

THE RED CROSS

Needs Your Help To Carry On



The Eisenhower battle jacket is authentic
down to the turn of the willow wrist... and what a suave way it has
with the waistline! This two-piece rayon gabardine can easily undergo
your closest scrutiny for it is meticulously tailored with a high ranking air.
Aqua, melon or lime green checks. Sizes 9-11-13-15. Under $6.

P

At leading stores throughout the country. For store in your city, write: **JACK WASSERMAN CO.,** DEPT. P3, **225 W. 35 St., New York 1**



THE TRADEMARK THAT MEANS THE FINEST IN UNDIES!
No need to guess . . . look for the famous Blue Swan Undies . . . in whispery soft fabrics cleverly styled to fit and flatter.

Blue Swan Mills, INC.
EMPIRE STATE BLDG.
NEW YORK

Smoke Screen

(*Continued from page* 31) be impossible for me to be happily married to a man of whom she decidedly disapproved. It would be like starting married life with ten strikes against my happiness."

"You mean, then, that your mother does *not* disapprove of Vic's courting you? There's been a lot of talk, June."

"The truth about that, Louella," she replied, quickly, "is this: My mother disapproved of my concentrating on Vic and getting my name in the gossip columns as his best girl. But she has no objections when he comes to the house and I see him with my family. She has had a number of talks with Vic and I think she likes him very much.

"It's hard not to," she smiled. "You know, he is really a lot of fun. I've known him longer than most people think. It is a funny thing—but I met Vic first in Chicago when he was carrying such a big torch for Rita Hayworth. I was back there on location for 'Home In Indiana.' He was in the Coast Guard and on his way back to his station on the Coast. Vic had just that day received word that Rita had married someone else. I was so sorry for him," said June. "He was the most unhappy boy I ever saw. We had luncheon together and Rita was all he talked about. But then, I didn't see him again until 1945 when he was out of the Coast Guard and back at our studio.

"He asked me for dates—and at first I said no. I don't like night clubs. I don't smoke. I don't drink. And I'm certainly not fond of dancing on crowded floors after I've danced all day on the set. So I didn't accept his invitations for some time. Finally, I turned the tables on him and invited him on a date—over to my house to meet the family!"

JUNE laughed. "You can imagine that was something different for Vic. The first time was on a Sunday and since Vic was born a Catholic, he went to church with me. Later, we played gin rummy with my sister and her friends.

"It was just one of those typical Sunday afternoons. We put on records and I taught him the rumba. We had an early supper—and no cocktails before! Vic spent a lot of time out in the kitchen sort of helping around and getting in the way. It was the first time my mother had met him and I think she was surprised! She had been prepared not to like him after reading so much about his romances with other girls and all his more or less sensational brand of publicity. But she couldn't help laughing at the things he said and did—for Vic is very witty and amusing.

"My mother feels this way: She likes Vic—but she doesn't want me to go out with him steadily and forget all my other boy friends. She doesn't want my affections to become involved."

Ah, there, Junie—are they?

I couldn't help thinking, when I looked at this unusual youngster with the head of a much wiser woman, how different she is from the average nineteen-year-old girl. Her life has been no bed of roses. She has had the responsibility of paying bills and of making both ends meet since she was eleven years old. Back in Rhode Island she was a "child prodigy." Before she was twelve she had her own radio show sponsored by an ice cream company and sang as the child star of that quarter hour.

When her family moved to Hollywood to complete her education they had some thin times while Junie took time out from earning a pay check to attend Beverly Hills High School. During the summer months she earned what money she could by singing and dancing and she studied dramatics very hard. In fact, it was while



Bias-Cup feels right because it fits right . . . gives beautiful contours because it's precision fashioned in individualized cup depths . . . one exactly right for you.

Write for NEW Beauty Hint Booklet

Made by MODEL *Brassieres*
Dept. P 358 Fifth Ave., New York 1

**Bias-Cup* *Shape-retaining features perfected by U. S. Pat. No. 2267595*



she was appearing in a high-school play, "Ever Since Eve," that a Twentieth talent scout saw her and offered her a contract.

With a background like that and with her feet so solidly on the ground, it is hard to believe that Junie would ever do anything impulsively. But then—how come the near elopement? And that very serious talk she had with her bosses about marriage?

The only way I can explain it is that even the most level-headed of girls are still—just girls. When love comes along, particularly, an exciting, infatuating brand of love, it is sometimes very hard to remember to keep one's head out of the clouds.

I THINK June must have been thinking somewhat along those lines, too, as she continued: "I'm not old enough now to know my own mind. All I have to do is to look back on the boys I used to go dancing with when I was fifteen and sixteen to realize how transient a young girl's feelings are. At the time, I thought some of those boys were wonderful. Now I know I wouldn't have them. We have nothing in common.

"I can tell you this, Louella—I wouldn't marry the best man in the world for five or six years yet. You see, I want to have a baby when I get married and I want our baby to be *his* first baby just as I want to be his first wife. I don't believe," went on this sage little girl, "you can have a movie career that is a successful one and be a good wife at the same time. They just don't mix."

"Why do you say that?" I asked her.

"Well, look at the marriages that have broken up in Hollywood with the excuse that the husband doesn't understand his wife's career. I don't suppose many husbands would understand an actress's life—or like it. Take my own case. I get up at daybreak when I'm working. I come home so late at night, so tired, that I don't want to talk to anybody. I just want to stay home and rest."

"But you don't work all the time," I suggested.

"No," she agreed. "But I think about it all the time!" Suddenly, her thoughts reverted to Vic, for she said, "I'd like to say for Vic that he has changed a lot since he came home. There are so many nice things about him. He doesn't talk about all his romances the way he once did."

At this, I smiled to myself—for I had met Vic only a few days previous to my talk with June, and he had poured into my ear his undying love for her—just as he did when he was crazy about Rita. But who am I to say that a man cannot change and that Vic really meant it when he told me, "I love that little girl very much, Louella. She is so sweet and unspoiled. I wish I had met her a long, long time ago."

I asked June, "Well—are you going to concentrate on Vic in the future to the exclusion of your other beaus?"

She shook her head. "I go out with other boys very frequently. I like Farley Granger very much and I'll see him when he comes home."

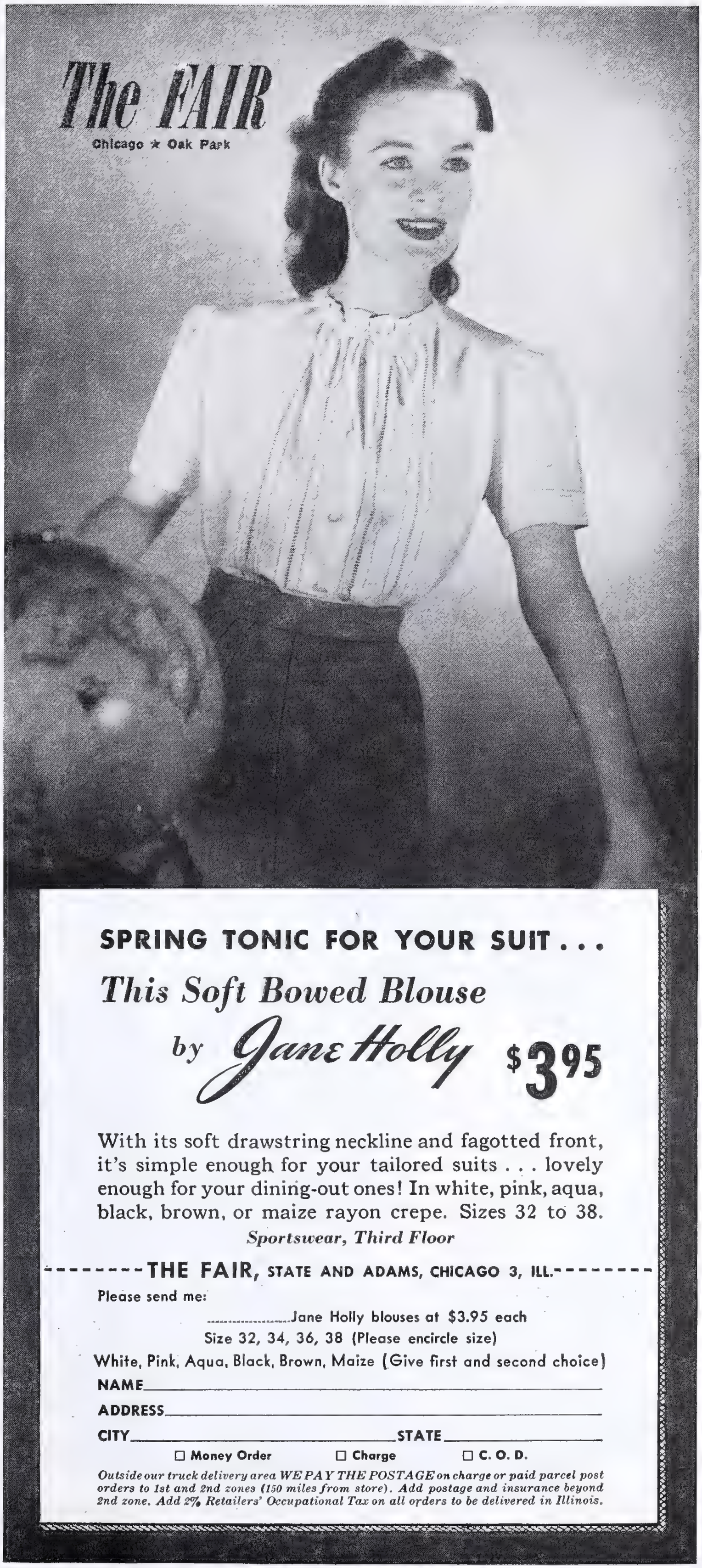
I'm betting Vic will have something to say about that!

And, now I have told you exactly what June told me about her romance with Mature and certainly her version sounds as if there is nothing but friendship and a good pal quality between them.

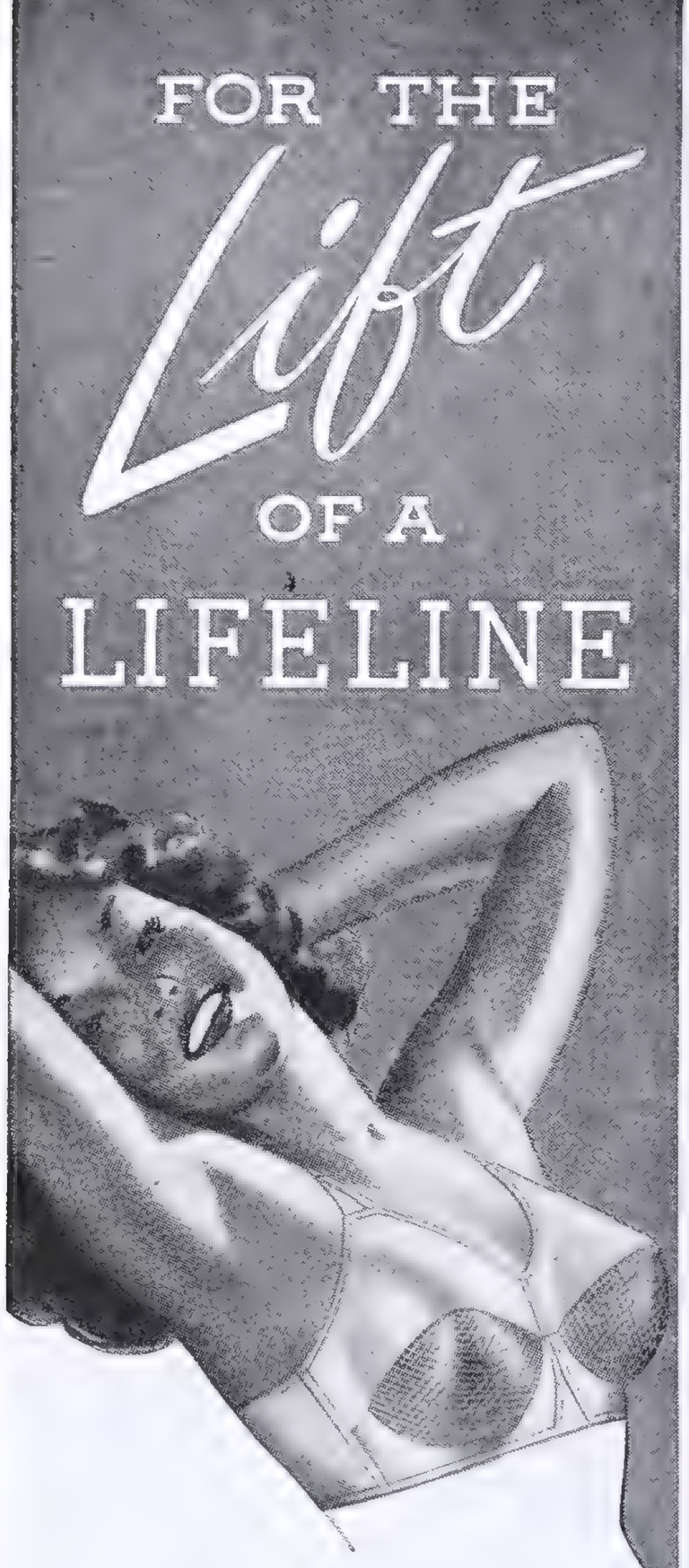
But I can't discard the feeling that their sentiment for each other is, perhaps, more serious than Junie admits.

At any rate they're in the middle of a smoke screen and, whatever the answer, one thing is sure right now—you only have to look at them together to know—"Smoke gets in their eyes."

THE END



FOR THE *Lift* OF A LIFELINE



. . . there's nothing that does the trick like Life-Bra. Its exclusive design puts verve in every curve. Gives your upper Lifeline the firm, alluring contours of youth because it Lifts—Molds—Corrects—Holds—all at the same time. Whatever your figure type, there's a Life-Bra "for the Lift of Your Lifeline." Be fitted and see . . . at all better stores and shops. $1.25 to $3.50.

THE FAMOUS

Life-Bra

A *Formfit* CREATION

THE FORMFIT CO., CHICAGO, NEW YORK

First Lady—Second Time

(*Continued from page* 37) bade her come by at 5:30, or whether the whole affair was coincidence. All I know is that I would make a heavy odds-on bet against coincidence.

At our next meeting all previous bars were down. It was Saturday afternoon and the official announcement had been made to the nation's press the day before. Ruth Waterbury was giving a party in honor of the supreme occasion. It was only fitting that the Gold Medal lady be among those present.

This, as it turned out, was to be a test. Miss Garson's studio rumbled an official warning against expecting their first lady. She was doing re-takes for "The Valley Of Decision" and already she had worked some five weeks beyond the originally allotted time for it. In short, she was in a state of exhaustion.

AT six sharp, the phone rang. If a car could come by Stone Canyon at eight, a pleasantly efficient voice allowed, Miss Garson would be most happy to join Miss Waterbury's party. The car, chauffeured oddly enough by a certain editor, was in Bel-Air and up the circular drive at 8:00.

A replica of Greer, charm, beauty and all, opened the door. "If you'll wait just a moment," Mrs. Garson suggested, "my daughter will be down to join you."

Here was the moment for disillusionment. A fun party left behind and moments stretching to minutes, minutes to half hours waiting for a first lady to finish her toilette. The grimness of expecting the worst had barely set in when there was the welcoming swish of silk down the broad stairs.

"I thought," the Photoplay Gold Medal winner said with humor lighting gray green eyes and reproach softening her tone, "that you would have notified me yourself. It wasn't right to have heard only from the studio about such news as this, the most exciting thing that's ever happened to me."

It was on the faces of the Hollywood-wise guests at the party when we came into the room—surprise, disbelief that Greer Garson actually had come. Disbelief that was replaced by incredulity when she not only stayed but added fresh gaiety to the party.

Remembering the studio's warning of exhaustion, Photoplay's official host and company vice president, Carroll Rheinstrom, announced with a publisher's firmness that Miss Garson was now to be taken home. By himself and his wife, to make doubly sure. I was not there after that, but I know enough to take my publisher's word for it. When the car, with its new chauffeur, was again at Stone Canyon Road, the lady of the year suggested that a night cap was in order. Not only suggested, but insisted. The night cap became a second and the conversation flamed as brightly as the huge log fire in the hearth.

The final hour when the last goodbye was spoken has never been revealed to me. A skeptical, hard-boiled New York publisher did reveal, however, his enthusiasm for a hostess who knew how to mix the proper proportions of fine brandy and good talk.

In a way, I suppose, that was as bad a beginning as any for friendship—an editor presenting a star with a Gold Medal to be prized so highly. There is little that is normal in such a relationship. The star almost of necessity must be pleasant. So where does the sense of obligation leave off and like or dislike for the other as a human being begin?

I always have thought that a person revealed much of himself in his letters. My next encounter with Greer was

YOUR SHOES ARE SHOWING!



EMBARRASSING, ISN'T IT?

YOU NEED SHINOLA

● Shinola doesn't turn old shoes into new ones, but it certainly does keep your shoes, old or new, looking their best.

There's more to shining your shoes than just the appearance angle. Shinola's scientific combination of oily waxes helps hold in and replenish the normal oils in leather—helps maintain flexibility—and that means longer wear. It will pay you to KEEP 'EM SHINING WITH SHINOLA.



SHINOLA FOR EVERY TYPE AND COLOR SHOE ONLY 10¢

IN CANADA IT'S 2 IN 1

Now We Both Have Lovely *Blonde Hair!*



Since Using This New 11-Minute Home Shampoo

Mothers and daughters stay young together when sunny golden curls are gloriously lovely. That's why Blondex, the special shampoo that helps keep light hair from darkening and brightens faded blonde hair, is so popular. Blondex makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes dingy, dust film that makes hair dark. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair new lustrous highlights. Safe for children. At 10c, drug or dept. stores.

through the mails. It seems—great tragedy—that she had lost the tiny medallion Photoplay had made up for her as a replica of the Gold Medal, a small charm to be worn with bracelet or pin. Such feminine carelessness—or so it seemed to this editor, who upbraided his Miss Garson in a stern note. She replied:

"Dear Fred:

"I have just returned from a flying trip, mostly Navy radio and Boston War Fund business or I would have answered your delightful missive before this.

"First, welcome home from your Coast Guard trip. I'm so thankful that the sudden end of the war, for which Heaven and science be praised, made your absence shorter than anticipated.

"Now we are wrestling with the problems of an uneasy peace and you are back to what I hope are only pleasant problems of keeping Photoplay on the top of the bunch. Please say hello to Mr. and Mrs. Rheinstrom, that handsome pair, and to that charming Mr. Drake. I was sorry that I missed seeing you when Richard and I were in New York, but our days were few and very rushed and I am hoping to have more time our next visit East, which should be soon.

"I don't know if I shall have the happiness of meeting Dr. Gallup in the near future on any occasions similar to the last! ? ? ? ? ? ? ! ! ! ! ! ! Perhaps that is something that happens only once in a lifetime. Anyhow, this leads me by natural stages to say, 'Yes, I *have* lost that priceless miniature medal.' I wore it on my heavy gold chain bracelet, firmly soldered, every single day and rubbed it for luck on important occasions or before tough scenes. I discovered it had disappeared from the bracelet the day Richard came home on leave, an unlucky coincidence that worried me a lot.

"However, Lieutenant Ney is now plain Mr. Ney and safely plunging 'round the house in his old tweed jacket (happy sight), planting bulbs and gardening like mad and muttering he will have to go back into the Navy for a rest . . . But the beautiful little miniature medal is gone and exhaustive search has failed to rediscover it. I deeply grieve and if Santa Claus (*Editor's note: This was my dark hint*) should be kind, I will have a new and improved slip-chain made by my jeweler and ready and waiting.

"All suitable sentiments. . . ."

THE editor's answer was to suggest that at the time the new medallion was ready to be presented, Miss Garson prepare herself for a luncheon or cocktail date.

The reply was headed "Pebble Beach, California." It read:

"I'm so sorry, Fred, to have to miss seeing you again this time. I was delighted to get your note (very saucy!) and was looking forward to my date with you, with or without benefit of Ney's chaperonage. But on Sat. 10th I was notified by the real estate agent up here that our military tenants were leaving the house suddenly on the 13th, so I stayed but for a radio show on the 12th, then drove up at once with Richard to check the inventory, deplore the damage, tsk-tsk over the wear and tear, and generally put the place to rights again.

"We're without help except for an occasional Sergeant who gives us an afternoon's gardening now and then and there's so much to do, I just couldn't get away this week.

"The occupational hazards of general housekeeping amaze me. I don't know how people survive. I'm all bumps and bruises and burns, scalds and broken nails and wood-smokey hair, but it's been great fun. We've chopped down trees, swept and

Eyes and ah-h's Follow Paris Fashions



Flatterers these—for oh, what exciting things they do for your feet. Young, smart and just a tiny bit frivolous—and made, of course, in wonderful leathers.

$4

some styles slightly higher

Paris Fashion SHOES
FIFTH AVENUE STYLES

WOHL SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS, MO.



Out of the shadow . . into the limelight of fashion comes True Form . . the girdle you'll live in . . depend upon for custom-moulding waist and hips. A model for every figure . . skilfully executed with superior detailing . . miraculous at only

$5 at better stores everywhere

Figure-praising Bras $1

'NEATH IT ALL . . YOUR

TRUE FORM

TRUE FORM CORSET CO.
PHILADELPHIA NEW YORK

burned leaves and pine needles, barbecued steaks, roasted potatoes and apples, picnicked by moonlight on the sand-dunes, chased the deer with headlights through these Gothic moss-draped redwoods and generally had a good time. But indoors—golly! The 24-hour-a-day battle against those two arch enemies of mankind, (1) hunger, (2) dirt. Phew!

"Hope you're having a wonderful time. Are you coming out again soon? Hope so. And that I shall see you then. All S.S.

"P.S. This letter would continue for pages but the toast is burning, the furnace is out of order, Richard is howling for food and the garbage collector is at the back door. So I must desist."

Now the time again has arrived for awarding of the Photoplay Gold Medals. As this is being written—a few days before the official announcements—Greer does not yet know that for the second straight year you, America's movie-goers, have voted her the most popular actress of the nation.

I promise that I won't repeat last year's mistake. This time I am going to send very personal word to our First Lady that she is again to receive the Gold Medal. My only hope is that the second year of my friendship with the Photoplay Gold Medalist is as easy, gay and human as the first.

THE END

King Bing

(*Continued from page* 48) the news boys and arrived at broadcasts wearing a battered felt hat, an old pair of unpressed slacks and a shirt open at the collar, knew no need to strut socially either.

Then, to my utter and complete amazement, I learned about the Bing Crosby Research Foundation. I learned that the offices of this foundation in the Crosby building down on Sunset Boulevard were crammed with thousands of gadgets sent Bing by inventors and would-be inventors who weren't in a position to put over their ideas or protect their interests. Our government, it seemed, had accepted several of these inventions, deeming them of military importance and others had been contracted for by commercial firms. I heard, too, of Inventerprizes, Inc., which Bing had started to manufacture—those inventions the foundation believed in but had been unable to market. All of this in spite of the important fact that the foundation itself already was costing a fortune.

It became clear to me that, intrinsically, Bing was far more than a crooner who followed the horses and stayed up late with the boys. I began to congratulate myself for the instinctive perspicacity which had interested me in Bing in spite of myself.

When Sinatra came along Bing must have known he had a potential rival. Certainly if the squeals of the bobby-socks didn't warn him his friends and associates did. But Bing, refusing to be talked into any professional feud, promptly became Frankie's friend while remaining his idol. For it was, as you undoubtedly know, Frank's unlimited admiration for Bing that first inspired him to become a singer. When Frank came to Hollywood to work and live, Bing and he saw each other frequently. They met at Bond rallies and at benefits, in the broadcasting studios and socially too. No one, however, ever was able to report an unfriendly word or look between them. On the contrary. The camaraderie and good will they always have had for each other was illustrated recently at a benefit they played together. Frankie, coming away from the mike, said to Bing, "Boy, I sure slipped in a couple of clams that time." Bing, also suffering

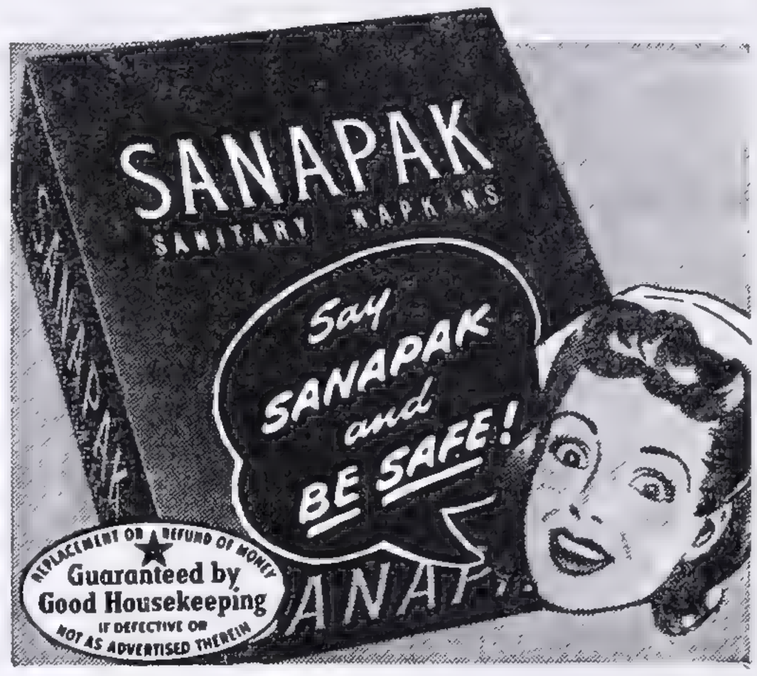


THIS MONTH EXPERIENCE THE EXTRA COMFORT OF SANAPAK . . . the napkin that now gives you

Triple-Protection

SANAPAK is cleverly designed to fit without bulk, without chafing. They are softly faced with cotton to give you even *greater* comfort.

But most important . . . SANAPAK is made with *three special layers,* including the famous "Pink Back"! They give you *triple protection!* All at no extra cost!



GIVE wings to your words WITH THE PEERLESS "P38"



GUARANTEED FOR ALWAYS!

Your choice of BATTLESHIP GRAY BURGUNDY, NAVY EBONY BLACK

$8.75 PLUS FED. TAX

These are the new streamlined pen and pencil sets that are literally flying over paper to make writing history.

See your dealer or write direct

PEERLESS "P38"

PEERLESS New York 11, N.Y.-Dept. W

from a slight frog in his throat, slapped Frankie on the back. "If you think *those* were clams," he said, "stick around and hear the ones I'm going to give out."

Bing, apparently, is without human jealousy. Everyone who ever has worked with him tells me he is the sweetest guy in the world. Ingrid Bergman says, "When you work with Bing it's like playing your part in a great big comfortable easy chair or a chaise longue. You never worry!"

Bing's also without pretense, incapable really of "putting on lugs." Last December when he and I happened to be in New York together he consulted me about a cocktail party he was giving.

"Elsa," he said, "you're a kind of arbiter, a stream-lined Emily Post for Broadway . . . Vic Hunter and I are giving a cocktail party for Barney Dean. Tell me, how do I work it. . . ?"

"Just send out invitations," I said. "Just say 'Mr. Bing Crosby and Mr. Vic Hunter request the pleasure of your company for cocktails at such and such a time and place to meet Mr. Barney Dean.' And put R.S.V.P. on the invitations, of course."

A few days later my invitation arrived. It was on heavy cream paper, handsomely engraved. But there all elegance stopped. Informally, typically Bing, it read:

"Mr. Bing Crosby and Mr. Vic Hunter
request the pleasure
of your company
for cocktails
in the upper reaches of the
Stork Club
to meet
Mr. Barney Dean, S.W.G. S. A. G. S.E.G.
5:30—8:00 on Friday, December 21st
No R.S.V.P. Just Bring It With You."

IT was "Going My Way" that gave me my clue to the Crosby Enigma, really. Bing, I realized, was going his way just as he always had, but his way had changed. When he had been younger and success had been new he had had fun following the horses, wearing the loudest and largest plaid jackets he could find and staying out late with the gang. Gradually, however, he had grown up to his great and gentle heart which even from the beginning had manifested itself in countless ways.

It is those, I am convinced, who have not comprehended the great psychological evolution—or revolution—that Bing is going through, quietly and without any theatrical didoes, who suggest from time to time that he is not well. When I first heard rumors that he was ill I was eager to see him again, that I might judge for myself. I saw him at the track the day of the great handicap race. He only stayed a little while. He doesn't open and close the place any more. But while he remained it was obvious he enjoyed himself in a thoroughly healthy fashion. His oval face is finer, true, and there's a new mature look in his eyes. But he doesn't look like a sick man—only a changed man.

Hollywood thrives on excitement—the dramatic instinct at work, no doubt. Gossip flies from group to group on the wings of hushed voices. Not long ago everyone began saying Bing had gone off to his ranch at Elko, Nevada; that his doctors insisted upon a long and complete rest and it would be a long time before he was again heard on the radio or seen on the screen.

When I heard these stories, I reminded myself realistically that Bing had gone off to his ranch many times before. I recalled his love for this place and the way his blue eyes always light up when he talks of the solitude there and the direct laconic talk of his Nevada neighbors. And I reasoned that it was up there in the hills, alone, that Bing had managed to crystalize a lot of his spiritual growth.



NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT

which SAFELY

STOPS *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Stops perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering — harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.



39¢ *Plus Tax*

(Also 10¢ and 59¢)

At any store which sells toilet goods

MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE

ARRID

THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT



Before Bing left for his ranch this time, while he still was working on "Blue Skies," an old friend asked him if he wouldn't support the Sister Kenny Infantile Paralysis Fund. He listened silently for a long time. Then he said he'd love to get behind anything that would help kids not to have twisted arms and legs but that he first must understand the treatment better. "And They Shall Walk," which tells of Sister Kenny's treatment, went up to the ranch with him. Propped up in his bunk he read all night until he finished the book at 3 o'clock in the morning.

It wasn't many days after this, while Bing was believed still to be at his ranch under doctors' orders, that he turned up on my floor in the Waldorf Towers. Only a handful of people knew he was in New York. And even they couldn't get him on the telephone because he wouldn't answer it. He knew better. He had work to do. A few blocks away his new picture, "The Bells of St. Mary's," had its premiere at the Radio City Music Hall. But it wasn't the reason Bing was in town. He didn't even go to the theater. He had other things to do. He had become National Chairman of the Sister Kenny 1945 Fund Drive. It was getting all his time, all his energy. Among other things he chose sixty-four people, many old acquaintances from baseball, football, golf and music fields, to serve on the commitee with him. And he sent wires to men like Harry James, Guy Lombardo, Mike Todd and Bill Stern saying, Bing-like, "I need the help of a bunch of swell guys. Come on and give me a hand. . . ."

AT last word got around that he was in town. Immediately he was besieged by radio offers. Believe me when I tell you that when he finally agreed to return to the air the flattery of the fabulous sums he was offered influenced him less than other things—the thousands of letters he had received from all over the land begging him to sing carols at Christmastime, saying it wouldn't seem like Christmas without him, plus the fact that by singing carols on a special show he could raise a lot of money for crippled children.

When I told Bing I was writing this article about him because I felt very strongly about the physical and spiritual metamorphosis that is taking place in him, he looked very surprised. "You don't realize yourself how you've grown up," I explained. "And all of it is simply a maturation of qualities you've always had and manifested in little ways."

"Well, Elsa," Bing said, "it's darn sweet of you to go on record in black and white."

"Just look," I told him, "how hard and unselfishly you threw yourself into the Sister Kenny drive."

"I did that," Bing said, "because I'm convinced it's a wonderful movement. I have kids, you know. So far they're okay. But supposing my boys got polio and Sister Kenny because of lack of funds had had to quit working in the United States . . . From a purely personal standpoint I had to do my best to make it possible for her work to go on."

He's quite a guy, this Bing . . . helping inventors, turning professional rivals into friends through the alchemy of his generous spirit, forgetting he's the star of the hit picture premiering just around the corner because he's so busy being National Chairman of Sister Kenny's Fund.

I'd talk of Bing as a great human being, not as a great actor. That's what I said, didn't I? I suspect I've done both. Because, as I see it, Bing's growth as an actor has pretty well paralleled his growth as a man.

As an actor and as a man, then, he's king pin. That covers it!

THE END

Bottoms Up!

The chances are that each day, in your own home, a Federal "Park Avenue" tumbler makes many a safe journey between tiny hands and mouth. Yes, it's quite likely that *you* have often used the Park Avenue. It's the most famous tumbler ever made.

Each day also, in millions of homes, Federal-fashioned Tumblers, Tableware, Kitchenware, Occasional Pieces, Beverage Sets and Ornamental Pieces are round-the-clock companions of gracious living.

So when you buy glassware, remember the Shield (F) of Federal is your assurance of outstanding design and craftsmanship continuously demonstrated during 46 years of precision-engineered quality manufacture.

Look for the Shield (F) of Federal. It's the mark which stands for sparkling crystal in utility glassware styled to add distinction to *your* daily service.

THE FEDERAL GLASS COMPANY, COLUMBUS 7, OHIO

F

UTILITY *Glassware*

Fashioned by **Federal**

ADDS DISTINCTION TO YOUR DAILY SERVICE

Our Gail Is Growing Up

(*Continued from page* 65) find. "Look at her." And Lizabeth, delighted at the horse-play, will toss back the ball.

When Lizabeth began her new picture, "The Strange Love Of Martha Ivers," Gail searched around feverishly for a gift and found it in the prop room—one of Sonny Tufts's old and muddied shoes. Wrapping the enormous boot in the prettiest of packages, she had it delivered in elegant style to Lizabeth's set, adorned with a faded bunch of forget-me-nots picked up along the way. The only catch was the faded bouquet turned out to be a needed prop and the frantic search for the missing flowers had the prop man slightly wild before it was located.

The September day she walked into the classroom on the Paramount lot was the day several young beauties under contract felt a sharp tightening around the heart. Here was beauty, sultry and mysterious, that occurs only occasionally even in Hollywood. Raven hair framed a small golden-skinned face with perfect features. Hazel eyes fringed with unbelievably long lashes. "It's the end," Diana Lynn said to herself. "Who would pay attention to me or anyone with this beauty around?" They saw the truth of it mirrored in the eyes of everyone on the lot. Eyes focused on Gail who seemed to notice it not at all. Diana was sixteen then, too young for serious dating, and Gail was two years older. They had nothing in common.

SHE came to school only that one day, for Gail had already graduated from Santa Monica High School and on September twenty-first had reached eighteen. She need no longer attend school according to law.

They met again, Gail and Diana, on the "Henry Aldrich Gets Glamour" set, Gail's first picture. Gail disliked the round-faced, twinkly-eyed Diana with a hearty dislike. Diana, friendly as a puppy, was everything Gail wasn't, and Gail frankly resented her. Unaware of the dislike, Diana tried to be friendly. The difference between eighteen and sixteen is vast and unbridgeable. Eighteen and twenty though are as one in the minds and hearts of young women and so spark struck spark and the deep abiding friendship began with Diana's reading aloud to Gail a new and wonderful book, "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay." The antics of Emily in the story became so amusingly dear to Diana, she felt akin to the real Emily Kimbrough. It never occurred to her, however, that she could play the role. So she plugged Gail for the role of Cornelia Otis Skinner to everyone who might have any influence.

Of course the day both girls wound up as Emily and Cornelia was a day to be remembered. They literally threw themselves into the roles to such an extent Diana is still "Emily" to Gail and Gail will always be "Corny" to Diana.

They complement each other. Diana is the fluttery, cluttery type. She loves clothes and hats, to shop and try on. Gail never enters a shop, buys from the wardrobe what she can, seldom wears a hat, carries few possessions to scatter. Her skirts are made with ample pockets to carry the little she needs. By the time the two came to making "Our Hearts Were Growing Up," they were such close friends they insisted upon using one dressing room that became such a shambles of mismated shoes, scattered powder and lipsticks, panties and slips, books and records that a friend one day decided to teach the kids a lesson. Returning from the set, the girls found the dressing room littered with ashes, peanut shells, cigarette butts, mops, buckets, brooms and papers. By the time they'd



You'll never worry about staying sweet and dainty if you use Fresh.

Fresh, new cream deodorant, stops perspiration worries completely.

Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science.

Fresh stays smooth...never gritty or sticky...doesn't dry out.





Instantly, You'll See the Results of this Famous

3-WAY MEDICINAL TREATMENT

You don't have to *wait* week after week—try just *one* application of the Glover's 3-Way Medicinal Treatment *tonight* — and tomorrow you'll *see* the difference! Compare the lovelier, natural-looking color tones—the fresh radiance —the sparkling highlights and clear, soft, exquisite beauty of your hair. Get *all three* today — Glover's Original Mange Medicine — GLOVER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress—and use separately or in one complete treatment. Ask for the regular sizes at any Drug Store or Drug Counter—or mail the Coupon for FREE application!

GLOVER'S

with massage, for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR



FREE TRIAL

Send Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, with complete instructions for Glover's 3-Way Treatment and useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

GLOVER'S, 101 West 31st St., Dept.553A, New York 1, N. Y.

Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Shampoo and Glover's Hair Dress, in 3 hermetically-sealed bottles, with FREE booklet. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name

Address

City *Zone* *State*

P

removed the debris, they decided to take the hint and be tidier. A week later Diana's scattered make-up, undies, books, shoes, records mingled hopelessly among Gail's drawings and crossword puzzles.

Loathing everything athletic, Diana finds herself shut out from Gail's morning horseback rides and the long lonely walks in the rain. But mutual understanding comes again in their dating.

"Look," Diana or Gail will say, "I like this boy, terribly. Keep off my territory." And neither girl will so much as lift an eye to the other's escort. Gail's torch bearing for a local swain finds full understanding in Diana. They respect each other's emotions. It's only their commotions they ridicule.

Diana knows better than anyone that beneath Gail's dark loveliness and stubborn will, there exists a delightful pixie-like quality which lends itself to biting mimicry, both keen-sighted and comical in its trend.

Her take-off on Diana is both funny and alarming in its accuracy and never fails to throw Diana into a disconcerted tizzy. Seated with their beaus at a restaurant or night club table, Diana will become aware that across the way her caricature has come to life in Gail. There will be that dewy-eyed look of Diana's and the quick nervous flick of a cigarette ash that never hits the ash tray. A twinkle will grow in Diana's eye. Her cigarette will flick in faster rhythm, her beau will become aware something indefinable is happening—but what, he wonders—and finally the two girls will break up completely.

"Tonight," Gail will declare, "I'm going to be—" and naming a famous starlet she'll go through the honeyed motions that become ridiculous when seen through those beautiful but very honest eyes of Gail Russell.

IN like manner, Diana will do a take-off on Gail's head-forward walk which is like a moo cow on a rampage—a walk, incidently, that she is correcting through daily exercise at the studio. In fact, producer Joe Sistron bribed Gail into faster mastery of that awkward stride by promise of a doll for her collection. It arrived one day on the set of "Calcutta," a tiny Indian doll, elaborately beaded.

The color blue, small gold earrings and crossword puzzles are Gail's passions. She'll go to the kitchen of her Westwood home in the mornings, carry her coffee back to her room, climb into bed, work a crossword puzzle, drink more coffee, work another puzzle and then set off for her exercise and massage at the studio.

"But you hardly know what this lovely breakfast room is like," her mother will protest. "Do have coffee with us. Bring your radio in if you like."

There's a look, as if Gail were seriously pondering the situation, and then a decision. She goes into her room and quietly closes the door.

There are times when she'll remain closeted with her coffee, her radio, her puzzles or her sketch pad for two or three days at a time. And then she'll be off on a movie spree seeing two or three shows a day for several days at a time. And then back to seclusion.

From her babyhood, back in Chicago where she was born, she has shut herself from friends and family. She had only one or two school chums she liked. Leather jackets and old skirts were her favorite costumes and even as a child she refused to shop.

Mrs. Russell recognizing the almost neurotic shyness of Gail, would bring five or six dresses home from a shop for Gail's selection. She'd go to her own room alone to try them on. Either she'd decide against them all or wear to death the one she finally chose. At the last minute she'd refuse to attend the neighborhood parties of her little friends. She lived alone amidst those who loved her but could never reach her.

It was Gail, then eleven years old, who made the decision to come to California instead of Florida. The family settled in Glendale and Gail, straight-haired and boyishly plain in her sport clothes, attended junior high school. Slowly her beauty began to take form and before the year was out, the boys were referring to her as "our Hedy Lamarr." At Santa Monica High Gail again became the "Hedy Lamarr of our school." But by this time the desire and undisputed talent to draw had taken firm roots and nights Gail studied fashion drawing.

It was in March before graduation that the telegram came from Paramount studios asking Gail to make a screen test. Several boys from Santa Monica High had told Bill Meiklejohn, the talent scout who had given them a lift in his car, of their famous "Hedy."

SHE was unimpressed at the prospect despite the fact the Russells were in definite need. The family needs had not yet penetrated the lonely seclusion in which she lived.

She insisted upon testing by reading from a script of her own choosing. And so, at considerable trouble Paramount sent to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for an *Andy Hardy* script. She knew what she was doing, too, for tears, real and genuine, flowed down her cheeks as she read the part. She was an actress.

They knew it for they signed her and into the eerie "The Uninvited" she went after her first fling in an Aldrich story.

As her career progressed she decided to leave home and live away from her family. Her clothes were taken a few at a time until she was living entirely away from her parents and in the small apartment of a girl friend.

"I never left off doing for her in those days," Mrs. Russell says. "I never let her know how desperate we were at losing her. I still mended her clothes when I had the chance and despite her tears I'd plant the seeds that I hoped would bring her back someday."

It took six months for Gail to realize the truth that as a united family they could pull and work for the good of all. One day she told her mother her clothes were at the studio.

"We'll go get them tomorrow," her mother said.

"No, let's get them now," Gail replied. They did.

The proudest moment of her life happened on the first day of shooting on "Calcutta." Without one flaw Gail and Alan Ladd completed an eight-minute scene on the first take. "I could see the look of dawning wonder and respect on Alan's face when we were three-quarters through," Gail told us. "He couldn't believe it for the betting among the crew was ten to one against our finishing the scene in three days."

Gail reads little but does like good music. And oddly enough her beauty fails to register as it should on the screen.

"I think," her mother says, "that's because Gail has never been in love. And I think, like everything else about her, love will come slowly to her."

When it does, we prophesy it will light a lamp behind a face that seems beautifully shadowy for one so young. And then and then alone will movie audiences see what her high-school friends saw, her studio pals and her family now see—what makes them say, wisely and proudly, "Our Gail is growing up."

THE END

Very personally yours



The flat, tapered ends of Kotex*
keep you carefree, confident . . . because
they prevent revealing outlines

Kotex is the sanitary napkin with flat pressed ends that don't show. And this is just one of many special Kotex features that are all *very personally yours.*

For you get extra comfort, lasting softness, with Kotex. *This* napkin is made to stay soft while wearing—hold its shape hours longer than pads which just "feel" soft at first touch.

What's more, Kotex is made with an exclusive safety center. It's designed for plus-protection against accidents—against roping and twisting—against moist, chafing edges.

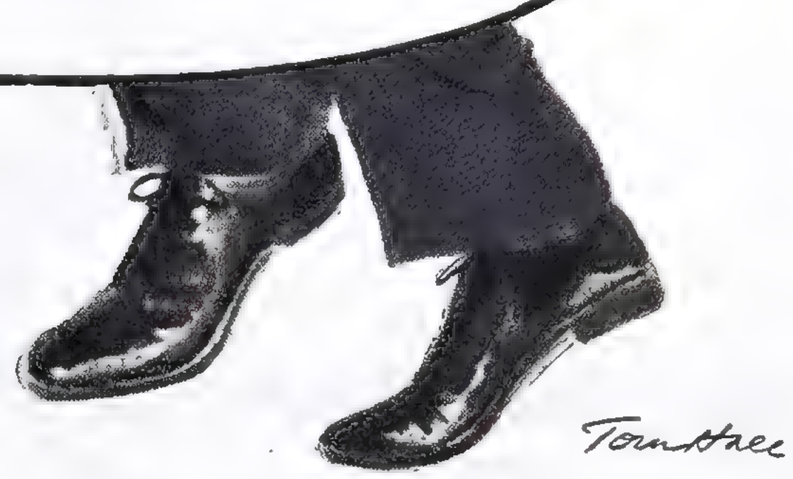
A deodorant in every Kotex napkin

As an extra safeguard for your daintiness, your poise, every Kotex napkin contains a deodorant. It's locked in so it can't shake out . . . a new Kotex "extra" at no extra cost!

And only Kotex provides 3 sizes—Regular in the blue box, Junior in the green box, and Super Kotex in the brown box.



More women choose Kotex than <u>all</u> other sanitary napkins



Tom Hall

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Why POWERS MODELS *have such naturally lustrous shining-bright hair!*



Miss Ann Wickham, resplendent Powers Model, finds Kreml Shampoo keeps her hair so much easier to arrange in the stunning new hair-do's

Positively *Never* Leaves Any Excess Dull Soapy Film

The way Kreml Shampoo thoroughly cleanses every tiny strand of hair and brings out all its natural shimmering highlights is sheer sorcery! Here's a shampoo that *really* KEEPS ITS PROMISE.

Those divinely beautiful Powers Models—famous for their shining bright locks—use Kreml Shampoo and how they rave about it! They claim there's nothing better to leave hair softer, silkier and easier to arrange. Kreml Shampoo leaves the hair so sparkling clean — fairly *dancing* with its natural glossy brilliance that lasts for days.

Helps Keep Hair From Becoming Dry or Brittle

Kreml Shampoo positively contains no harsh chemicals to dry or break the hair. Instead, its beneficial *oil* base is simply wonderful to help soften dry, brittle ends. It rinses out like a charm and never leaves any excess dull soapy film which makes hair look so muddy and lifeless.

So glorify *your* hair with beautifying Kreml Shampoo—then see how quickly "he" succumbs to your added charm. Buy a bottle at any drug, department or 10¢ store.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

KREML SHAMPOO

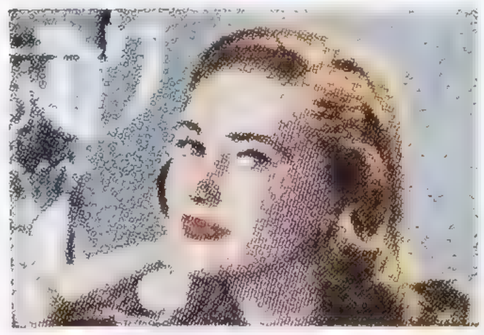
A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

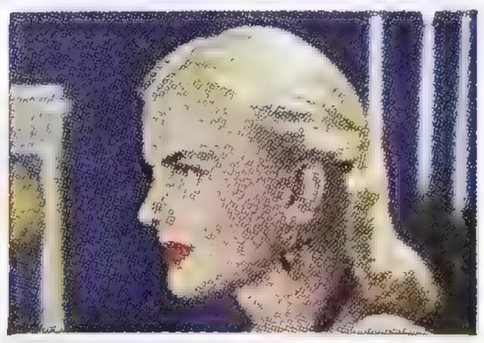
You, Too, Can Shampoo *Your* Hair Like Beautiful POWERS GIRLS



Kreml Shampoo brings out your hair's natural shimmering highlights and silken sheen



Leaves hair with its silken sheen that lasts for days



Makes hair easier to set and arrange in any style

Portrait of Pete

(*Continued from page* 39) Lawford. His eyes are blue.

He doesn't like salami, coloratura sopranos or getting up at the early hours required by his work. He is a devoted follower of "Dick Tracy," "Terry and the Pirates" and "Smoky Stover."

His chief aversion is girls who dress carelessly or in poor taste. ". . . and I have no patience with unkempt hair.".

He abhors starched collars.

He was born in a flat in London, subscribes to no book clubs and firmly believes in a life hereafter.

He is known to his family and friends as Pete.

He is fond of cream cheese and in 1940 worked as a parking lot attendant back of Palm Beach stores. He has light brown hair and his education was entirely derived from tutors.

Peter Lawford seriously injured his right arm when, as a boy playing with other kids in Monte Carlo, he went through a plate glass window. He learned to use his left hand as a consequence, using the right only to hold a cigarette.

He is continually eating.

His musical bent is toward the ukulele and drums. He likes loafing on the beach, and considers his worst fault his inability to "warm up quickly to people,"—an understandable trait of his British heritage of reserve. He never eats garlic.

His attitudes are realistic. His favorite opera is "Carmen" and his closest friend is Keenan Wynn, who also rates as his favorite comedian.

HE sleeps soundly as a rule but occasionally has a nightmare. "The other night I fell out of bed!"

He hates quiz programs.

He is convinced that cricket is the most boring of games, has never worn glasses, and invariably finds himself unconsciously humming the Warsaw Concerto, written by a young American composer whose name he cannot remember.

He decries California drivers, likes chewing gum and wears a St. Christopher medal around his neck—though he is not a Catholic—given him by a girl "a long time ago."

He prefers girls in sport clothes—"You know, sweaters and things."

He budgets his weekly spending money at twenty-five dollars. He likes flying and firmly believes that radio has raised the average of music appreciation. He has a weakness for popcorn.

He is allergic to loud voices.

He has two lighters which don't work; he is "saving up for a gold Dunhill." He handles French like a native and speaks a smattering of Spanish. His hobby is amateur photography.

He weighs 160 pounds.

He cannot eat Camembert, remembers the license number of his car and laments the paucity of significant subject matter in movies. He likes onions and surf bathing.

He plays checkers with his father, who always beats him. He prefers eating apples or pears without skinning them and earnestly regrets that he was never able to attend a public school because his parents were always on the move.

He plans soon to apply for his first citizenship papers.

His "four o'clock tea" consists of either a chocolate milk shake or a chocolate malted. He worked as an usher at the Westwood Village Theater near Los Angeles, until M-G-M gave him a small part in "Mrs. Miniver."

Peter Lawford gets too many traffic tickets for "sliding through stop signs."

He is punctual to work but usually late to dates.

He is systematic and orderly, and for a time studied art, concerning which he suffers a certain amount of frustration. "I can't even make a decent sketch of a house."

He is extremely attached to his dog—an unquestioned mongrel mutt he picked up nine years ago in the Bahamas. He indulges in a steam bath occasionally and is superstitious about three on a match and walking under ladders. He has never been seasick.

He is crazy about boogie-woogie.

He is an expert horseman.

He doesn't like oysters or clams and thinks the most interesting avenues to stroll on are the Champs Elysees and Broadway at night. He wishes he could play the piano.

He eventually wants a family of two children.

His father had planned him for the Army, but he is the first of many generations to forego a military career. He doesn't like too many parties, cares little for fishing, and smokes about a pack-and-a-half a day.

He likes surf-boarding at Honolulu, World's Series baseball and a whiskey and soda before dinner. He is direct, tolerant and self-analytical.

He wears garters only with a dinner jacket. He can recite snatches of Shakespeare and hates to answer letters, inevitably ending by wiring or telephoning.

His tennis was of championship caliber until the accident to his right arm. His father was born in Tunbridge Wells, Kent, England. He doesn't like hunting.

He loves American football.

He has been in the United States five years and his latest picture is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Two Girls From Boston." He exercises with weights three times a week.

He has a horror of "staying put in one place too long."

HE has a pleasing baritone, periodically stops smoking to prove he can do it, and nurtures a sentimental memory of a small cottage on the Blue Lagoon of Tahiti where he lived at the age of nine. He recalls most vividly the coal black sand glistening in the brilliant tropical sunlight.

He doesn't like smoking a pipe, liverwurst sandwiches or watching a polo match.

He used to ride a motorcycle until his friend, Keenan Wynn, suffered a bad accident on one; he has given it up for good. He is very fond of Debussy's music, lobster baked in the shell and lively discussions.

He is shaved at a barbershop every morning when he is working. He has an easy, ingratiating personality, and is a thorough cosmopolite, able to get along and be happy anywhere.

He habitually goes out for a smoke between the acts of a play. He dances an excellent rumba.

He rarely drinks coffee.

He was and is poor in arithmetic, and admits he once did as he was told too easily. "I changed all that, however. I think it out now, make up my mind—and nothing can budge me."

He wears two rings—one with the family crest given him by his father on his twenty-first birthday and the other a friendship link ring given him by a girl he declines to name. He occasionally wears a bow tie.

He wears a wristwatch presented to him by Frank Sinatra.

His spelling is faulty.

He cannot read music and was rejected for both the United States and British armed forces on account of his right arm. He likes poetry but has read little.

He would like to have attended a co-educational American college. He pos-

WOMEN Make Money THIS EASY WAY



—and get your own dresses without a penny of cost.

HERE is a special opportunity for ambitious women who want to earn money during spare hours. We are through with war work and are now devoting our full time and effort to producing more Fashion Frocks than ever before. To take care of this greater post-war expansion we now need more women to show and take orders for these lovely dresses in the latest and most charming styles. And despite rising costs Fashion Frocks still sell at surprisingly low prices. The work is pleasant and dignified and gives you an opportunity to earn $18, $20 and up to $25 in a week . . . and besides get all your own dresses without a penny of cost. No experience is needed and no money is required. For full details rush coupon below.

Start at Home—No Canvassing Required

Let your friends and neighbors see your elaborate Portfolio of last minute Spring and Summer Fashion Frocks and just show them the vast assortment of over 125 smartest, original styles, made up of gorgeous fabrics in beautiful color combinations and offered at sensational low prices. These women will be delighted to order—not merely once—but season after season. It's like having your own dress business with a steady income and without investing a penny. We do all delivering and collecting—you get paid immediately.

Women Everywhere Know Fashion Frocks

Through our national advertising, Fashion Frocks are known to millions of women. Because of the smart styling and excellent value they have the approval of leading style authorities and many prominent screen actresses. Thus you sell dresses that are known and in demand because advertised.

Style 350
Candy Stripe Cotton with accents of crisp white pique.

Send for FREE Portfolio of ADVANCED SPRING DRESSES as low as $3.98

Send No Money Everything Furnished FREE!

The elaborate portfolio with plans for a brilliant success will be sent you FREE. Now that our war work is over we are ready to expand our dress business and need more women at once to represent us. We will show you where you can make up to $25 in a week and get your own dresses without a penny of cost. Paste coupon on a post-card and mail at once for full details, no obligation.

FASHION FROCKS, Inc.
DESK 23039, CINCINNATI 25, OHIO

THE FAMOUS, NATIONALLY ADVERTISED
Fashion Frocks

OUR 38th YEAR IN BUSINESS

Style 338
A two piece Chambray Charmer with frothy white

JUST MAIL THIS COUPON . . .

Fashion Frocks, Inc.
Desk 23039 Cincinnati 25, Ohio

YES—I am interested in your opportunity to make money in spare time and get my own dresses without a penny of cost. Send me full information, without obligation

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Age _____ Dress Size _____

sesses an extensive collection of swing and classical records and is a direct descendant, on his father's side, of Robert, the Bruce, of spider fame; and on his mother's side, of General Jerome, who was on Napoleon's staff.

He won many prizes as a boy for his skill in tennis and swimming. His mother was born in Reading, Berkshire, England; and he thinks talk of any difference between blondes and brunettes "sheer nonsense."

His screen idols are Robert Montgomery and Cary Grant.

He cannot part with an old straw beach hat—with a feather stuck in it—which he has had for four years. His favorite study subjects were geography and ancient history.

He was frequently spanked by his mother for being late to dinner.

He has a special fondness for Ethel Waters, hamburgers "with everything," Paul Robeson and long walks in the English countryside. He used to collect stamps but lost interest in them, and thinks matrimonial vacations "a good thing in many cases."

He fell off a spirited race horse at Nassau in 1936 while learning to ride. He immediately got on again to overcome any resultant fear.

He has tremendous vitality and lives in a modest white cottage with his parents. His customary reading posture is sitting on a couch with his knees drawn up.

His favorite singers are Frank Sinatra and Peggy Lee who used to sing with Benny Goodman's band. He admits to a "certain cockiness" prior to the injury to his right arm; the accident deflated him and taught him a lesson he has never forgotten.

He has tried skiing but "always falls."

HE cannot stand man-in-the-street radio programs. He has wanted to become an actor ever since the age of seven. He goes to night clubs in streaks, prefers shirts of quiet colors and hopes someday to visit again the far places he was too young to appreciate.

His breakfast in winter usually consists of oatmeal, orange juice, two boiled eggs and milk; for summer he substitutes a dry cereal for the oatmeal.

He deplores those who maintain a running line of conversation while dancing in a ballroom. "That's hardly dancing."

He likes Jack Benny, chocolate eclairs, the "Suspense" program, Count Basie and the French pastry known as *mille-feuilles*. He looks forward someday to re-visiting the Louvre when he is better able to understand its treasures.

He has a vivid childhood memory of being lost in London in company with a French nurse who could not speak English; his family always tied a tag around his neck and through this practical device they were found at the zoo. He firmly believes it possible for two stars to be happy though married, citing as examples Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, Clark Gable and the late Carole Lombard.

He hopes—when he has enough money—to make but one or two pictures ("good ones") a year, maintain a flat in New York, a house in California and spend most of his leisure in travel.

Peter Lawford's dominant ambition is to appear in remakes of many Robert Montgomery pictures such as "Night Must Fall."

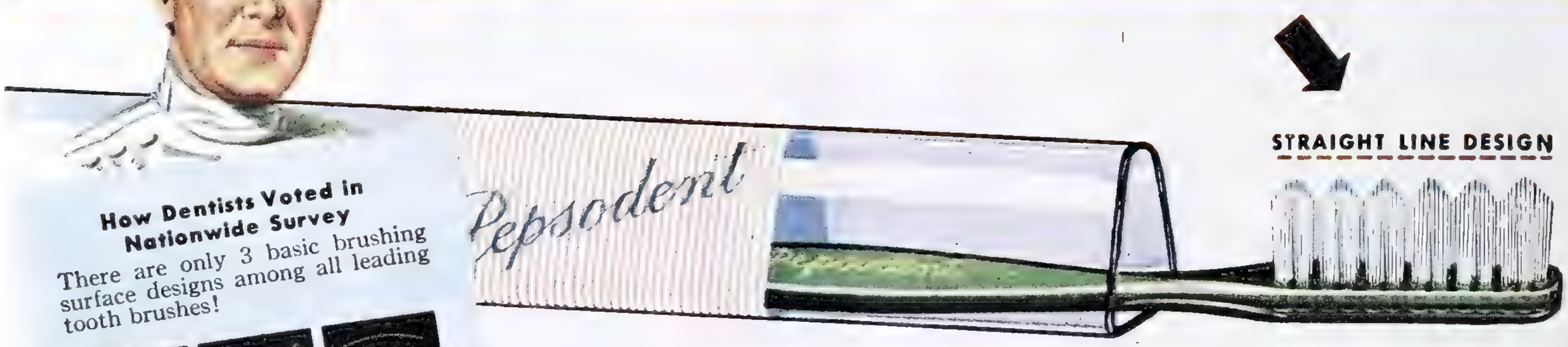
He thinks that he may be ready to achieve this "ten years from now when I have had the necessary experience."

THE END

Straight Line Design

cleans teeth best say dentists 2 to 1





How Dentists Voted in Nationwide Survey

There are only 3 basic brushing surface designs among all leading tooth brushes!



When 30,000 dentists were asked which of these designs cleaned teeth best—by overwhelming odds, by more than 2 to 1—the answers were: "Straight Line Design!"

Why Pepsodent's Straight Line Design Cleans Teeth Best. Despite popular belief, most teeth in the average mouth lie in a series of relatively straight lines. Authoritative research shows Pepsodent's Straight Line Design fits more teeth better than convex or concave designs . . . Actually cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.

Every Pepsodent Brush

has the Straight Line Design most dentists recommend

Siren in Slacks

(*Continued from page* 61) two weeks off and had been in Palm Springs but four days when she was called back to the studio for retakes.

On another occasion, when she was selling War Bonds in a swanky club in Philadelphia, she became furious because the swanky folks weren't buying them, and suddenly demanded that all those in the audience with husbands and sons in the service stand up. When they did, she let them have it full face, getting madder and madder as she talked. The startled society folk bought over $1,000,000 when she was through.

Though she has gotten over some of her sensitiveness, a slight tiff with a good friend still puts her in tears. She gets very low over the sadness that she sees behind some of the gruesome sketches in her favorite book of "Kley's" sketches and will say, "Poor guy! Wouldn't this one make you cry!" Producer-director Otto Preminger had a time getting her to put enough wallop behind the slap she gives Dana Andrews in "Fallen Angel." She couldn't stand doing it, and kept hitting at him half-heartedly, with Dana himself pleading, "You're just making it harder for both of us, Linda. Give me one walloping sock and get it over with!" Finally she drew back and let him have a veritable hay-maker—then burst into tears.

She's constantly surprising those who meet her for the first time, with her unusual combination of brains and beauty. She loves good books, gets misty-eyed over "Moonlight Sonata" or "Ave Maria," is a gifted young artist and sculptress and has worked very hard for the past three years assisting in the cleaning, the mopping up and in other general ways in the obstetric ward of a Santa Monica hospital that's been desperate for help.

SHE'S always painting or sketching between scenes on the set, and one morning a prop man looked over her shoulder at an abstract creation that was forming and which featured a large open eye combined with flower blossoms, looking all in all the way a hangover must feel. "People will really think I need to go to a psychiatrist after this one," Linda laughed. "But I just happened to think of it last night and I had to get it out of my system."

She has never had an art lesson. Which seems incredible when you see the collection of oil paintings, scenes, portraits, the water colors that fill the guest bedroom that now serves for her sacred "art room." The music teacher back in Dallas would be surprised too. For it was in the music appreciation class that Linda first started sketching, when the other kids paid her five cents apiece to sketch illustrations for their musical notebooks. She would take home loads of the notebooks at night and dream up different pictures that expressed

They call him

"COJO!"

He's Jerome Courtland,
Shirley Temple's hilarious boy
friend of "Kiss and Tell,"
who gives with his
real-life antics in
April Photoplay



It's as simple as this!

GIVE YOURSELF A BEAUTIFUL *Crowning Glory*

COLD WAVE PERMANENT.. AT HOME!



✳ You can treat yourself to a perfect, soft, natural-looking permanent—done at home—in three hours or less with the simple, ready-to-use Crowning Glory Cold Wave Permanent Solutions . . . Simply put your hair in curlers, dampen each curl with Crowning Glory and, in less time than you believe, you have a lovely new permanent—ready to set in your own most flattering style . . . And all you need is—

CROWNING GLORY!



Ideal FOR CHILDREN'S HAIR, TOO

The dainty softness of your little girl's hair will be accented by a natural-looking Crowning Glory Permanent given at home. Crystal-clear Crowning Glory Solutions are as effective and easily used on her baby hair as on yours.

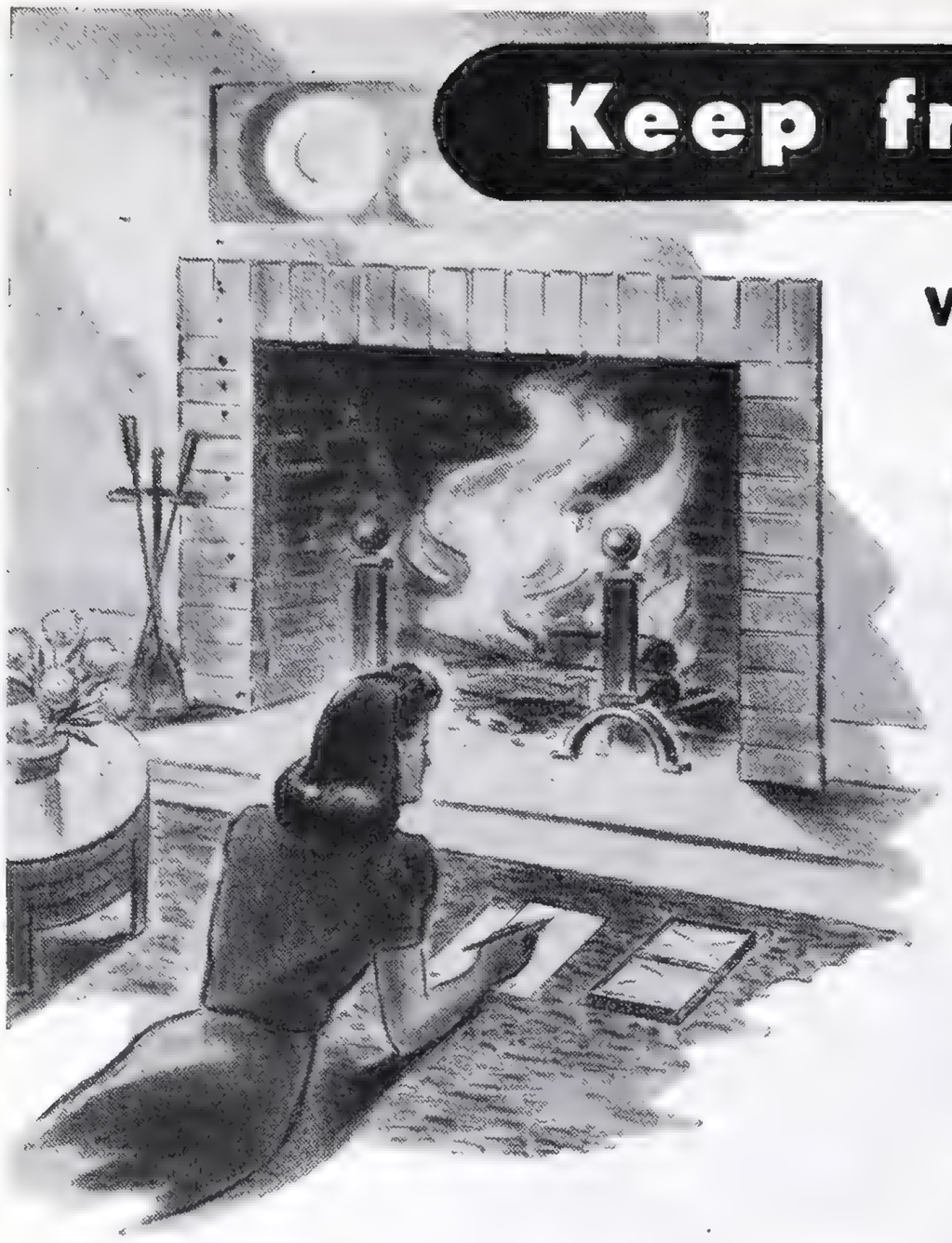
Complete with Curlers... $2.00 ..PLUS TAX



Crowning Glory

Ask for Crowning Glory Cold Permanent Wave Packet at Leading Cosmetic Counters and Notions Departments

P



Keep friendships aglow...

WITH SkyMail LIGHTWEIGHT STATIONERY

Why postpone those letters longer... pick up a box of SkyMail and *keep up those precious friendships.* Write any old way—on your lap, at your desk or on the wing, but write! The moment you mail your letter you've started something—made someone happy... have the excitement of a reply to look forward to. SkyMail for letters that fly! Easy to write on... fun to get.

For your choice letters—TIMBERLINE—The latest thing in quality stationery from the land of the sky. Sheer yet strong, it has an elegance and character all its own. Your pen glides smoothly over its delicate cream-toned surface. It breathes the spirit of the mountains with Alec Stern's etching reproduced inside the envelopes. If your dealer can't supply you:

SEND A DOLLAR FOR A BOX (POSTPAID) of SkyMail (125 sheets, 50 envelopes) or TimberLine (72 sheets, 36 envelopes). Or if you want a lot for your money, Trav-L-Notes (150 sheets, 75 envelopes).

Make sure it's made by ROCKMONT DENVER, COLORADO

one Walter Damrosch piece.

As in most everything else that she does, Linda paints in spurts, whenever the impulse comes, sometimes working all night on one that she's enthused about. Nobody is allowed in there but their German shepherd dog Chief and Pev, who comes in at regular periodic intervals to look for the water color sketch that Linda painted him from memory one time while away on movie location. She doesn't think it's technically good and usually has it somewhere out of sight,

"I don't like my bum stuff around. This one isn't right, darling. I'll paint you a good one," she says. "I like this," says Pev. She's doing an oil painting of Chief now and finding it tough going to get him to pose. Often now, you'll find Linda in slacks down on her stomach on the art room floor, trying to hold Chief's head up with one hand and paint with the other.

She is literally a siren in slacks. She loves them, owns some twelve pairs, and says she feels almost "indecent in a skirt." Around the house she usually wears slacks, a colorful print bra, a vivid scarf around her hair. She's strictly a tomboy at heart. And while, with her poise and beauty, you can imagine her easily meeting and chatting with a king, you can also imagine her wondering all the time if she could get away with turning cartwheels down the palace stairs.

She'll turn down the most social soiree to go bicycling with her good friend Ann Miller, usually goes through three candy bars when she goes to a show, and loves to sit at the counter of Schwab's Drugstore thumbing through fan magazines for free while she downs a chocolate malt. She loves to eat at drive-ins and has a positive craze for hamburgers, which she can and often does eat three times a day, especially if Pev is away. She builds up mammoth "Dagwood burgers" in the kitchen at home. On which she puts a little of everything from a rub of garlic, fried and raw onions, relish, tomatoes, chopped olives and pickles—to an old theater program.

During a recent personal appearance back in Dallas, Texas, with "Fallen Angel," at which they turned away thousands from two theaters, and Linda waved to 125,000 more who lined the street to see her in the parade, she was told that they had an hour before the next function in which she would be free to do anything she'd like to do. Her companions were startled to hear her say, "Okay—I want a mug of Weber's Root Beer. You've never tasted anything like it! I remember a little stand. . . ."

SHE directed the big limousine across the Trinity River towards her home community in Oak Cliff, getting excited over every familiar landmark they passed. When they pulled up in front of the dusty little root beer place to find it closed, with a sign saying, ironically, "Thanks For Your Past Patronage," one of their "past patrons" sat there, as disappointed as a kid. None of the remembered wild-colored jalopies. No smart-aleck young shouts. The old *Bambi*-look came back into her eyes, as though she were saying to herself, "What'd you expect, kid? You can't come back."

She's constantly misplacing and losing things and would often probably lose her shirt if it weren't for her husband. Nobody would be surprised who knows her to have her call and say casually, "By the way did I leave my fur coat over at your place?" She forgets her house keys and has burgled her own home by cutting the screen of the maid's room. And, in her excitement over some drive, has been known to leave her best broadcloth bag forgotten by the side of the second hole on the Riviera Golf Course, remembering it again at about hole nine. No casualties ever result, inasmuch as Pev helps her remember where she put the fur coat, has ten keys made for the house, finds and rescues the black broadcloth bag and, in general, always has the situation well in hand.

Linda's allegiance never wavers when it concerns anything or anyone she's fond of. Her friendship with Ann Miller is something new under a Hollywood sun. They're entirely without envy or jealousy, they have almost twin temperaments, buy clothes alike, and each all but lives the emotions of the other one. A tired Linda, leaving the motion-picture set in the evening, thinks nothing of going over to Ann's and talking for four or five hours, reasoning her out of a romance with someone she doesn't think is worthy of her. Likewise, it was to Ann and her mother, whom Linda affectionately calls "Mommie," that she turned when she despaired of getting Pev Marley and things in general were piling up on her. So great was Ann's faith in Linda's fighting ability, however, that she bought her bridesmaid's dress a year before Pev proposed, which was when Linda bought her white wedding suit and fondly hoped he'd see it before the moths did.

There's nothing casual about the love of Linda. She's a very intense person who knows what she wants. Though she has dated many Hollywood swains, there have never been but two men really in her life . . . her childhood sweetheart, Jaime Jorba, the Spanish refugee whom she knew back at Sunset High, and the ace cameraman, Peverell Marley.

Today, even the most confirmed skeptics who advised against it admit her marriage to be a success. She could have told them always that it would be.

In her marriage, as well as the matter of other things for which she'd fought,

Linda knew what was right for her. His depth, wisdom, intelligence and humor have been a steadying influence on her. They counterbalance each other perfectly. Against her impulsiveness, he studies and weighs everything from every side. "He's saved my life more than once," she says. "If I ever get stubborn and go against him, I almost always wind up wrong."

Pev is a perfectionist, where she takes care of the big things and leaves the little ones more or less on their own. Since that first day on the Twentieth Century-Fox test stage when she saw the mechanical hulk that they said was a camera and Pev calmed her down, kidded with her, and began teaching her how to use it, his help professionally has been invaluable to her. She takes no credit for her ability to stand perfectly still in focus for a close-up, or for anything else connected with the technicalities of picture making, saying, "Pev's drilled it into me since I was fifteen." He's still her severest critic and whenever he sees some little flaw in something his beautiful wife is doing on the screen, he nudges her at a preview and says, "What did you do that for, Kiddie?" I've told you. . . ."

He addresses her alternately as "Duckie," "Stinkie," "Kiddie," or with a "Hey, Queenie."

"That's the awful one," she laughs—"Queenie!"

She has calmed down a lot since her marriage to Pev. They seldom go to night clubs or parties because, as she says, "if you're going to spend all your time with rooms full of other people, you might as well not be married. When you work in pictures and go out gallivanting, it's time to go to bed when you get in, so that you can get up early to work in pictures again. Some of them who do that don't spend ten minutes with each other. Our marriage is not one of those ten-minute affairs."

They spend most of their evenings reading, playing chess, or with Linda painting, or both of them studying their scripts for the next day. They each have an eight-mm. movie camera, concerning her operation of which Linda, who's an avid camera fiend, says teasingly, "Pev stinks in amateur movies. Without reflectors, baby spots, or sixty guys to help him, he's no good. He just clicks it and lets it go." And Pev admits that his wife is the best cameraman at home.

DETERMINED that their two careers of motion-picture star and cameraman won't conflict, they've whipped up a coming-home routine that's a little like a production number from a picture with no dialogue. Linda gets home from Twentieth around 7:00 P. M., which gives her forty-five minutes to herself to bathe and dress and relax in solitude before Pev gets in. When he arrives, she's downstairs all dressed, hands him a drink silently, and he goes upstairs for his half hour alone. Later on—much later—one of them says, "Okay?" and if the other says "Okay," then, says Linda, "we talk."

To be a perfect companion for Pev, Linda has taken up his two loves—golf and deep-sea fishing, the latter one of which called again on her fighting reserve. For she gets sea-sick, car-sick, air-sick, and is allergic to horses, cats and rabbits, breaking out into red whelps and sneezing in spasms whenever she gets near one. The smell of fish is no help. She worried about how she'd make out on her first deep-sea fishing binge. She took along six Mothersills sea-sick pills which, in the excitement of watching the marlins jump, she forgot to take. And when Pev yelled, "Hey, somebody throw out some live bait," he was surprised to see his squeamish wife up on the bait box, reaching for dipperfuls of the live eight-inch anchovies, and throwing them with wide sweeping gestures into Avalon Bay.

Determined to play a golf game that would make it interesting for him, Linda put in long, hard sessions with the golf pro at the Riviera Country Club, and tells you proudly now that she sometimes beats Pev . . . "That is, on a hole or two." While Pev, who usually breaks seventy-nine, relates proudly about how Linda once made a five par hole in four. "That's quite a stunt," he says.

Their comfortable white two-story home high up in the Palisades, overlooks the golf course and the ocean, their two "Promised Lands." And most of Linda's fighting spirit is kept busy now fighting against the temptation of ducking work, of picking up her golf clubs and going out the front door, or her fishing reel and going out the back.

In the midst of the beautiful furnishings, the rich carpets, the valuable antiques, the lamps from the "Ming Dynasty or something" and the other things, you're not surprised to see the little old merry-go-round horse that Linda found at an antique shop and loves, and which they use for a clotheshorse in the hall. The little horse with the faded green and red saddle into which guests casually pitch their hats, is the Bambi-like touch of its youthful owner who, in the merry-go-round of her own life has had no time for carnival carousels.

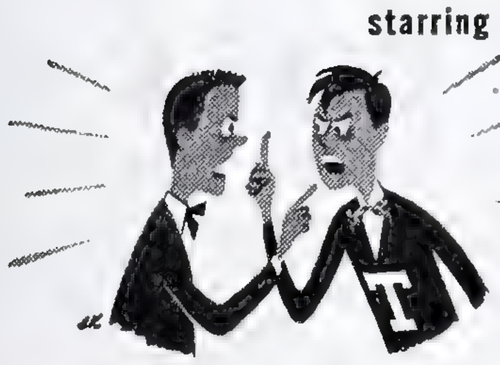
But today—she's riding steady as she goes. The doubts and disappointments that hid behind the Mona Lisa smile are no more. And if anyone wants to know why Monetta Eloyse Darnell smiles, now—it's because she has the happiness she's fought for. She can relax and forget the Alamo.

THE END

"Don't let them kid you!"

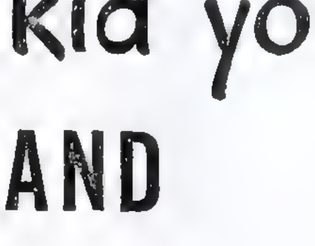
says RAY MILLAND

starring in the Paramount film, "KITTY"



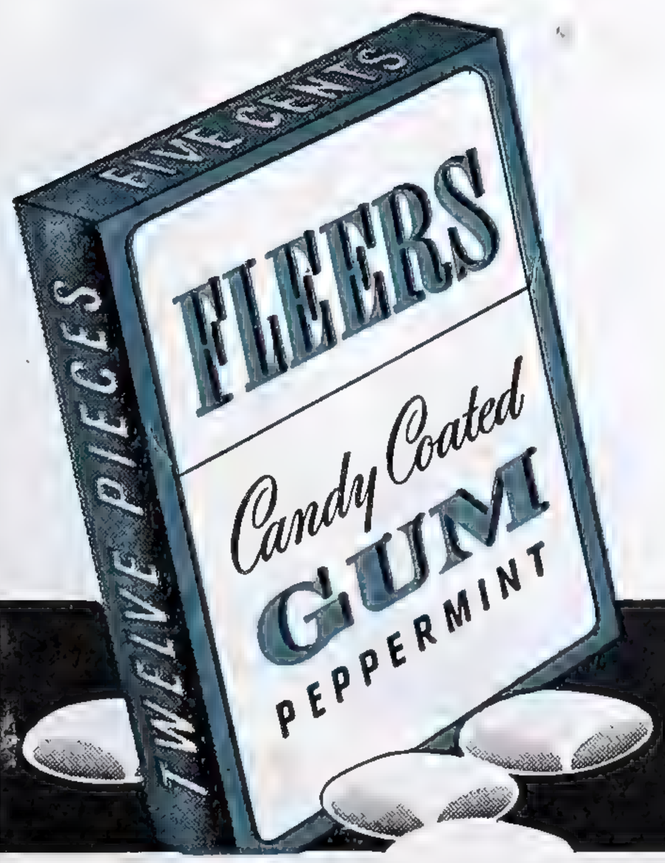
"You can't tell a good American by the color of his skin, the church he goes to, or the way he spells his name.

"People from *every* race and every country have helped to make America great. Let's all remember that, and show the world America means what it says about Democracy!"



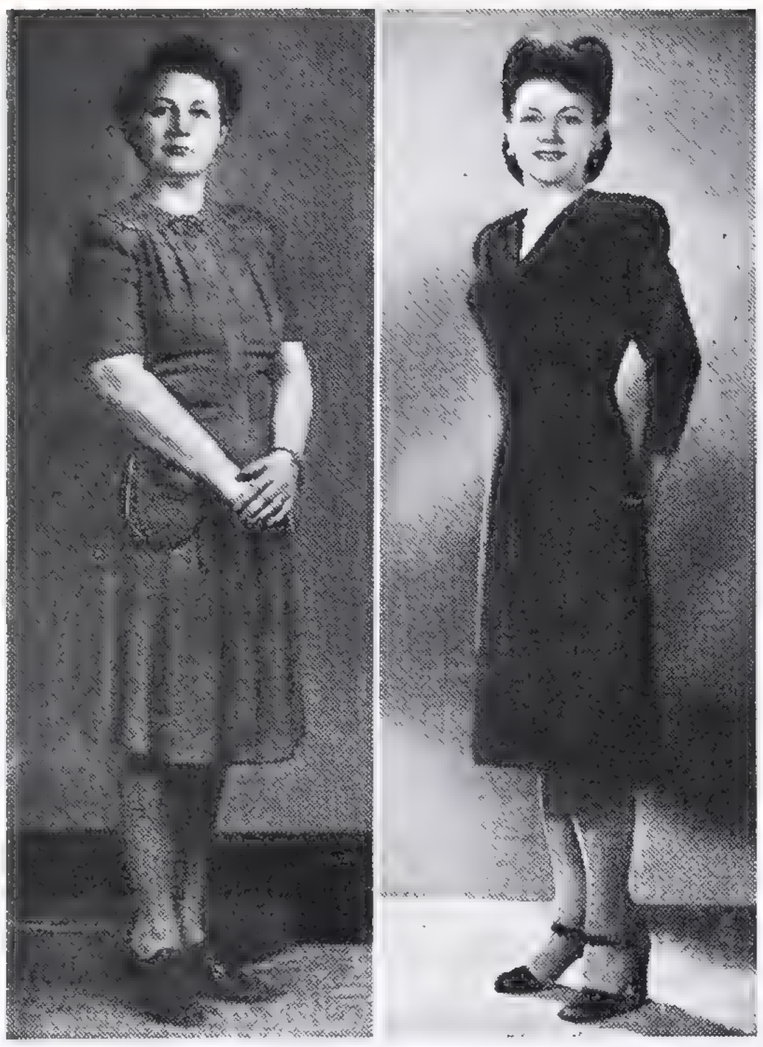
Have you discovered delicious Fleer's Gum? It's the refreshing peppermint-candy-coated gum in the handy piece-at-a-time package. It's chewy, chockfull of flavor. Enjoy a box of Fleer's today!





Chewing gum in its nicest form!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., MAKERS OF FINE CHEWING GUM SINCE 1885



Before *After*

"What happened when I LOST 38 POUNDS!"

—as told by Mrs. Ann Weir of East St. Louis, Ill.

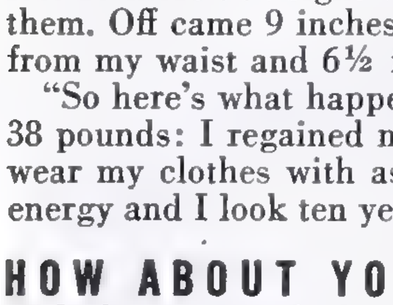
"WHEN I WAS MARRIED," says Ann Weir, "I weighed 127 pounds. But after I had my fourth child, my weight went up to 166. I read reducing diets, tried reducing exercises—but no results! Those exercises just put on muscle!

"I had read about the DuBarry Success Course but feared it would be expensive. When I found how little it cost, my husband gave it to me for Mother's Day. My doctor approved, and in six weeks I lost 22 pounds. I kept on and lost 16 more . . . right where I needed to lose them. Off came 9 inches from my abdomen, 6 from my waist and 6½ from my hips!

"So here's what happened when I lost those 38 pounds: I regained my slender waistline, I wear my clothes with assurance, I have more energy and I look ten years younger."

HOW ABOUT YOU! Are *you* satisfied with the way you look and feel? Have you the energy to live a *full* life? The DuBarry Success Course analyzes your needs, shows you how to lose or gain weight, care for your skin and hair, use make-up for glamour. You follow the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

Why not use the coupon to find out what this famous Course can do for you?



DuBarry Beauty Chest Included!

With your Course you receive this Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations for your type.

DuBarry Success Course
ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing*

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
Dept. SC-8, 693 Fifth Ave.,
New Nork, N. Y.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — If defective or not as advertised therein, replacement or refund of money

Please send me the new book telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Miss
Mrs._____

P Street_____

City_____ Zone No., if any_____ State_____

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association

Honeymoon in Mexico

(*Continued from page* 44) Until Ben got back, Esther was a good enough sport to spend her time doing all the things the studio and the people in Mexico wanted her to. She rehearsed with the cape for the scenes in which she must play a bullfighter, she studied her script, she attended dinners given by government officials, press associations, exhibitors. She was made Queen of the Mexico City University football team for their final game of the season, she appeared on the radio, she attended the bullfights on Sunday.

Then Ben returned, and that's where I, Hymie Fink, the nuisance, came in. I figured it would be a real scoop for Photoplay to catch them on Mexican soil. So I caught the same plane Ben was on.

The Mexico City airport looked very much like a regular American airport. But the reception was not. Senoritas come rushing toward you, carrying gardenias, which they toss at you. Then that Williams ran toward her ever-lovin'—and well, there is nothing so beautiful as an American girl set up like Esther.

WHILE I got snarled up in the customs, the honeymooners sped away. That didn't worry me then. I knew I was booked into the same hotel as theirs.

But—how was I, an innocent cameraman, to know that in Mexico City the "smart people" never get up before two in the afternoon, breakfast at three, have dinner at eleven P.M. and go to bed about six A.M. I wish you'd seen me the next morning at nine, down in the lobby of the Reforma Hotel, which is the biggest and newest in Mexico City and almost like any American hotel anywhere. There wasn't another soul there except a cleaning woman. At three in the afternoon, one of the elevators opened and out stepped a tall handsome young man with a tall handsome girl—and that girl was somebody I knew. I nearly kissed her, I was so glad to see her. She was Georgianna Young, Loretta's kid sister, and the man was her husband, Ricardo Montalban, who plays the second lead in Esther's picture. I got some nice shots of them and had just finished, when out came the love birds. They were going shopping.

The main street of Mexico City is called the Paseo de la Reforma. It's wide and beautiful. Esther and Ben were stopped every two seconds by autograph hounds, beggars and street singers, who will give out with any tune for a peso, which is about twenty-five cents to us, but a fortune to them. Esther was fascinated by the Mexican woolens. She bought lots of material for herself and by way of a gag, a poncho of many colors for Ben. Then she poked into the little silver shops but decided she would wait to buy until they went to Taxco, which is the real silver city of the country.

That night they had dinner—about midnight—at Ciro's. This is run by A. C. Blumenthal, whom all Hollywood calls "Blumey." It's a nice club, sumptuous for Mexico, but nothing we'd be excited about at home. The food is good, but the prices made my hair stand on end. I never saw such prices. Dinner for four, without drinks, ran to nearly a hundred (American) dollars. What the drinks cost, I don't know as a coke is my speed. But when I saw Esther and Ben doing a rumba together, I knew any price was worth it!

After that first day, things really began to get mixed up. The kids wanted to go to Guadalajara and Cuernevaca and to Taxco and Xochomilco and a place whose name I've forgotten where the swimming pool is entirely covered with gardenias and you swim through them. They did all that, too, trying to throw me off the trail all



NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — If defective or not as advertised therein, replacement or refund of money

EXTRA MONEY EASILY EARNED

SHOW FRIENDS EXCLUSIVE GREETING CARD ASSORTMENTS

Up to 100% profit for you. Experience not necessary. Request new 1946 exclusive 14 card All Occasion $1.00 assortment on approval. Many other year 'round money makers—Birthdays, Gift Wrappings, Social Notes. Write to-day for box on approval and new selling plan.

FREE SAMPLE PERSONALIZED STATIONERY

THOMAS TERRY STUDIOS, 99 Union Ave., Westfield, Mass.

REDUCE

Easily • Safely • Sensibly

Don't resort to harsh measures in order to rid yourself of excess pounds. No need to use harmful drugs, appliances or starvation diets if you follow the easy, sensible method outlined by Sylvia of Hollywood in the amazing book. "No More Alibis!"

"15 pounds in 1 month!"

Sylvia tells you the secrets of how she reduced the famous movie stars. Follow her methods and you too can have a lovely, slender figure. Away with those *too* big hips, thighs and ankles. That tummy and other bumps and bulges. You'll be surprised what fun it can be! 128 pages, with 41 posed illustrations.





Order your copy Today

Was $1.00

Now Only 25c

BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, INC. Dept. PP-346
205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

the time and me sticking to them like that.

The agony of it all was—from my angle—that they kept doing these sights at night when they couldn't be photographed. For example, in Taxco, which is the quaintest little hill town you ever saw. Esther and Ben, after going down the street of silver shops, went to see the cathedral. This is a beautiful structure. The local legend is that a Frenchman named Barda originally discovered the silver mines in and around Taxco. He was so grateful to God that he resolved to express his thanks with gold and built this cathedral with its gold altar. It sure is an impressive sight.

Nothing in Taxco has been changed in 600 years. If anything new is built, it has to be put up in the old manner and made to look old. The people are very poor but friendly, and the street singers here were so good that Esther and Ben began dancing in the streets much to the joy of the hysterical crowd.

All this time the honeymooners were trying to duck me. I didn't blame them—but I had a job to do. They didn't blame me, but we played hide and seek all over Mexico.

How they got away from me in Taxco and escaped to Acapulco I'll never know. I caught up with them, though, in Cuernavaca, and they told me about the fun they had in Acapulco. They had gone swimming in Acapulco Bay where they also tried to spear fish in the deep clear waters, but the fish were so beautiful they didn't have the heart to spear them.

XOCHIMILCO was a flop for me because my honeymooners were flitting around in the dark again. I couldn't photograph a thing—but I sure enjoyed the sight. Xochimilco (which you pronounce Sochimilk-o) is a series of canals winding for miles through flowering banks of blossoms. Little flower-hung boats just big enough for two passengers and a guy at the back who poles it along the water go along these canals followed by mariaches (get me—that's Spanish for street musicians), who sing so romantically (particularly if you hand them a peso). Other little boats float by offering tortillas, enchiladas and such food for sale, and it certainly is a glamorous sight.

We all drove back to Mexico City the next day, which was a Saturday, and by this time Esther and Ben enjoyed being regular tourists so much that they kept right on sightseeing and visited the Palacio de Bellas Artes, the great monument de la Revolucion and Cortes Palace. And they went shopping again for Christmas presents for their whole family. From what I saw, I know it was definitely a silver and woolen Christmas for the Williams and Gage families this year.

That Saturday night, Esther and Ben attended a formal ball given at the American Embassy at which they were guests of honor. Esther had brought along a beautiful evening dress and Ben his tuxedo, and everyone said they were the handsomest couple there.

Sunday I found out I could get a plane for home. Esther left for Puebla to start work on "Fiesta" and Ben stayed in Mexico City to make arrangements about some radio shows he planned to do from there. He was looking for a job to keep him busy in Mexico until after the first of the year so that he could stay there for Christmas with his wife and resume their interrupted honeymoon. But even if it was brief, and I kept butting in on it, we bet there has never been a gayer, more colorful one.

P.S. When I got back home, America never looked lovelier.

THE END

"RC for me! Tastes best!"

says

CATHERINE McLEOD



See Catherine McLeod in
Frank Borzage's
"I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU"
A Republic Picture
in Technicolor



"THE TASTE-TEST TOLD ME!" says Catherine McLeod. "I tried leading colas in paper cups, picked one best-tasting—Royal Crown Cola." Try it! Say "RC for me!" That's the quick way to get Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test!

RC is the quick way to say...

ROYAL CROWN COLA

Best by taste-test

"I keep going and comfortable, too with Midol!"



"Sensible girl," you say? "And practical, too," we add! For here is another woman who has discovered that Midol can help see her through the menstrual period physically and mentally carefree. One who has learned that by taking Midol, much of menstruation's functional pain is often avoided.

Midol tablets are offered specifically to relieve functional periodic pain. They contain no opiates, yet act quickly in these *three ways* bringing fast, needed relief from pain and discomfort: *Ease Cramps—Soothe Headache—Stimulate mildly when you're "Blue."*

Try Midol next time—at first sign of "regular" pain—see how comfortably you go through those trying days. Ask for Midol at your drugstore.

MIDOL

used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"

Stormy Passage for Joan and Phil

(*Continued from page* 29) separated. You know there is nothing I can say."

That is completely true. Behind this parting lies no mysterious cause. There is nothing Joan can say, because you can't explain the boredom that suddenly engulfs two people who were temperamentally incompatible right from the start.

Not that Joan and Phil knew that horrid fact when, at the end of his six-weeks acquaintanceship, they were married. Actually, they knew no facts at all about one another except that at that moment they were madly infatuated. That was almost three years ago, and once again, Joan woke me up with the news, and a few hours later I was with them. A blind reporter could have seen that Phil Terry was intelligent, well-bred and sincere and though he was in his thirties and had never been married, he looked very much like the best-husband type. I hoped very much that this was the good companion for whom Joan had always been seeking. I knew she was longing for a quieter domesticity than she had ever experienced. She yearned for more youngsters besides her beloved Christina, her own, if possible, but if not, then by adoption. Phil, on his part, said he had waited for just the sort of wife he believed Joan could be.

DESPITE their brief acquaintanceship and the fact that the basis of their elopement was a terrific romantic crush, I believe their marriage could have succeeded if Phil had achieved any outstanding success in his career. He is not, outwardly, dramatic as are Gregory Peck or Clark Gable, for instance, but he is just as ambitious.

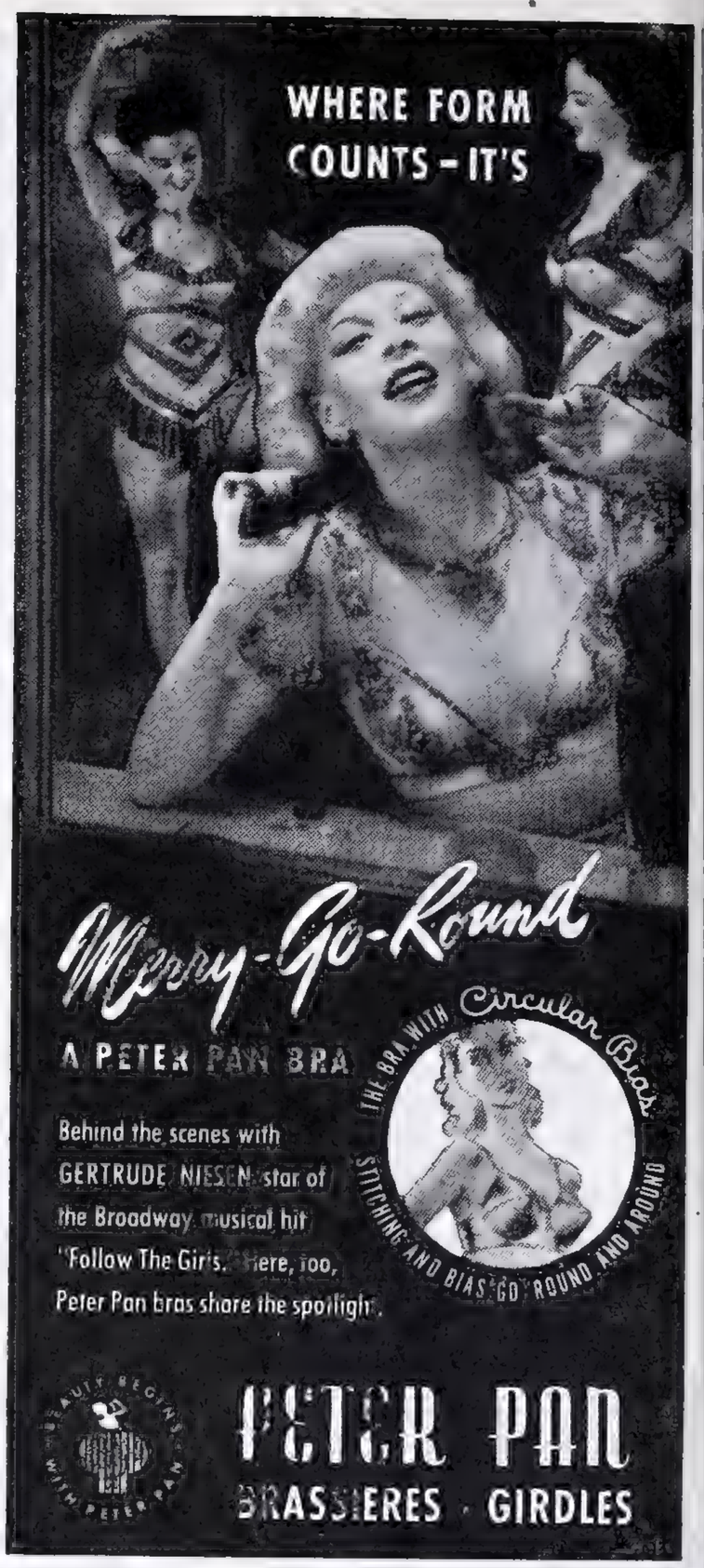
Joan was still under contract to M-G-M when they were married, and Phil played in a couple of films there. When Joan left Metro, Phil signed with RKO. He had one good picture and he clicked very solidly in it. If it had been followed up by other hit productions he undoubtedly would have been a star. But it wasn't. "Pan-Americana" and "George White's Scandals" were his next two—two also-rans. He did do "The Lost Weekend" at Paramount and "To Each His Own" and he was excellent in both of them—but each time he was overshadowed by the lead performances. He finished "To Each His Own" several months ago. Since then there has been nothing.

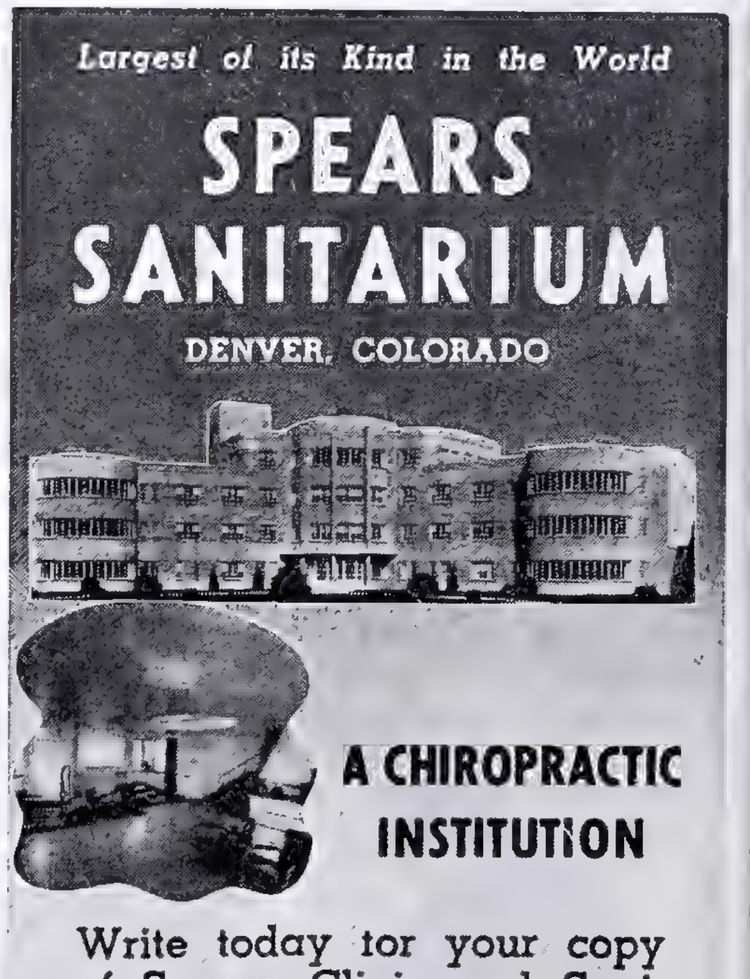
Meanwhile, Joan had done "Mildred Pierce."

It represented a big gamble, for Joan had kept herself off the screen for over two years, waiting for a strong acting part. Determined to show that she was more than a personality and a beauty, she turned down dozens of scripts until "Pierce" came along. With its box-office smash, other great roles were quickly lined up for her, while Hal Wallis, M-G-M and Warners began dangling long-term contracts before her. Still wanting to be quite free to play only the right parts, she signed none of them, but her days were suddenly crammed with conferences, phone calls, interviews, photographers.

Men as a class don't take being relegated to the background. That seems to be a basic psychological fact.

Joan, loving Phil, tried to keep him equal to her in importance. He was always the host, the one who gave the orders whether it was her New York apartment on her Brentwood house. Nevertheless, that was just what they were—"her" New York apartment and "her" Brentwood house and "her children," with Phillip coming into that setting, very charming, very intelligent, but, unfortu-





SPEARS SANITARIUM,
Denver 2, Colorado

Please send me Spears Clinic and Sanitarium News—48 pages of Chiropractic Proof, without cost or obligation.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____

nately, with a career that was at a complete standstill. Certainly Phil did everything in his power to make a situation work which under any circumstances would have been difficult—with Joan's super-dynamic personality—but which without the vital connecting link of equal importance became well-nigh impossible.

It was when they returned from their New York trip that I knew things weren't right between them. Superficially at big parties where they were merely encountering people long enough to say "Hi" or "How well you look, angel," things were just the same. But at home all the laughter and caresses and enthusiasms they had shared were gone. They weren't even quarreling. They simply sat in those large, beautiful rooms and said not a word. Theirs wasn't the silence of contentment. It was the wounding silence of two people who have nothing to say to each other. We all know couples who live through years like that, but such people aren't actors—to whom drama is the breath of life.

Their last Saturday together they went for dinner at Claudette Colbert's. Claudette and Jack Pressman are truly happy. But viewing this happiness brought Joan and Phil to their decision to part. They spurned the half loaf of affection. They wanted a great love or nothing.

THE Tuesday after the separation news broke, I went with Joan down to the Hollywood Women's Press Club luncheon where she was to receive her Golden Apple award for being the most cooperative actress of 1945, in the matter of publicity. Circles of fatigue were under her eyes that were still red from crying. Most stars, under the circumstances, would have ducked the occasion. Joan had every excuse, since two writers, who had been scooped by the Parsons story, were taking their revenge in print, knowing that Crawford, no more than any other celebrity, has an equal chance to talk back in print. But even though she was scared of what she might be facing, Joan appeared, made her speech, took her prize—but couldn't eat. Later, when we got out and were alone, she said, "Im starved. Let's go to The Club for a steak. There'll be no one but us there at this hour."

There were only a half dozen people there, besides us, when we arrived, but all alone at a big table, one of them turned out to be Phil. "Why, hello," said Phil, smiling that pleasant smile of his, "May I join you?" "Of course," said Joan, "please do." He did and we talked about the weather and Christmas shopping and—of all people—Socrates, whom Phil has been reading a lot about lately. It was steak I ate, but it might as well have been sawdust. Finally, Phil paid our check, and we walked out to our cars.

"Well, goodbye," Phil said. "Goodbye," said Joan—and that was that.

Then there was New Year's Eve which they spent together—another "hello" and "goodbye." It might be that these two will try for a reconciliation but I miss my bet if it is anything more than just that—a try. Because they haven't even the basic friendship that existed in her other marriages to Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Franchot Tone.

Where on earth Joan will find the man who is more powerful, more dynamic, more important than she is, I can't imagine, but I hope she does find him. For she is all woman and has the most complete, passionate, devoted love to give a man if he has the good sense to slap her ears down regularly. And Phil deserves a bigger career and a gentle girl who will look up at him with stars in her eyes.

So take it away, Cupid, and do your stuff.

THE END

The Countess de Petiteville

Bearer of a historic 1000-year-old Norman name, the Countess de Petiteville is active in the French Red Cross and in the cultural life of Paris. She has a fine, cameo type of beauty, with dazzling white skin. "The 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream gives my skin a clearer, brighter look," she says. "Makes it feel smoother!"



The Countess says: "The Mask refreshes my skin, gives it a more wide-awake look!"

Make your skin look lovelier—in one minute!

Follow the Countess de Petiteville's beauty lead! Mask your face—all but eyes—with luxurious Pond's Vanishing Cream.

The Mask works by what skin specialists call "keratolytic" action. It has the power to loosen and dissolve bits of chapped, curling skin and dirt particles! After one minute. tissue off the Mask. Off comes loosened debris, too!

Your "re-styled" complexion looks so much clearer and fresher . . . feels so much softer! And all in just one minute!

"A quick, light powder base, too!"
"I use Pond's Vanishing Cream another way, too—as a powder base. It goes on so smoothly—holds powder so well!" says the Countess.



Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!

FIBS? they're so easy to tell!



and so easy to use!



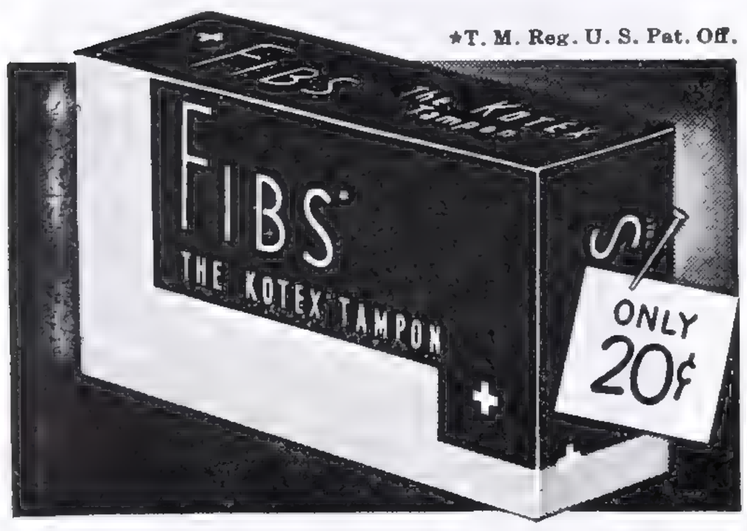
Women who use tampons should learn about FIBS. Because FIBS have those smooth, gently tapered ends that tell you at a glance insertion *must* be both easy and comfortable.

FIBS are the tampons that are "quilted" —a feature fastidious women are quick to appreciate. This "quilting" prevents tiny cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal membranes.

Besides, quilting makes a very real contribution to your comfort—keeps FIBS from fluffing up to an uncomfortable size which could otherwise cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal. No other tampon is quilted!

Next time you buy tampons be sure to ask for FIBS*!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Platter Patter

By Lester Gottlieb

It's melody time again with Photoplay selecting recordings of songs you loved from your favorite films

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN

A patriotic primer for teen-age tolerance that is not only a stirring RKO short subject but a fine song sung from the heart by Frank Sinatra (Columbia). Appropriately enough, "America, The Beautiful" is the companion piece.

DOLL FACE

Perry Como clicks with two top-drawer tunes from his newest picture. The first is a GI-jive mixture, "Dig You Later (A Hubba-Hubba-Hubba)" with "Here Comes Heaven Again" saved for the romantics on the B-side (Victor). Another song from this 20th Century-Fox filmusical is the novelty, "Chico, Chico From Porto Rico," disked by the diminutive DeMarco Sisters of Fred Allen airwaves note (Majestic).

EASY TO WED

If your ears were cocked to the sound track as your eyes feasted on Van Johnson and Esther Williams, then you'll remember this new M-G-M film's theme song, "Come Closer To Me." Here's Larry Stevens to sing it (Victor) without forgivable distractions. For good measure the musical mate is "It's A Grand Night For Singing."

ROAD TO UTOPIA

Hope and Crosby, the nation's most popular partnership, are mirthfully merged for as many reprises as your needle can groove. This Decca-rative disk has Bing and Bob cavorting in "Put It There, Pal" from their newest Paramount path, paired with the even more amusing but older "Road To Morocco" (Decca).

TARS AND SPARS

This belated but still welcome Coast Guard cinema gives Freddy Martin's orchestra ample opportunity to display its distinctive dance tempos with "I'm Glad I Waited For You," patiently sung by Clyde Rogers. The reverse is a dance digest of Rachmaninoff's Concerto No. 2, ivoried by talented Jack Fina (Victor).

YOLANDA AND THE THIEF

Kay Kyser delivers the best collection of tunes from the Fred Astaire-Lucille Bremer M-G-Musical fiesta, paced by the lovely "Angel" and the more romantic "Coffee Time." Sugary lyrics by a fine new baritone, Michael Douglas (Columbia).

SARATOGA TRUNK

Still another haunting melody from a picture which primarily relied upon its Max Steiner score for changing moods. This one is called "Goin' Home" and Bob Eberly sings it nostalgically (Decca). The more familiar theme song "As Long As I Live" is on the reverse. Johnny Johnston (Capitol) keeps pace in the swoon sweepstakes with his own individual treatment of the latter song.

Glamour for today ...and tomorrow

Look your loveliest today and help keep your skin young-looking for tomorrow. You can do this with "Pan-Cake"... the glamour make-up that also safeguards the skin against sun and wind which often bring drying, aging signs tomorrow. Once you try "Pan-Cake", the original *Max Factor Hollywood* creation, you'll realize why it's the favored make-up with millions.

Ann Sothern

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's

"UP GOES MAISIE"



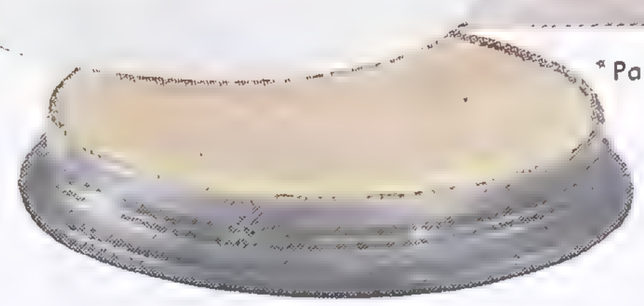


"Pan-Cake" creates a lovely new complexion; it gives the skin a softer, smoother, younger look



"Pan-Cake" helps hide tiny complexion faults; the exclusive formula guards against drying

A "Pan-Cake" make-up takes just a few seconds; and it stays on for hours without retouching



* Pan-Cake...Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

CARPENTER

Pan-Cake* Make-Up

Originated by Max Factor * Hollywood



A lesson in luxury . . .

It's easy to enjoy the sheer, caressing luxury of pure linen sheets . . . merely launder your cotton sheets with Linit, the superior starch that makes cotton *look* and *feel* like linen.

Linit is different . . . the thin, fluid Linit mixture *penetrates* the fabric, makes ironing easier and gives a soft, smooth, dust-resistant finish to all household fabrics.

Sunny says: It's so easy to use Linit . . . simple directions on every package . . . for starching all household fabrics, curtains, cotton dresses, children's clothes . . . even daintiest underthings are restored to "newness" by light Linit starching. ©Corn Products Sales Co.



. . . *adds the "finishing touch"*

Cowboy Crosby

(*Continued from page* 51) Bing. Just a whistle stop—without the whistle. The old train tracks were abandoned long ago. Ain't nothin' much to whistle at but a good-lookin' white-faced heifer anyway.

The only buildings still breathing are the store that combines a soda fountain, groceries and a bar, and a house cut up into rooms used for a post office, a telephone office and a schoolroom. The postmistress is telephone operator, school teacher and a good cook on the side.

Business booms when Bing comes. More mail, more phone calls— when the line isn't down. All seats filled around the stove. So the folks are mighty glad to see Montana's reins dropped down out in front, to know that Cowboy Crosby's back in town.

THEY always count on him to come and go hunting, and in the summertime, to go fishing for rainbow trout in the creek that runs right through his ranch. But his last trip out had 'em worried at first. As it did everyone who knew that he was ill. Wornout he was and feeling a shade slow from a back infection when he finished "Blue Skies" at Paramount, and so Bing's physicians ordered him to the ranch to rest. "Ordering" Bing to the ranch is like ordering a kid to an ice cream store. Just give him his boots and saddle and don't fence him in. He's perfectly at home on the range where the deer and the antelope roam. And where Bing "roams" farther than all of 'em. As pals of his who visit him there and try to keep pace with him walking or riding soon find out.

He started feeling better when he got within sight of the brown six-room ranch house that nestles on the slope of rolling sage foothills that look down on the vast stretches of Independence Valley, a goodly part of which he owns. "A little crowded, but it's homey," says Bing, of the 9,700 acres that make up his front yard.

After a few weeks at the Quarter-Circle-S Bing had all the old bounce back, felt better than he has for years. Under Chinese Charley's solicitous eyes he ate venison steaks, deer liver, hot biscuits, put away a lot of solid chow. He went hunting in the hills back of the ranch and bagged his quota, including one buck that dressed out at 208 pounds.

His horse, Montana, and his dog, Bullet, a Labrador retriever given him by a Sun Valley friend, are his constant companions around the ranch. Bullet's a bird dog, but usually runs interference for Bing as a deer dog too, barking into the aspen thickets on the hills and flushing the deer out.

His ranch foreman, Johnny Eacret, a former famous wild bronc rider and Hollywood stunt man, has been a good friend of Bing's since he first doubled for him in "Rhythm On The Range" at Paramount. Johnny and the ranch hands are always glad when "Boss Bing" comes, for he makes another good hand around the Quarter-Circle-S. He rides, ropes, brands and helps 'em git the little dogies along. When he's riding, he wears levis or khakis, a fur-lined jacket, wool shirt, a wild kerchief around his neck. When he "dresses" for dinner, he usually switches to the old Army woolen uniform that he wore overseas when entertaining the boys.

There's no formality about the ranch, except around the kitchen . . . where the seventy-two-year-old Chinese cook reigns undisputed king. There's no sampling or mincing between meals allowed, and if you're not there when he rings the bell you just don't eat. He rings the first one at 5:30 A. M., followed by one at 6:00 that means come-and-get-it or you don't get.

He never catches Bing, who's always up before the blue of the night meets the gold of the day, usually before 5:00, in order to get in a walk before breakfast. Explaining to any Hollywood guests about the bell that rings at 5:30 A. M., he says, "Of course, you don't have to get up," adding amiably, "that is, unless you want to eat." At their startled looks he shrugs resignedly, "It's a rule of the house. No rise-ee, no eat-ee." So they rise and eat. The bell rings again at 12:00 sharp. Only the dinner hour is flexible, and every night finds dinner being served at a different time. On a cloudy day, or when it starts getting dark earlier, Charlie rings the bell earlier and the only way Boss Bing figures this one out is that in China they must cook by the sun. Anyway, they all stand by from 5 o'clock on "alerted" for evening chow.

At the end of a meal, guests are startled again to see Bing shove his chair back from the table, pick up his dirty plate and head for the kitchen, saying over his shoulder, "Come on you guys, get the lead out of you. Bring those dishes out." They watch while the ranch foreman and his wife gather theirs up. "It's a rule of the house," says Bing, all innocence and dead-pan.

Nobody who goes there knows whether to blame the plate-totin' and the no-risee-no-eatee-business on Chinese Charlie or on "Confucius" Crosby, whom they half suspect of making the "rules of the house," to help keep work off the ranch hands.

HIS Hollywood pals find out other things. Though he has a station wagon and two pick-up trucks there, he seldom uses them. When he doesn't ride Montana in after the daily mail he walks—eight miles. Wally Westmore, Paramount make-up head, accompanied Bud Fraker, Paramount cameraman, to the ranch to get in a little good rest and hunting. When they fell for his casual, "Like to take a little walk?" they found themselves ploughing through two-and-a-half feet of snow for three miles down to the lower ranch. They rode home in a truck. On another morning when he asked equally casually if they'd "care for a little canter," he led them twenty miles on horseback up into the hills to hunt. When the snow got waist-deep, they all had to get off their horses and lead them up the hills, with Bing ahead, breaking trail. Finally Westmore balked, panting. "Whoa, Bing . . . this is where we get off!" The twenty miles back with the horses heading hurriedly for the home barns, was an even rougher ride. The next morning there were empty saddles in the old corral. When their host asked them politely if they'd like to go over to Tuscarora and "sorta case the town," they hurried into the station wagon but fast. While Bing just laughed, swung up into the saddle, and Cowboy Crosby rode again.

In the eighteen degrees below zero weather, the visitors felt their blood slowly turning to orange juice, while their pants froze solid from the knees down, and even the dials of the shutter speed on the camera froze. Bing gave them his cracker barrel seat around the stove in the store to thaw everything out, while he roamed around shooting the breeze with the clerks, nonchalant and warm.

Around the ranch house at night, Bing usually reads or catches up on a little homework such as polishing his boots with bear grease or cleaning a rifle, or rubs liniment on the muscles of aching guests. He always hits the sack by 8:00.

Telephone communication—what there is of it—around Tuscarora is a very chummy deal. The ghost town has not two, not three, but an *all*-party line. And in keeping with a sense of equality and fair play, when anybody gets a call, everybody's phone rings. If they should so desire, they



NEW pure, white odorless* LOTION Safely REMOVES HAIR



Whisks off leg hair, leaves skin smooth, alluring.

*1. A fragrant white lotion without bad clinging depilatory odor.
2. Painless . . . not messy, quick to use. As simple to remove as cold cream.
3. No razor stubble. Keeps legs hair-free longer. Economical!
4. Does not irritate healthy, normal skin.
5. Removes hair close to skin, leaving skin soft, smooth, clean, fragrant.

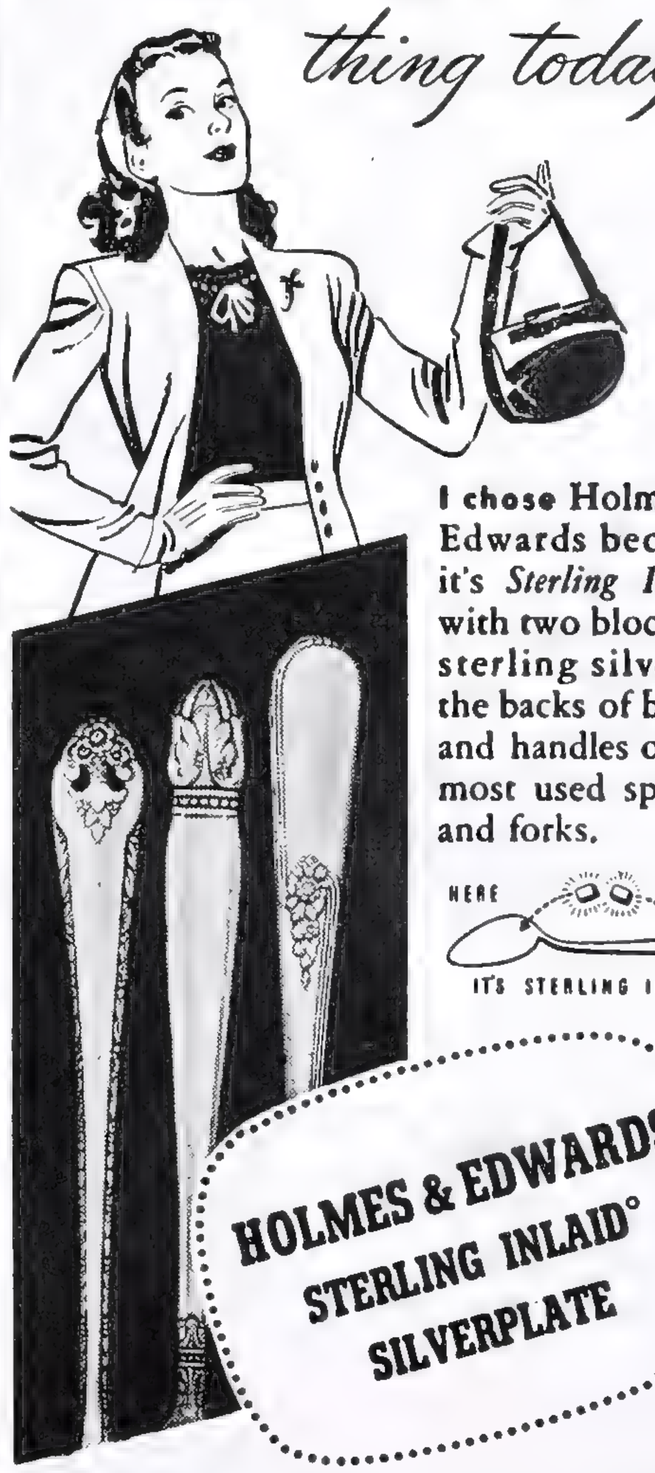
NAIR Cosmetic lotion to remove hair

49¢ plus tax

On sale at 9000 Drug and Department Stores



I did a very smart thing today!



I chose Holmes & Edwards because it's *Sterling Inlaid* with two blocks of sterling silver at the backs of bowls and handles of the most used spoons and forks.

HOLMES & EDWARDS STERLING INLAID° SILVERPLATE

Copyright 1946, International Silver Co., Holmes & Edwards Div., Meriden, Conn. In Canada: The T. Eaton Co., Ltd. °Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

NEW EASY PLAN for MARRIED WOMEN

A DRESS for YOU

for Ordering Only 3 Dresses for Friends



Mail Coupon Today for FREE Samples

Read this thrilling news! You don't pay one penny ever, for your choice of gorgeous new dress in your own favorite style, size and color. Select your dress from more than 100 newest Harford Frocks styles—and it's yours just for sending orders for only 3 dresses for your friends, neighbors, or members of your family. That's all! Not one cent to pay now or any other time—everything supplied without cost!

Experience Not Needed —Use Spare Time

Imagine showing your friends and neighbors a vast complete selection of gorgeous, exquisitely-designed Harford Frocks—more than 100 styles, all sizes, and scores of beautiful fabrics in the season's latest colors and patterns—as well as hosiery, lingerie, sportswear, suits, coats, children's wear, etc. Your friends and neighbors will be eager to give you their orders when they see the beauty of the styles, the huge selection, and learn the LOW MONEY-SAVING PRICES. And for sending orders, for only 3 dresses at the low regular prices, YOU CAN SELECT YOUR OWN DRESS TO BE SENT TO YOU *without paying one cent for it!* And this thrilling plan does not stop with only one dress! You can go right on getting dress after dress, until you have a complete wardrobe!



Gorgeous Style Presentation Sent FREE!

Mail Coupon Below

Yes—we send you gorgeous presentation showing scores of latest fashions with actual sample fabrics in dresses, lingerie, children's wear, sportswear, suits, coats, etc. Due to present conditions we may not be able to send your Style Presentation at once—but rush coupon below now to place your name on our list and be among the first to receive the new Style Line when available. No money needed. Don't miss this opportunity to get complete wardrobe for yourself—with chance to earn up to $22.00 in a week cash besides. Mail coupon now.

HARFORD FROCKS, INC.
Dept. B9001, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

MAIL COUPON for FREE STYLE LINE

HARFORD FROCKS, INC.
Dept. B9001, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

I want to get a dress for myself for ordering 3 dresses for friends, or members of my family. Please rush me the new Harford Frocks Style Presentation FREE as soon as possible.

Name

Address

City State

My Age is

can all pick up their respective receivers and talk to the same party at once.

It's a little confusing to any of Bing's visitors to hear the phone ringing constantly in the kitchen and to hear Crosby chatting imperturbably on. He finally explains, "Gotta wait for a long and a short."

During the heavy snow on his last trip to the ranch the Tuscarora telephone lines were down for four whole days. It was about this time that guesses were being hazarded in Hollywood about Bing's future plans and columnists were vying with each other on the subject of whether or not he would sign with cheese, with automobiles, would make another picture soon, would go back at all on the radio. And the famous recipient of the Photoplay Gold Medal Awards, the Academy Oscar, and such was shut off from all of it by one long and one short ring. He was snowed in with a dog, a horse, a rifle and hills full of deer.

During these four days, as on other occasions when the lines are down, Bing's office just leaves a standing call in to him via the manager of the Commercial Hotel in Elko, who acts as liaison man, asking him to watch for anybody coming in from the Quarter-Circle-S, to have Bing come to Elko and call in. Four days later, when he ambled into the hotel with his ranch foreman, in answer to their questions about the snow storm, the home folks heard him saying with typical calm, "We caught a couple of flakes or so."

Once when they hadn't been able to contact him for several days, they heard from him through a young freckle-faced Air Corps lieutenant, who walked into the office and handed Bing's secretary, Betty, a note from Bing addressed to her. "This is a boy I've hunted with and a good friend of mine in Nevada," it read. "He's in L.A. getting separated from the Air Corps now. I want him taken care of . . ." In other words—put the Crosby carpet out. Which she immediately did.

The Looie gave them an official report on his pal Crosby. "He looks fine," he said. "Feel's swell. It's cold up there. The day I hunted with him we got twenty ducks . . ." That was all.

It's this kind of thing that makes Bing such a down-to-earth big-time buckaroo. And keeps him winning the hearts and polls of people everywhere. It's also why they hang out the SRO sign—Sitting Room Only—around the store stove in Tuscarora when Cowboy Crosby hits town.

THE END



Klondike Klowns—Bing Crosby and Bob Hope hit their stride in the Paramount picture, "Road To Utopia"



3 Rich Oils

— triple action results

Clean—gleam—glorify! Laco's 3 rich oils—olive oil, castor oil and coconut oil—give more glamour to your hair. Contains no alcohol, no free alkali, no harsh chemicals. Laco Genuine Castile Shampoo—at all toilet goods counters everywhere. Laco Products Inc., Baltimore 24, Maryland.

MWG 3-46



LACO GENUINE CASTILE SHAMPOO



EARN MONEY SHOWING **FREE** SAMPLE FABRICS

Write me, and I'll send you this big package of actual sample fabrics and styles ABSOLUTELY FREE. You'll see gorgeous, newest style dresses — lovely lingerie — hosiery, men's shirts and socks—all at LOW PRICES. Take orders from friends and make money in spare time.

Get FREE Samples! Send no money for this big-profit line of sample fabrics and styles. It's yours, ABSOLUTELY FREE. Rush name and address now.

THE MELVILLE CO., Dept. 4095, CINCINNATI 3, OHIO

BE A **NURSE**

LEARN QUICKLY, EASILY AT HOME



Splendid income, new social contacts, and the satisfaction of serving humanity can be yours as a TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSE. Ages 18 to 60. High School not necessary. Training plan welcomed by physicians. Prepare in spare time. Many earn while learning. NURSE'S OUTFIT and Placement Guidance included. EASY PAYMENT PLAN. Write now for facts and fascinating FREE sample lesson pages.

WAYNE SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL NURSING, INC.
2301 N. Wayne Ave., Dept. G-11, Chicago 14, Illinois

DON'T CUT CUTICLES



This clever preparation removes rough, dead cuticle without scissors, and helps keep nails more flexible, easy to shape. Manicare brings out their natural beauty. It is a cuticle oil and a stain remover, all in one.

Keep nails nice. Avoid hangnails or brittleness. Use Manicare!

Manicare 35¢ a jar Plus tax

Sold by leading department stores, drug stores and 10¢ stores

Heart of a Yankee

(*Continued from page* 35) dreams. Better, Lois told him, as they sat across a table from each other when the clam house was empty, to make a grab for a star and miss than never to grab at all.

Years later when Van Johnson had become the most popular motion-picture star in every box office, he met Lois and her husband and told her that she had been responsible for his trip to New York.

"And Lois said," Van told me, "that she was glad it had turned out well, but even if it hadn't, it would have been the right thing to do. 'You'd always have been sorry,' she said, 'if you hadn't tried.'"

The offer of a better job was what, oddly enough, brought about his final decision. When he told Lois about it, with glee, he expected her to cheer with him. But when he told her about the new job, over her mobile face came an expression that was first disappointment and then contempt. Yes, contempt—and nobody had ever looked at young Van Johnson with contempt before and it startled him.

For a moment he was speechless, and then he said slowly, "Aren't you pleased? It's more money—and a chance to do better and—"

Lois never pulled any punches. She said, "Oh sure, I'm pleased. I'm tickled to death. If you're satisfied, I guess it's just as well because that's probably all you have in you. Fold your wings, pal, and settle down into the good old safe rut. Nothing can happen to you there—nothing. You can go right on doing little dramatic skits at charity socials for the rest of your life for all I care. But don't forget what I tell you. A few people are born with some special gift for reaching the hearts of others. Don't ask me what it is or how it's done because I don't know and neither, as far as I know, does anybody else. You've got a nice kind of baritone voice—not very important, you'll never be a Lawrence Tibbett. You can dance a little, but you'll never make Fred Astaire get up early in the morning. You can act some—maybe you can learn to be a really good actor like Spencer Tracy, I don't know. But you've got that other thing and that's rare—it's rarer than acting or dancing or singing. When you're old and fat, just remember what I told you."

That night Van Johnson told his father he was going to New York. It wasn't easy to do. His father had never been out of Newport, Rhode Island. He had never been on a train, never been to New York, never wanted to go. His philosophy was exactly the opposite of Lois Sanborn's. A man's life, he believed, happened in his mind, away from the crowd.

"How long you going to be gone?" Van's father said.

The boy looked at the big quiet man sitting there in his chair where he sat every night, not an old man, but he seemed old to Van's restless, vital youth.

I am his son, the boy thought, and I am all he has. We've been everything to each other all these years since Grandma died. He thought of the sun-baked days on the beach, the games and checkers punctuated by chuckles, the cold swims at dawn, the talks across the dinner table, the books they'd shared and discussed, the evenings listening to good music on the radio. And he knew that he was changing his father's whole life, leaving him alone, destroying his plans for the partnership in business and the heart-filling companionship at home.

Yet he knew, too, that strength was the keynote of his father's character. And in a way Van Johnson knew that youth must be served. Knew that in his veins flowed the blood of men who had put to sea, left their homes and their loved ones to look

ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

There were difficulties during the war in supplying mothers with a complete variety of prepared baby foods. Happily, these days of scarcity are almost over. Today you will find your dealer's shelves plentifully supplied with the varieties you need.

Mrs Dan Gerber



When baby looks like this...

It means food's on the way—and it better be good! Enjoy peace of mind like so many young mothers who, at doctor's suggestion, serve Gerber's Baby Foods. For Gerber's is made to taste *extra* good, with uniform, just-right texture always. The choice vegetables and fruits are carefully washed in pure, artesian water, then cooked the Gerber way *by steam* . . . to retain precious minerals and vitamins. Every step is laboratory checked. Be sure to get Gerber's—with "America's Best Known Baby" on the label!

Baby Cereals, pre-cooked, rich in iron

Serve Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal at alternate feedings to give variety, and help baby's appetite. Both cereals are rich in added iron and B-complex vitamins *needed by most babies* over three months old. Serve by adding milk or formula, hot or cold.

Remember, it is always wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor

Gerber's

FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL.

Baby Foods

Cereals Strained Foods Chopped Foods

15 kinds of Strained Foods, 8 kinds of Chopped Foods, 2 special Baby Cereals.

© 1946, G. P. C.

Free sample ----------

Address: Gerber Products Co., Dept. F3-6, Fremont, Mich.

My baby is now months old; please send me samples of Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal.

Name.....

Address.....*City and State*.....

P





DJER-KISS PERFUME—
$3.50, $2 and $1

• Youthful, irresistibly exciting, the lovely fragrance of Djer-Kiss LASTS! Men like it! You'll *adore* it!

Cologne, $1
Eau de Toilette, $1
•
At all cosmetic counters



All prices plus tax

KERKOFF, LTD., N. Y. C.

for new lands and new adventures.

"I'll just go down there and look around," Van said slowly. "Maybe I won't make it. But, Dad, I have to go and find out."

His father's quiet, deep eyes met his squarely. "Yes, son," he said, "I expect you do."

All these things were going through Van Johnson's mind as he stood in Grand Central station for the first time. He began to walk around from one level to another in this strange, confusing, walled-in world. Black and white signs over the train gates announced departures for places all over the United States.

There was a train back to Newport in an hour and twenty minutes. His father would surely be glad to see him.

The people hurrying all around him, ignoring him, shoving him, had eyes that were cold and unfriendly, it seemed to him. Friends were important. Here nobody cared whether he stayed or went home, whether he starved to death or made good, nobody in the whole world from New York to Hollywood cared a hoot whether a boy named Van Johnson tried to get into pictures or not.

ONLY Van Johnson knows how nearly he came to taking that train back to Newport—and oblivion.

"I had just about made up my mind to go home all right," Van told me one day when we were lunching together in his dressing room. "I don't suppose I was the first guy that New York scared silly."

"No," I said, "I don't suppose you were. What made you stay?"

Van looked at me seriously. He seemed to be making up his mind whether to tell me or not. Then he grinned and said, "Believe it or not, it was a movie theater. I had to kill the time before I started back, and I was scared to go out of the station for fear I'd never find my way back. I was headed for some place where I could sit down and wait for the train when right in front of me I saw a movie—right inside the station. I'd never been in just a newsreel theater, but it was a movie—and it was the first thing I'd seen that was like home."

He took a long breath, remembering. "I was telling Joan Crawford about it the other night when I was at her house to dinner. You know her, don't you? I think she's about the most wonderful woman I ever met. I can't explain it exactly but—I think she's the kind of a woman who does things inside herself before she does them outside. If she wants to change or grow or progress, she does it inside for herself first, and you know a lot of people do it the other way around. Anyway, she asked me about when I first came to New York, so I told her about the newsreel theater and she said, 'The universal language, Van. It's one of the great forces for understanding and international unity in all the world—the motion picture. Right then it was the common factor between Newport and New York.'

"That was it, all right. I went in, just to spend the time waiting for the train and I saw some motion pictures, and when I came out I knew I wasn't going home at all—at least not right then. I knew I was going to stay and try for it."

"What, actually, did you do?" I said. "How did you go about getting a job?"

Van got a sort of funny, sheepish look on his face. I don't think, even on the screen, you quite get the impression of how big Van Johnson is. He takes up such a lot of room, somehow. His quarters at the M-G-M studio are large enough—a wardrobe-dressing-room-shower combination and a sitting room with heavy chairs and copper lamps and bright colors—but he always seems to overflow them. You keep sort of trying to get out of the way.

Then he said, "I had to go as far as M."

Which, as you can see, made no sense. "M," he said, noting my bewildered expression, "in the classified ad directory. I tarted with the theatrical agents at A—aturally—and I kept going to their offices ight on down through B C D E until I got o M for Murray. *He* saw me. His wife vas in the outer office and it was a dull ay and we got to talking and I expect she aw I was pushing up bottom about that ime. She was very nice and friendly to ne and I probably wagged like a homeless up because up to then I hadn't spoken to nybody but waiters in lunch rooms and eceptionists who didn't even bother to nswer from the time I left Newport. Anyvay, he saw me, and got me my first job—lancing."

His New York days, Van insists, were ust like all other New York days when a oy or girl is trying to get started in the heater.

"It's just the same old story," Van said rankly. "I was lonely—I wasn't ever exactly really hungry but I wasn't ever exactly full, either."

At first he had stayed with his mother and stepfather at their home out in Sheepshead Bay which helped for awhile. But the distance was a handicap, so he had to find a roof in the center of activities.

"It was a bum room," he said, "The smallest they had, at the Knickerbocker Hotel right off Times Square and I could tell you right now how many figures there were in the wallpaper both ways. I read a lot—and that was good for me because I hadn't been much of a reader—too busy. And I saw every show I had the dough to see. But—Times Square got me. It belongs to everybody, you know that. I worked hard, too."

He did work hard. He was turned down for the chorus of "As Thousands Cheer"—in fact, he was turned down for a good many shows and parts. He got his first break in a Broadway musical called "New Faces."

"Mine was new all right," Van said, "but evidently that was all you could say for it because nobody paid any attention to it. But I danced in the chorus as long as it ran and I got experience."

Buster West and Lucille Page took him on a vaudeville tour—and that was more experience, though it wasn't Broadway, and he was afraid he was wasting time on the road.

Right on top of that came his real break.

He heard a lovely, husky, inspiring voice say, "But my dear boy, you ought to be in pictures. You ought to go to Hollywood. That's where you belong."

OTHER people had said it, of course—other aspiring youngsters like his good friend June Allyson, then a chorus girl, for June was movie-minded too. Together they used to dream out loud and the dreams were always of Hollywood.

But Mary Martin was the first star who ever said to Van Johnson, "You ought to be in pictures."

At the time he was just one of "Eight Men Of Manhattan" who sang and danced with the star in her after-the-theater show at the Rainbow Room.

That pepped him up—that single sentence from Mary Martin—for quite a while.

But there was another, the third woman. She pepped him up daily and he considers she had more to do with his success than anyone else in New York. Her name is Sue Read, she is a drama coach, and when Van Johnson recently did "Seventh Heaven" on a big radio show, Sue Read in New York got a wire signed Van and it had only one word in it, "Remember?"

For it was Sue who coached him in that part day after day in New York, that and all the other roles a young man should know. Every morning he went to Sue's studio and kept up his voice work, his dancing, his dramatic work, and Sue never let him rest, never allowed him to let down for a minute.

So that when he went into two hits in two years—"Pal Joey" with Gene Kelly and "Too Many Girls"—he knew a little more about what he was doing. He knew enough so that a talent scout from Warner Brothers saw him, came around backstage and offered him a six months' contract in Hollywood.

"You ought to go to Hollywood," Mary Martin had said.

The stage had been always only a training school. It never touched him, never made him want to stay in the theater, never took hold of his heart even a little bit.

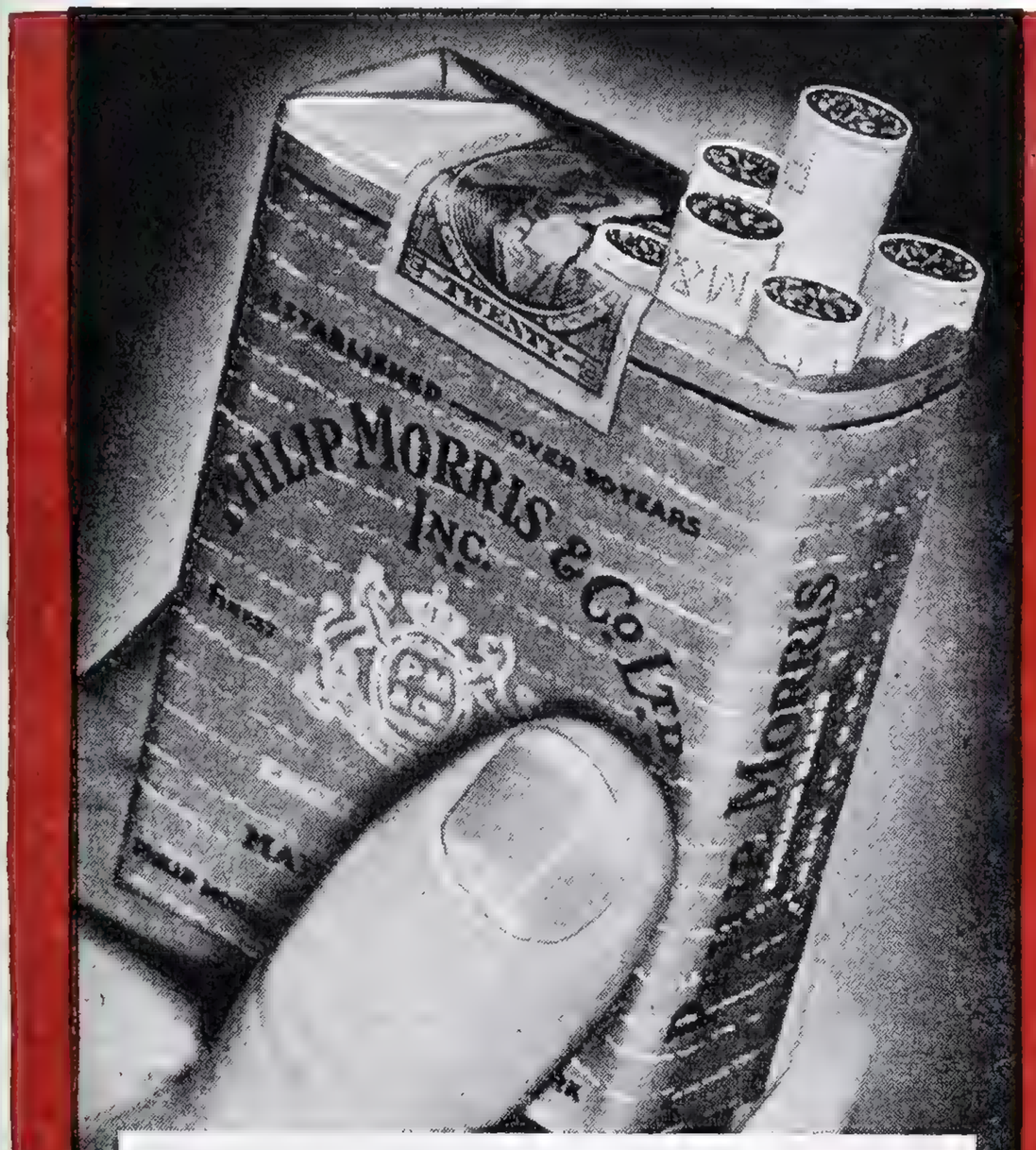
Motion pictures—that was what he was shooting at. Now his chance had come.

Wild with excitement and hope, young Van Johnson packed his suitcase—not the straw one, but not a very elegant one either—and his one small trunk and started for Hollywood. He felt as though he was walking on clouds. He couldn't wait to get there. He had never seen a movie camera nor a sound stage nor the inside of a studio. But now—

What happened to Van Johnson in his first six months in Hollywood is one of those things you can hardly believe.

For six months after he arrived in the cinema capital, Van Johnson was sitting all alone in Dave Chasen's restaurant, with a ticket back to New York in his pocket and a broken heart under his sweater. If a girl named Ball and a guy named Grady hadn't happened to drop into Chasen's that night—but that's the rest of the story.

Hollywood had a change of heart—or did you guess? Next month Mrs. St. Johns concludes the heartwarming story of Van.



PHILIP MORRIS! — proved less irritating to nose and throat—famed for finer flavor and aroma . . . keener smoking pleasure!

No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS, but—

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION is Worth a Pound of Cure!



CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's Finest Cigarette

PARFUM

Follow Me

(SUIVEZ-MOI)

by

VARVA

The Fragrance that lasts and lasts



Parfum $1 to $15 . . .
Toilet Water $1, 2.50, 4.50
Bubble Foam, Bath Powder, Sachet, Face Powder, each $1 . . . Talc 55¢ . . .
At your favorite drug and department store.
(all prices plus taxes)

Also in devil-may-care "Nonchalant"

Varva, Empire State Bldg. New York 1, N. Y.

WOMEN! Earn Money of your own!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY



Take Orders from Friends, Neighbors for Lovely

Yours-Truly nylon hosiery

IN AMAZING NEW FIT SERVICE

Yes—money of your own! Take orders for sensational new *Yours-Truly Nylon Hosiery* in amazing Individual Customer Fit Service . . . a true fit pattern for every type of leg: slim, stout, average, short, long, extra long. Rush coupon for FREE Outfit including actual sample stocking!

A Leg Pattern for EVERY Woman!

Women are delighted when they see how they can have perfect fit in Yours-Truly Nylon Hosiery by ordering their individual Leg Pattern. No twisted seams, baggy ankles, binding at top! They buy time after time when they discover how Yours-Truly Individual Customer Fit Service means perfect fitting, and therefore more beautiful hosiery. That's why it's easy to earn money of your own taking orders. Housewives, mothers, school teachers, etc. are blessing the day they mailed coupon for FREE OUTFIT. Be first in your town! Learn what it means to have money in the bank and cash in your purse for a few hours delightful, dignified, easy work. Spare time or full time. No experience necessary. Rush coupon NOW for gorgeous outfit and sample stocking, sent to you absolutely FREE! Enclose letter about yourself.

AMERICAN HOSIERY MILLS, Dept. S-18, Indianapolis 7, Ind.

AMERICAN HOSIERY MILLS
Dept. S-18
Indianapolis 7, Ind.

Please RUSH my complete hosiery outfit with sample stocking. I understand this outfit is FREE to me. I enclose letter about myself.

Name.....

Address..... Age.....

City..... State.....

FREE OUTFIT with Sample Stocking— Mail This Coupon NOW!



Beauty Spots

By Mary Jane Fulton

ANN TODD, Number One English film actress, has been nicknamed the "pocket Garbo" by her enthusiastic British fans. That's because of her striking resemblance to our own Garbo. You'll be seeing her in "The Seventh Veil," a Universal-released English film . . . Miss Todd, slim and small, has long golden hair falling in a page boy to her shoulders. She has expressive dark blue eyes and very high cheek bones. But her best feature is her enormous mouth—"Very much an American mouth!" our scout tells us . . . It wasn't until she let her hair grow long that she really gained recognition. Short hair was a pretty style on her, but she looks more glamorous with a long bob.

JOAN FONTAINE, in New York recently for a visit after completing the RKO film, "From This Day Forward," liked the simple coiffure she wore in one of the "Affairs Of Susan" sequences so well that she has adopted it for her off-screen use. She wears her hair parted in the center with two huge chignons at the back . . . A delicate blonde type, she uses a clear red lipstick, goes in for striking color contrasts. If cyclamen is the accent note, she switches to a lipstick shade to match.

WHEN making a picture, it's often necessary for the stars to have their hair shampooed and coiffed daily by the studio hairdressers. That's so they'll be at their glamorous best in every scene . . . When not working on a picture, they have their hair "done" once a week, at least, and sometimes twice.

TO answer a question often asked, frequent shampooing with a good shampoo will do no harm, if the soap is thoroughly rinsed out. The hair, like the face, gets dirty. Brushing it daily, for the oft recommended one hundred vigorous strokes with a stiff-bristled brush, cleanses it of the day's accumulated dust and grime, and stimulates scalp circulation . . . Parting the hair in sections and rubbing the scalp with a clean portion of the bath towel each time a new area is attacked, helps to keep the scalp clean between shampoos. Do this every second or third day. If the scalp is dry, massage in just a little greaseless scalp pomade . . . When there isn't time for a wet shampoo, or if you have a cold, use a dry shampoo . . . Brilliantine, either in liquid or solidified form, when rubbed on the scalp and on the hair ends helps counteract dryness and dullness and restores a natural sheen . . . A little hair lacquer on an upswept coiffure will defy gravity and keep every hair in place.

TAKE a tip from the world's most glamorous women and change your hair style often, so you'll inspire your friends to interesting comment on your appearance You'll also put yourself in a "variety is the spice of life" mood.

What Should I Do?

(*Continued from page* 66) town that I am costing Bud practically every cent he makes. Naturally, I can't say that I'm not the extravagant person, without spoiling Bud's secret.

Another thing: Bud is so jealous that I can't even walk to or from school with another boy without hearing from Bud about it. When we go dancing, he won't exchange dances, and when I was cast in a school play he told me that unless I refused to kiss the boy I played opposite he would break our engagement.

I still love Bud, but now I'm tortured by doubts. Suppose he still has to help his sisters after we are married. Suppose that, instead of ending his jealousy, marriage only makes him more jealous.

Mimi H.

Dear Miss H:

To be quite frank with you, I don't think that marriage with Bud at this time, at least, would be successful.

A jealous boy friend is not likely to be a magnanimous husband. Sisters who are unable to live within their incomes before a brother marries are not likely to consider it necessary afterward, particularly since they must know that you are well aware of the deception that Bud is practicing on their mother.

I truly feel that eighteen is too young an age at which to undertake the highly serious responsibilities of marriage. I receive too many letters in this department from both girls and men who have married early and now regret their haste.

Certainly no girl should marry a man of whom she has as great an amount of doubt as you have about Bud.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am the father of two children. I've been married a little over two years, but altogether my wife and I have been together only about three weeks. A week each when I had leave, and a week when I came home after my discharge.

At the end of that week, we gave a birthday party for my best friend, a chap we considered part of the family. It was he who wired me when the babies were born. That night I spotted my wife and him on the porch in quite a love scene. Later I questioned my wife about it and she said it was just a birthday kiss. I was pretty hurt and disillusioned, so I guess I said things I didn't really mean.

I slept in the spare room that night, after leaving her in our bedroom crying. The next morning she and our two young ones had gone. Last week I received a letter from her, asking for a divorce. I love my wife and I am now sorry that I was so rough in my talk to her, but I think I had some provocation.

Henry McD.

Dear Mr. McD:

I'm not certain that my thoughts on your difficulty will accomplish much, but I'll do my best to be constructive.

First of all, you were hasty in speech. Perhaps it will comfort you to know that at least twenty per cent of the problems described to me could have been averted if one of the persons involved had kept silence until anger cooled.

Why don't you have a talk with the man in the case, remembering to keep your temper. Find out if a romance really existed between them. Ask for frankness.

If these two people have fallen in love, I think that you are civilized enough to drop it at that and to allow your wife to do as she thinks best. However, if your friend insists that there is nothing be-

ARE IGNORANCE AND FALSE MODESTY *Wrecking Your Marriage?*

Every wife should know these *Intimate Physical Facts!*



There comes a time in many married women's lives when their husbands start showing an insufferable *indifference*. And yet the wife often has no one but herself to blame. False modesty has kept her from consulting her Doctor. Or she very foolishly has followed *old-fashioned* and *wrong* advice of friends.

Too many married women still do not realize how important douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, charm, health and *marriage happiness*. And what's more important—they may not know about this newer, scientific method of douching with—ZONITE.

No other type liquid antiseptic tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO HARMLESS

No well-informed woman would think of using weak, homemade solutions of salt, soda or vinegar for the douche. These DO NOT and CAN NOT give the germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to delicate tissues.

ZONITE positively contains no carbolic acid or bichloride of mercury; no creosote. ZONITE is *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning*. Despite its great strength—you can use it as directed as often as you wish without risk of injury.

Zonite principle discovered by famous Surgeon and Chemist

ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so *powerfully effective* no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that it will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract BUT YOU CAN BE SURE that ZONITE *immediately* kills *every reachable* germ and keeps them from multiplying.

Buy ZONITE today. Any drugstore.

Zonite

FOR NEWER

feminine hygiene

FREE!

For frank discussion of intimate physical facts—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. PP-36, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and receive enlightening FREE booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____



DON'T avoid new ideas. Don't be apathetic. At least, don't resist a new trend until you have *investigated* it. Take the case of Tampax now and look at the facts frankly. Wouldn't *you* like to be free of the monthly pin-and-belt nuisance? Of your sanitary deodorant troubles? Of the disposal problem? . . . Well, all these problems vanish when you use Tampax for *modern* sanitary protection.

Tampax is scientifically correct for its purpose. Perfected by a physician, it is daintily small but very absorbent and efficient. Only pure surgical cotton goes into it and individual patented applicators are provided. . . . No pins or belts. No odor or chafing. No ridges or bulges to show under sheer clothing. Millions of students, business girls, housewives, travelers, sportswomen keep Tampax handy in purse or desk drawer—takes up very little space. Quick to change. Easy to dispose of.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Sold in drug stores and at notion counters. Three absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Whole month's supply will go into purse. For 4 months' supply get Economy Box and join the modern legion of Tampax users. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies { REGULAR SUPER JUNIOR



P

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

tween himself and your wife, you should write to your wife, asking her to see you and to talk over your problem. If you will be as frank with her as you have been in your letter to me, and if you will be as constructive as possible in planning your future with her, I think you may preserve your home.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

There is a certain boy in our high school whom I would like to meet. I've thought of many possible ways, but they don't seem right. I don't know anyone who knows him; I can't have parties at my house, so that's out; I don't even have him in any of my classes at school.

He is clean-cut, very intelligent, and has a nice family. Please don't advise me to forget him and concentrate on other boys. I have plenty of dates, but I want to go out with this particular boy.

I thought you might be able to make some suggestions about ways to meet boys without appearing to chase them.

Doris N.

Dear Miss N:

You seem to have exhausted or discarded all previous suggestions that I have made in this column for the meeting of unknown boys and now you are putting it squarely up to me to present you with some new miracle.

Well, surely this high school Gable engages in some after-school activities. If he plays tennis, find out where he goes for practice bouts, then make it a point to play on the same courts. If he bowls, talk your girl friends into forming a bowling team. If he's musical, you should cultivate an appreciation of music also; maybe take up the study of voice or of an instrument. Find out what clubs he belongs to and join one or more yourself. It may mean you'll have to take up the study of stamps or learn to play chess, and you are likely to raise the objection at this point that most of the activities outlined above will require time. Anything worthwhile takes time; and if this delectable gentleman has gone on to other fields before you can perfect yourself, at least you will undoubtedly have met someone who will compensate for your exertion.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I've been married fourteen years. Two years after our marriage, I had a baby girl who died at birth. The doctor told me that I could never again bear a child.

We were unhappy until we adopted a little girl, a year old. For a long time, it seemed that we were the happiest three people in the world. Then my husband began to change toward Dorothy, finding fault with everything she did as she grew up, never remembering her birthday or even buying her a Christmas gift.

For the least mistake, he scolded her bitterly and sent her to her room. She is now ten, and is pathetically anxious to please her father, yet he never shows any affection for her. Not long ago he asked me to send her away to school and get her out of our home or he said he would leave.

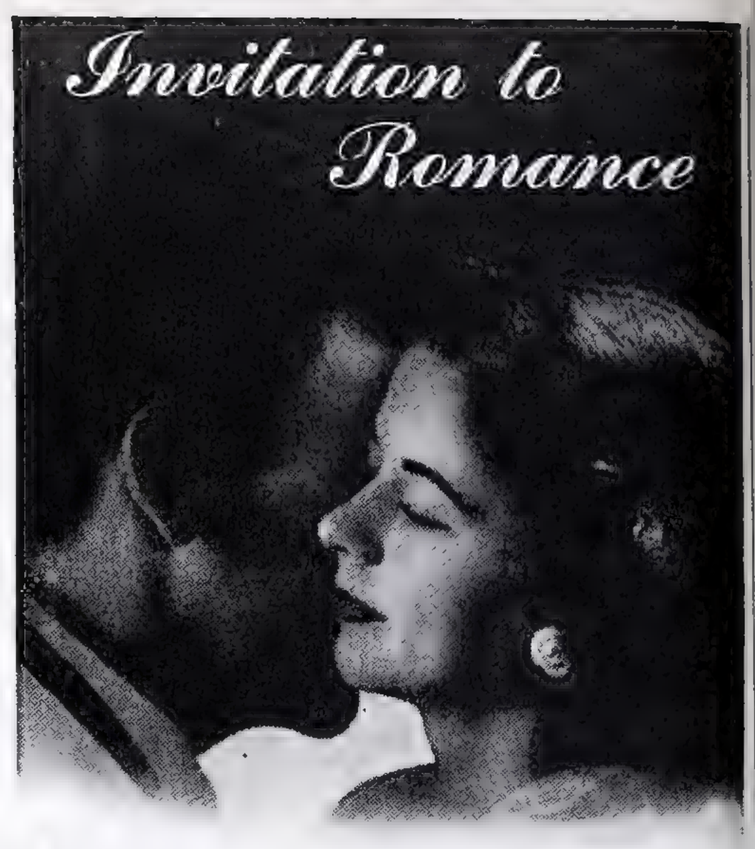
Can you suggest some way in which I can keep our home together?

(Mrs.) Helen C.

Dear Mrs. C:

It is likely that when you were first married, you devoted yourself, with great concentration, to the welfare of your husband. Your every thought was probably of him—a situation calculated to make the average husband a happy man.

Then this little girl was brought into your home and the focus of your attention



RADIO GIRL
Perfume



A rare, captivating perfume that bespeaks romance. Its delicate fragrance is so completely feminine, so appealing, it will tempt his heart.

10¢-25¢

AT BEAUTY COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

24 YARDS QUILT PIECES $1.98



- OVER 4 POUNDS
- LARGE AND COLORFUL
- EXCELLENT QUALITY
- BEAUTIFUL NEW MATERIALS

Bargain Sale! Lovely new goods that will please you. Bright, gorgeous designs. You'll be delighted!

GIVEN SEWING OUTFIT AND 20 QUILT PATTERNS WITH ORDER

Join our thousands of satisfied customers. Write today. SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman only $1.98 plus postage. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back.

Great American Sales Co., 2226 Silverton Way, Dept. A57, Chicago 16, Ill.

When PRAYER FAILS

The prayers of the most worthy people often fail. Why? The unworthy often have the greatest health, success, riches and happiness. The best, smartest, and most industrious people often have only pain, poverty and sorrow. Why? Thirty years ago, in Forbidden Tibet, behind the highest mountains in the world, a young Englishman found the answers to these questions. His eyes were opened by the strangest mystic he met during his twenty-one years of travels in the Far East. Sick then, he regained health. Poor then, he acquired wealth and world-wide professional honors. He wants to tell the whole world what he learned, and offers to send a 9,000-word treatise, FREE, to everyone who asks promptly. It is a first step to the Power that Knowledge gives. No obligation. Write for your FREE copy today.

INSTITUTE of MENTALPHYSICS, Dept. U-136
213 South Hobart Blvd., Los Angeles 4, Calif.



Yodora checks perspiration odor

the SOOTHINGEST *way*

- Made *on a face cream base.* Yodora is *actually soothing* to normal skins.
- Entirely free from irritating salts. Can be used right after under-arm shaving.
- Its soft, cream consistency stays that way indefinitely. Never gets stiff or grainy.
- Contains no chemicals to spoil clothing.
- Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.
- Yes, Yodora is a *gentle* deodorant. Try it today—*feel* the wonderful difference!



McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

WE WILL PAY YOU $25

Great demand for our Birthday and All Occasion Cards. Sell for $1—your profit 50c. It costs nothing to try—write for samples today.

FOR SELLING FIFTY $1 ASSORTMENTS

MERIT CARD CO., Dept. 8-A 1 CLINTON ST., NEWARK 2, N. J.



BEAUTIFY CONTOURS, EASILY, QUICKLY!

New, lovely proportions for your legs: hips, thighs, calves, ankles, etc.—in this healthful, new, astonishingly easy way. **Only a few minutes per day in your own home.**

EFFECTIVE, LASTING RESULTS!

Used successfully by hundreds of smart women everywhere.

WRITE FOR FREE LITERATURE TODAY!

Surprise everyone: get started now, without obligation, by mailing coupon immediately to

ADRIENNE

915 SHREVE BLDG., Salon E, SAN FRANCISCO, 8, CAL.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

shifted from your husband to your child. At first, it is possible that he comforted himself for the loss of your interest by thinking that as soon as it grew older and more self-reliant, you would be able to devote more time to him.

Because the baby was adopted, you have probably leaned over backward in order to give her every advantage. It is entirely possible for some deeply maternal women to neglect a husband, without being aware of it, because of a profound interest in a child.

Why don't you examine your behavior in the light of this fact? Assurance of love is a wonderful improver of dispositions; if you can convince your husband that his jealousy is foolish because he holds an equal place in your affection, your troubles may vanish.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am writing to you on behalf of our sorority. Most of us are fifteen. Every month we have a social meeting to which we invite fellows. We are at a loss to know what to do for entertainment. The boys don't seem to want to do anything except neck, and we don't want to do that.

We have grown beyond that stage and have no interest in necking, although the boys still do. Can you suggest anything that we could do to hold their interest? They don't care for dancing, nor scavenger hunts. We have discontinued our social meetings and parties until we hear from you, because we want these affairs to be lots of fun, but proper, too.

Helane A.

Dear Miss A:

I think a little fast footwork will bring about a happy result, and I mean that literally.

Since the boys don't like to dance, which is a chief night-party pursuit, why don't you hold your monthly social meeting on Sunday afternoons?

The possibilities of such a switch are endless. One month you could plan a skating party. You could plan hikes, terminated by a picnic lunch which the girls could pack. If you are near a riding stable, you might plan a Sunday afternoon ride with a barbecue afterward—the whole affair breaking up early.

I'm certain that the mothers of the girls in your sorority will be happy to help you plan an afternoon's entertainment so that every moment will be filled and the boys, as well as your club members, will have a wonderful time.

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.



—with "Make-up" for Your hair

Three Minutes to Glamour . . . that's all the time it takes to give your hair gleaming highlights and a flattering effect that complements your own coloring. For with modern hair "make-up", that most subtle of beauty aids, it's so easy to achieve real loveliness with a completely natural look!

After Your Next Shampoo, just do this, dissolve a package of Marchand's *Make-Up* Hair Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Almost instantly, all trace of soap film vanishes! Your hair gleams with dancing highlights and new color.

The 12 Smart Shades of Marchand's Rinse offer you a variety of interesting color effects, no matter what shade your hair may be. You can highlight your natural hair shade . . . accentuate its color . . . blend little gray streaks . . . or even tone-down the harsh-looking effects that may follow over-dyeing or over-bleaching!

Absolutely Harmless, Too . . . that's Marchand's wonderful *Make-Up* Hair Rinse. Not a bleach—not a permanent dye—it's as safe to use as lemon or vinegar and does so much more for your hair.



Made by the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash



YOU know how a stuffy head cold makes you feel miserable . . . fills up your nose so you can hardly breathe! How it can spoil your sleep at night!

Well, next time this happens—just put a little Va-tro-nol in each nostril. This specialized medication works right where trouble is—instantly starts to open your cold-stuffed nose—reduce swelling—make breathing easier.

And Va-tro-nol does more. It's a *double-duty* nose drops. If used in time it helps prevent many colds from developing! Follow directions in the package.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL



The Shadow Stage

(*Continued from page* 26) and shaken like a puppy.

Tom Neal has never been better as the boy and what a relief to find him out of Jap roles for a change. Ann Savage, who plays a no-good, does a beauty of a job. Edmund MacDonald is the gambler responsible for Neal's "detour." We feel you will have a bond of sympathy for Neal, both in person and story and that always makes for a good show.

Your Reviewer Says: A strangely appealing little affair.

✓ Getting Gertie's Garter (Edward Small—UA)

DENNIS O'KEEFE on the screen seems forever to be retrieving personal things from ladies' bedrooms. Well, if it makes him happy and vicariously gives us pleasure, why complain? This time it's a garter that has O'Keefe, a sort of dumbfounded scientist running around in circles with his very pretty wife Sheila Ryan, *not the owner*.

Marie McDonald as *Gertie* of the garter fame is cute and tricky, and J. Carrol Naish as the man servant clever as always.

Taken from the old play that caused ma and pa to blush cozily, the story to modern audiences seems a heck of a lot of to-do over very little. But it has its moments and that's something.

Your Reviewer Says: Not much snap to this garter.

✓ A Letter For Evie (M-G-M)

YES, yes, stop pointing out the other plays that have used this love-letter theme. We know all about them and we still think this a good show. We think so for several reasons. First because Hume Cronyn is just about the best character actor on the screen and it didn't surprise us at all that as a timid little GI who answers the note meant for a bigger fellow, he turns in a perfect comedy gem. Marsha Hunt, shirt factory secretary who slips the billet-doux into the pocket of a shirt, sized sixteen and a half, has verve, vivaciousness, good looks plus a fine comedy sense. Pamela Britton, her roommate, is cute, and we like John Carroll for whom the note was intended, albeit he seemed to mouth his words nervously.

But on the whole it's a little honey bun of a cutie pie and you'll like it.

Your Reviewer Says: Like spring, it is.

✓ Pursuit To Algiers (Universal)

HOW far away can they get from the original *Sherlock Holmes* story and still have Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce around? Anyway, the famous detective and his faithful *Watson* find themselves sacrificing a vacation in Scotland to accept the odd assignment of escorting a monarch safely back to his Balkan province. Of course, all kinds of monkey business and monkey-business people try to circumvent the safety of the royal prince but you know Basil and you know Nigel (who went the long way round). So, of course, you know everything turned out as it should.

Marjorie Riordan, Rosalind Ivan, Martin Kosleck and John Abbott help our friend deteckitiffs in their movie sleuthing.

Your Reviewer Says: The clues are in the clues closet, boys.



Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

HOW PAZO OINTMENT WORKS

1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts, helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check minor bleeding. 4. Provides quick and easy method of application.

SPECIAL PILE PIPE FOR EASY APPLICATION

Pazo ointment tube has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. Ask your doctor about wonderful Pazo ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles.

PAZO SUPPOSITORIES TOO!

Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories. So Pazo is also made in handy suppositories. Same soothing relief! Get Pazo in the form you prefer, at your druggists today.

A Product of
THE GROVE LABORATORIES INC. • St. Louis, Mo.



WHY WEAR DIAMONDS

When diamond-dazzling Zircons from the mines of far-away mystic Siam are so *effective and inexpensive?* Thrilling beauty, stand acid, true backs, full of FIRE! Exquisite mountings. See before you buy. Write for **FREE** catalog.

National Zircon Co., Dept. 6, Wheeling, W.Va.

Catalog **FREE!**



BIRTHDAYS and ANNIVERSARIES Pay You Money

Sell Everyday Greeting Cards
New 1946 Assortments Now Ready

Show gorgeous folders for Birthdays, Anniversaries, Congratulations, other occasions. 14-card assortments sell fast at $1.00. You make up to 50c per box. Send 65c for Sample Everyday Box. Your money refunded if you are not satisfied.

CHILTON GREETINGS CO., DEPT. 23-S 147 Essex St., BOSTON 11, MASS.

10 Lovely Pencils "GIVEN AWAY"



Just sell 4 boxes famous Rosebud Salve at 25 cents a box, remit the $1.00, and we will mail you Prepaid 10 lovely full length high-grade yellow color pencils with eraser, red plastic tip, coal black No. 1 soft lead, with Your Name imprinted on each pencil in high gloss Gold Foil. Send No Money. Order 4 salve today. Use One cent Post Card. *Will mail pencils and 4 salve NOW if you send $1.00 with order.*

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO. Box 14. WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.



FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM
HEADACHES
NEURALGIC & MUSCULAR PAINS



10¢ AND 25¢

CAUTION - USE ONLY AS DIRECTED

Do You Want LONGER HAIR

Just try this System on your Hair 7 days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of Attractive Hair that so often captures Love and Romance.



HAIR MAY GET LONGER

When SCALP and HAIR conditions are normal and the dry, brittle, breaking off hair can be retarded it has a chance to get longer and much more beautiful. Just try the JUELENE System 7 days and let your mirror prove results. Send $1.00 or C.O.D. plus postage. Fully guaranteed. Money back if you are not delighted. Write to

JUEL CO., 1930 Irving Park Rd., Dept. F-610, Chicago 13, Ill.

Earn $30 a week AS A TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSE!



Practical nurses are always needed! Learn at home in your spare time as thousands of men and women—18 to 60 years of age—have done through Chicago School of Nursing. Easy-to-understand lessons, endorsed by physicians. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Nurse Cromer, of Iowa, runs her own nursing home. Others earn $2.50 to $5.00 a day in private practice.

YOU CAN EARN WHILE YOU LEARN!

Mrs. B. C., of Texas, earned $474.25 while taking course. Mrs. S. E. P. started on her first case after her 7th lesson; in 14 months she earned $1900! You, too, can earn good money, make new friends. High school not necessary. Equipment included. Easy payments. Trial plan. 47th year. Send coupon now!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 183, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name_____ Age_____

City_____ State_____

Along The Navajo Trail (Republic)

MUSIC is crowding the old Western action right off the screen these days but when it's Roy Rogers who does the singing, fans don't mind. Of course, there is some story, you understand, but it really doesn't get in the way of Dale Evans who sings with wim, wigor and witality, or the warbling and churning of Estelita Rodriguez who lets fly with a couple of numbers. Gabby Hays is around, too, as well as the Sons of the Pioneers. But we're beginning to wonder if maybe the kids are beginning to long for a little more of the old west stuff and less music. We would if we were a kid.

Your Reviewer Says: Them Westerns sure have changed.

An Angel Comes To Brooklyn (Republic)

A LOT of people we never saw or heard of crowd around in a musical fantasy that had best died a-borning. Heaven gets into the picture again and also Brooklyn, which should give you a rough idea. Of course, the idea behind all the foosical nonsense has a bunch of unknowns, among them Kaye Dowd, Robert Duke and David Street, trying to crash show business. Charles Kemper is one of those "between heaven and earth" fellows who tries to help the youngsters.

Your Reviewer Says: The travel between heaven and Hollywood is terrific these days.

Captain Tugboat Annie (Republic)

MY, my, how *Tugboat Annie-Pannie* has changed through the years since first Marie Dressler brought her to the screen with Wallace Beery as her foil. She's grown mellow, the old girl has, and while Jane Darwell does the best she can with the sticky story material, it's just not *Annie*. Edgar Kennedy, Charles Gordon and Pamela Blake get involved in the proceedings.

Your Reviewer Says: Annie doesn't live here any more.

Dick Tracy (RKO)

WELL, if it isn't our old friend of the comic strip, *Detective Dick Tracy* himself, making his debut on the screen! Now watch for more comic characters to make the leap!

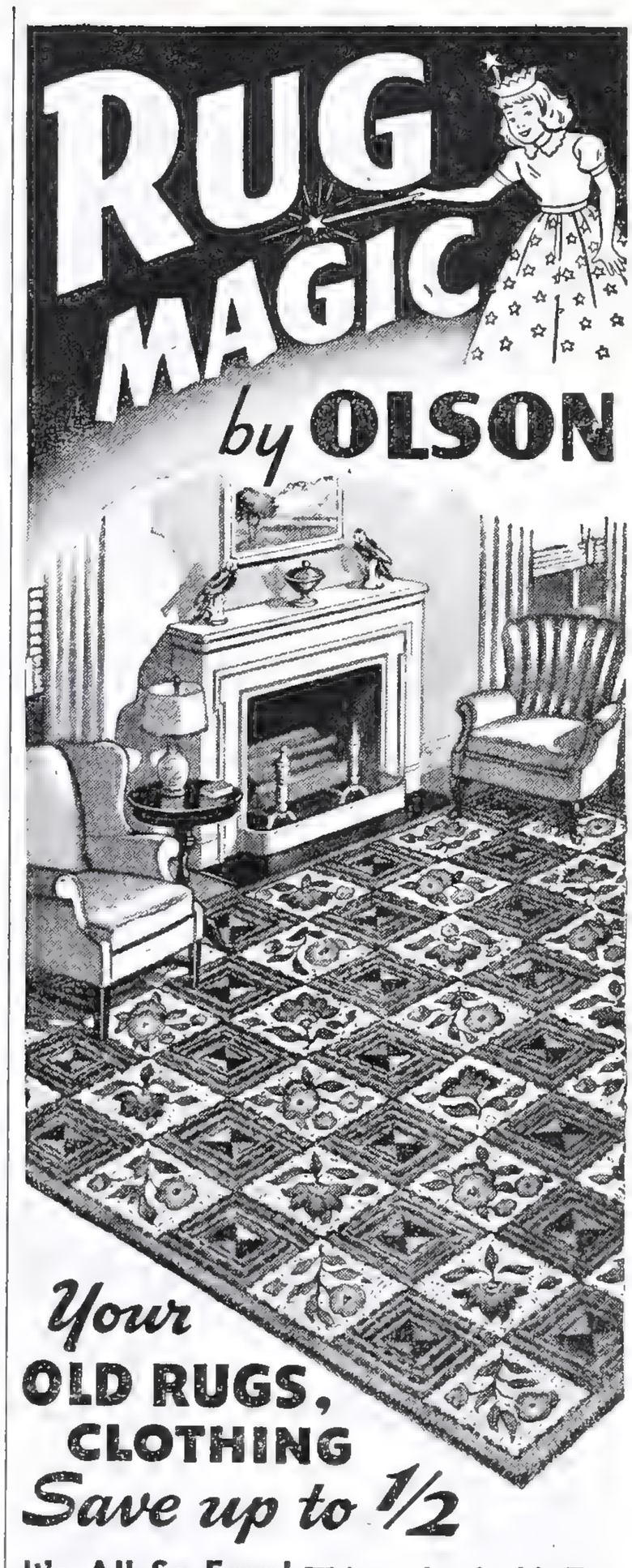
Morgan Conway as *Tracy* is good but not quite square-jawed enough to suit our fancy. But the way he goes after old *Splitface* is typical of the indomitable courage and imagination of the man himself. And goodie, divine old Mike Mazurki is *Splitface*, which makes it all the more interesting, to our notion. Anne Jeffreys is the ever-faithful, long-enduring *Tess*, Tracy's sweetheart.

Your Reviewer Says: A cartoon come to life.

Fear (Monogram)

IF only a magazine editor had sent that check to Peter Cookson a day earlier, a man would not have been murdered, Warren William and Anne Gwynne would not have made this picture and everyone would have been happier.

Anyway poor Cookson as the medical student does kill the money lender and suffers plenty of mental torture for it. And why not, we ask? But those dream end-



It's All So Easy! Write today for big Free *Catalog* (and *Decorating Guide*) that tells how your materials are picked up at your door at our expense by Express or Freight and shipped to the Olson Factory, where . . .

By the Olson Process we sterilize, shred, sort, merge material of all kinds—reclaim the valuable wools, etc., then bleach, picker, card, spin, re-dye and weave deep-textured

New Reversible BROADLOOM RUGS

in sizes up to 16 feet without seams, any length, in:

Solid Colors — Early American
Tone on Tone — Florals, Ovals
Tweeds — Oriental Designs



FACTORY-to-YOU! We guarantee to please, or pay for materials. Over 2 million customers. We never employ Agents or sell thru stores. *Our 72nd year.*

Mail Coupon or 1c Postcard for this beautiful 40 page Olson Book of rugs and model rooms.

Chicago New York S. Frisco

FREE Catalog in Colors

OLSON RUG CO. R-38, Chicago 41, Ill.

Please mail the Olson Catalog FREE to:

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

TOWN_____ STATE_____

© ORC. 1948

Cleans! Disinfects! Refreshes!



EVEN cleaning out the garbage pail is *easier* with Sergeant's Disinfectant! This modern household cleaner gets right down and helps clean away a cause of odors . . . leaves a fresh, sweet pine scent.

Thorough, fast, yet it won't irritate your hands, Sergeant's Disinfectant cuts dirt and grime, disinfects, deodorizes, and kills many germs. And its pine-freshness makes it pleasant to use.

Use a little in warm water for sparkling kitchens and bathrooms, for gleaming floors and woodwork. Use full strength in toilets and sink drains.

Get it at drug or department stores.



Sergeant's DISINFECTANT

It's fragrant of PINE



Trudy Marshall

vibrant young player in "THE DOLLY SISTERS," a 20th Century-Fox Production, says: "MY CANARY STARTS MY DAY ON A CHEERFUL NOTE...KEEPS ME LIGHT-HEARTED!"

So *easy* to care for, so cheerful, a canary is a *perfect pet* . . . the *only pet that sings!* Own a canary. Feed him the finest—FRENCH'S Bird Seed and Bird Biscuit!

LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN THE U. S.

ings! Oh dod, oh dod, how tired we are of them.

Your Reviewer Says: This little pidgeon walks people-toed.

Frontier Gal (Universal)

WE have staggered out of more dance hall, barroom orgies of the olden Golden West than we care to mention. And now here comes another with Yvonne De Carlo as the frontier gal who owns a saloon, gets kissed by and married to Rod Cameron who almost instantly goes off to jail for six years . . . but not too instantly, of course, for when Rod returns he discovers he's the papa of a little girl played cutely by Beverly Simmons. Fuzzy Knight and Andy Devine, who are usually found in Westerns, still are—and in this one too. Yvonne is mighty purty in Technicolor, but here's one bet that she'll set no worlds on fire. Maybe she doesn't want to.

Your Reviewer Says: Lots of people will love it.

Masquerade In Mexico (Paramount)

SORRY, but we didn't like this. Everybody seemed to be going about in such a whirl of inactivity. Dorothy Lamour out of a sarong and into a so-wronger, Arturo de Cordova who, to our notion, sputtered out in his career like a wet firecracker, Patric Knowles who seemed pleased to be working even if he couldn't make head nor tail of any of it and Ann Dvorak who went right back to her estranged husband and no wonder, are all nice people—but not in this.

The music is fair, the singing so so, the dancing a bore (who is this Billy Daniels character?) and the direction by Mitchell Leisen is far from par. The Mexico City locale is interesting, that we are happy to admit.

Your Reviewer Says: Our verdict is "no."

Best Pictures of the Month

Leave Her To Heaven
Adventure
Road To Utopia
Vacation From Marriage
The Harvey Girls
The Spiral Staircase

Best Performances

Gene Tierney, Cornel Wilde and Jeanne Crain in "Leave Her To Heaven"

Clark Gable in "Adventure"

Bob Hope and Bing Crosby in "Road To Utopia"

Deborah Kerr and Robert Donat in "Vacation From Marriage"

Judy Garland and John Hodiak in "The Harvey Girls"

Dorothy McGuire in "The Spiral Staircase"

DREAMING OF LONGER HAIR?



Try the **RONOLA METHOD** of Hair Care for 1 week, and see if the enjoyment of really attractive hair can be yours — lovely hair that so often means Love and Romance. Often in many cases Hair may get longer when hair and scalp are in a normal, healthy condition, and dry, brittle, breaking off ends can be retarded to give the hair a chance to grow.

HAIR MAY GET LONGER!

Just try the **RONOLA METHOD** for 7 days and see for yourself what it may do for you. Your friends and mirror will tell you. Price only $1.20, including tax. If sent C.O.D., postage extra. Guaranteed to satisfy or money back. Mail your order today!

THE RONALD CO. DEPT. 113
6605 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago 37, Ill.



Trims hair as it combs! Easy! Quick! Keeps men's, women's, children's hair trim, neat, freshly-cut looking all the time! Trims, tapers, thins out uneven hair. Use like ordinary comb. Safe. Simple. No experience required. Fine for legs, underarms! Sells like wild! Sample offer sent immediately to all who send name at once. A penny postal will do. SEND NO MONEY. Just your name. **KRISTEE CO., 456 Bar St., AKRON, OHIO.**

SAMPLES FOR AGENTS

HOLLYWOOD BARREL O' FUN



24 JOKE NOVELTIES
Plus 12 New Party Games!
Everything needed to amuse, entertain a big party. Nutty Novelties, Funny Favors, Daffy Diplomas, Goofy Gadgets, Belly-Laff Business Cards. Prizes and Surprizes! Gags Galore—stunts that slay 'em. Send only 25c coin. Yes, that's all it costs. You'll laff, scream, howl!

EXTRA! Act Quick! —and we will include 6 screamingly funny party novelties in addition to all the above.

25¢

CALICRAFT, Box 165, Dept. 33, Hollywood, Calif.

High School Course at Home — **Many Finish in 2 Years**

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Credit for H. S. subjects completed. Single subjects if desired. Ask for Free Bulletin.

American School, Dpt. H-392, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

Every Day SPARE CASH

SELL SMART EVERYDAY CARDS

Just show sample Birthday, Anniversary, "Get-Well" and other popular Greeting Cards to friends. Easy **extra cash**—spare time—anytime. Big profit on box of cards to sell at 65c to $1. No experience. Write for **sample** box on approval. Act now!

PHILLIPS CARD COMPANY
461 HUNT ST., NEWTON, MASS.

A Trusted ASTHMATIC Aid For Three Quarters of a Century



Yes, for 77 years, Dr. Guild's GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMATIC COMPOUND has been the choice of thousands for relieving the miseries of asthmatic attacks. Why not try this trusted asthmatic aid yourself? Cigarettes, 50¢. Powder, 25¢ and $1.00 at nearly all drug stores. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct. Use only as directed. For FREE SAMPLE, write J. H. Guild Co., Dept. D13, Rupert, Vt.



with ABSORBINE Jr.

BLUE-JAY with Nupercaine gives Amazing 3-Way RELIEF from

CORNS!



1 **EXCLUSIVE** with Blue-Jay, anesthetic *Nupercaine* soon curbs surface pain.

2 **INSTANTLY** stops shoe-pressure pain.

3 **GENTLE** medication to loosen hard "core," simply *lift* it out in a few days.

Only Blue-Jay Has NUPERCAINE

Not single action, not double action, but TRIPLE relief with this NEW KIND of corn plaster! At all drug or toilet goods counters.

BLUE JAY Corn Plasters

2 Sizes—Standard and Little Toe

A product of

BAUER & BLACK

Division of The Kendall Company, Chicago 16

"Birthstone Ring" GIVEN



Lovely solid sterling silver cushion shape set ring in your own **Birthstone Color** given for selling 4 boxes Rosebud Salve at 25c each remitting the $1.00 to us. Send No Money. **Order 4 Rosebud Salve** by one cent postcard.



(Will mail ring and 4 salve now, if you send $1.00 with order.)

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO, Box 70, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.

TOMBSTONES DIRECT TO YOU $9.95 UP

Genuine beautiful **ROCKDALE Monuments, Markers.** Satisfaction or MONEY BACK. Freight paid. **Free** catalog. Compare our prices. **Rockdale Monument Co., Dept. 729 Joliet, Ill.**

● **EASY TERMS**





New Movie Diary Contains all Details... Plus 80 Life-like Portraits of Stars!

Do you know what musical instrument Van Johnson plays . . . the facts about Dick Haymes' marriage . . . who is Sinatra's favorite singer . . . how old Lauren Bacall really is . . . what Bing Crosby likes to do best . . . what is Betty Hutton's natural color hair . . . how Alan Ladd reached the top? Now you can know *all* the answers plus details about the personal lives of personalities like Errol Flynn, Humphrey Bogart, Lana Turner, Clark Gable, Betty Grable and scores of others.

How to Be Your Own Movie Critic

This unusual 132-page MOVIE DIARY—*the only book of its kind*—also enables you to keep a private record of every picture you see. It contains special pages to list each movie, its stars, and your personal comment on it. In addition, the book contains gorgeous portraits of 80 Hollywood stars that you'll want to keep forever!

SEND NO MONEY!

Fill in and mail coupon. MOVIE DIARY will promptly be sent by return mail in plain wrapper. But act quickly while the supply lasts—mail coupon today!

MAIL COUPON TODAY

CONEL BOOKS, DEPT. M143
Riverside, Conn.
Please send my copy of MOVIE DIARY by return mail in plain wrapper.
☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman 50¢ plus postage.
☐ I enclose 50¢ (in coin or money order). You pay postage.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....
Canada—Send 75¢ Internatl. Money Order with coupon

Pillow Of Death (Universal)

ANOTHER Inner Sanctum mystery comes to the screen replete with ghost-ridden houses, seances and murders. Lon Chaney is around strongly suspected of being the man who smothers several people to death with pillows. Whether he did it or not is for you to find out and us to keep secret.

Brenda Joyce is very pretty as Chaney's secretary (Lon, believe it or not, plays an attorney for a change). J. Edward Bromberg is the spiritualist and Rosalind Ivan a divine delight as an English kin. What an actress she is and how she enlivens this piece of whodunit.

Your Reviewer Says: Pillows should be used with more respect.

Strange Voyage (Signal Pictures)

THE story behind "Strange Voyage" is more interesting than the picture, but just to play safe we'll reveal both. It seems Eddie Albert and several other service men formed a motion-picture company called Signal Pictures, found a story and went to work. Judging from the finished product the lads did it more for personal satisfaction than the hope of pecuniary gain. If it opens the gates to better jobs for the lads, so much the better.

The story concerns a boat, a man named *Chris* and a curious adventure in which most of the principals perish. Albert, of course, is very good, Bobby Cooper good as a kid stowaway, and Elena Verdugo, seen briefly, very pretty.

Your Reviewer Says: We wish the lads well.

The Tiger Woman (Republic)

THERE are so many detectives in movies these days there are hardly enough people left to be detected. Here's Kane Richmond, for instance, who joins the sleuthing crew and apprehends (nice word, apprehends) Adele Mara who kills her husband for his insurance and her week-kneed partner Robert Fraser because he weakens. Miss Mara, incidentally, makes both murders look like suicide. It's only when Richmond turns his masculine charms on Miss Mara that he discovers the truth. It's all been done with obvious care and for a little picture it isn't bad at all.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't try to fool one of the movie detectives, kids.

✓✓ The Harvey Girls (M-G-M)

THE Atchinson, Topeka and the Santa Fe finally pulled into the preview theater long after the smoke of its hit tune had spiraled heavenward. Nevertheless, it's still a great tune, delivered in a manner to tinkle the toes and warm the heart. In fact, the whole picture is delightful, telling the story (well, no, not telling the story exactly) of the westward trek of the waitresses who graced the famed Fred Harvey station restaurants throughout the West.

Music, comedy and plain old ornery villainy are interwoven in fancy M-G-M style which means class in presentation, production and direction by our beloved George Sidney.

Judy Garland as the gal who answers a matrimonial ad only to find Chill Wills as the awful answer to a maiden's prayer is cute and appealing even if the role doesn't offer her much scope. Judy, who joins the Harvey waitresses, constantly matches wits, strength and finally love with Angela Lansbury, one of "the girls" in the emporium of pleasure run by John Hodiak. It's in the cards, of course, that John and Judy meet and battle, love and win.

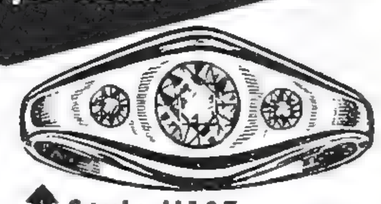
Replica DIAMONDS

Set In Fine Quality Mountings

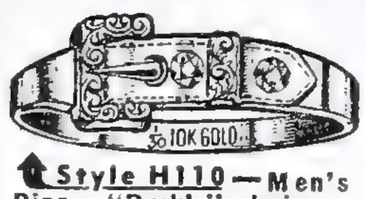
Here is an unusual collection of rings to choose from — you are sure to find in this group the ring that will thrill you and your friends



Style H102 — Ladies' Engagement Ring — large stone in beautiful Tiffany setting — Solid Sterling Silver$5.98



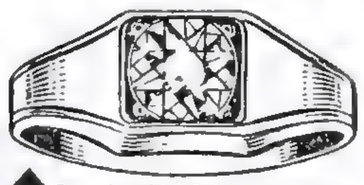
Style H107 — Men's Ring set with large center stone—2 smaller stones on side — massive mounting. $6.98



Style H110 — Men's Ring — "Buckle" design — with two stones (or plain) —in 1 30 10 K Gold mounting $7.98



Style H103 — Ladies' Engagement Ring — Solid Sterling Silver basket mounting$4.98



Style H106 — Men's Ring — large 1 karat size single stone — fine heavy mounting$4.98



Style H111 — Men's "Viking" Ring — 10 K Gold Top and massive Solid Sterling Silver mounting stamped in ring.....$4.98



Style H112 — Men's Masonic Ring — exquisite design—1 30 14 K Yellow Gold color or Solid Sterling Silver$6.98



Style H108 — Men's Cameo Ring set in Solid Sterling Silver—with large size 2-tone colored cameo. $4.98



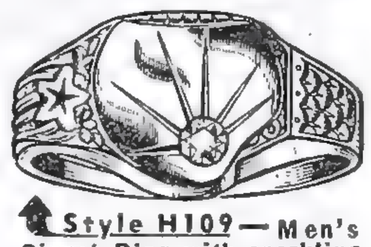
Style H104 — Ladies' Dinner Ring—25 stones set in Solid Sterling Silver—very rare with so many stones$7.98



Style H101 — Baby's Ring in 10 K Gold — chased design—comes with lucky 4-leaf clover...$2.98



Style H105 — Ladies' Wedding Ring — 10 stones set in 1 30 14K Gold..$4.98



Style H109 — Men's Signet Ring with sparkling replica diamond — extra heavy mounting.....$3.98

SEND NO MONEY: Select ring style you desire and mark in coupon (also mark second choice to avoid disappointment). Send ring size (piece of paper or string around finger). When postman delivers package pay him price of ring plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If you send Money Order with order we pay all postal charges. GUARANTEE: Examine ring. If not entirely pleased return same day and get your money back. Fill in and mail coupon NOW. Remember, due to wartime restrictions, fine jewelry is scarce.

SIMMONS CO., *Home of Fine Jewelry*
30 Church St., Dept.H-370, New York 7, N. Y.

SIMMONS CO., *Home of Fine Jewelry*
30 Church St., Dept.H-370, New York 7, N. Y.

Please send me the ring I have checked below as my first choice. If you are out of my size then send second or third choice I have also checked. I am enclosing strip of paper (or string) for size. I will pay postman price of ring plus postage. GUARANTEE: If I am not pleased I may return ring the day I receive it and you are to return my money.

First Choice Style No. ☐ Second Choice Style No. ☐ Third Choice Style No. ☐

Name.....
PLEASE PRINT
Address.....
City, Zone, State.....

☐ I am enclosing Money Order in full payment. You are to pay all postage charges.

NOTE: Foreign and Canadian orders must be accompanied by cash with order.

Too Strong!



Forcing a child to take a harsh, bad-tasting laxative is such needless, old-fashioned punishment! A medicine that's *too strong* will often leave a youngster feeling worse than before!

Too Mild!



A laxative that's *too mild* to give proper relief may be worse than none at all. A good laxative should work *thoroughly*, yet be kind and gentle!

The Happy Medium!



Ex-Lax gives a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is *gentle*, too. It works easily and effectively at the same time. And Ex-Lax tastes good, too—just like fine chocolate. It's America's most widely used laxative, as good for grown-ups as it is for children.

As a precaution use only as directed

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD—

Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax—the chocolated laxative! It's thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle.

EX-LAX

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

10c and 25c at all drug stores

Miss Lansbury is delightful as the cold, hard loser in the battle of hearts. Ray Bolger's dancing and Kenny Baker's singing are outstanding features. Marjorie Main, as the cook, clowns and capers; Virginia O'Brien sings in her dead-panish manner and Preston Foster acts up somethin' awful as the double-crossing judge.

Your Reviewer Says: Charm, excitement music.

✓✓ Scarlet Street (Universal)

A REPEAT on the characters that made "Woman In The Window" a hit, makes "Scarlet Street" another enjoyable picture, albeit not as strong as its predecessor. It does establish the fact that Joan Bennett is a good actress given the material and as the scheming sweetie of Duryea, both of whom encourage meek little Robinson in his love-making, she is most convincing. Robinson's role, of course, is tailor-made, and how he makes it sit up and beg! Duryea has never been so loathsomely alluring while Rosalind Ives as Robinson's unappreciative and unattractive wife adds just the right bit of spice.

There's a certain forthright ugliness to the tale that lends it rugged fascination and audiences will undoubtedly be both repelled and intrigued during its unpleasant unfoldment. Jess Barker, Margaret Lindsay and Samuel S. Hinds are the supporting players.

Your Reviewer Says: Brr!

✓ Up Goes Maisie (M-G-M)

SERVICE men, we're assured, simply dote on the *Maisie* pictures and it's understandable why they do. They present no problems or technical references to jar and irritate. They're made solely for relaxation and entertainment and let it be said they achieve their purpose.

Ann Sothern is still stout-hearted *Maisie* going from job to job and doing her best always. In this episode she has a job with a young inventor, George Murphy, who is trying to market his helicopter. You just know without being told *Maisie* eventually pilots the helicopter with all the flourishes of a confused truck driver—a very laughable incident.

Murphy is good, naturally, and so is Hillary Brooke as the meanie. Horace McNally and Paul Harvey get involved in the doing until *Maisie* un-involves them.

Your Reviewer Says: *Maisie* is always welcome on our movie calendar.



Tense moment for Tom Neal and Anne Savage in PRC's suspenseful "Detour"

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Use DERMOIL



Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

©1935 LAKE LAB

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 7704, Detroit 4, Mich

Brush Away GRAY HAIR ...AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER



• Now, at home, you can quickly tint telltale gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Approved by thousands—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless when used as directed. No skin test needed. The principal coloring agent is a purely vegetable derivative with iron and copper salts added for fast action. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch, as new gray appears. Easy to prove on a test lock of your hair. 60c and $1.65 at druggists. Get BROWNATONE now, or

Write for FREE TEST BOTTLE

Mention natural color of your hair. Send a post card today—BROWNATONE, Dept. 283, COVINGTON, KY.



Hair OFF Face Lips...Arms...Legs

Now Happy! I had ugly superfluous hair . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried many things . . . even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It has helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My FREE book, "How to Meet the Superfluous Hair Problem" explains method. Mailed in plain envelope. Also TRIAL OFFER Write Mme. Annette Lanzette. P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 527, Chicago 54, Ill.

New and Beautiful QUILT PIECES



Yards and Yards—three pounds or more, BARGAIN! Beautiful prints, checks, stripes, solids. Fast colors. ALL NEW! FREE illustrated designs and patterns with order. Only $1.39 plus postage. Sent C.O.D. SEND NO MONEY. Just a penny postcard or letter. If not satisfied, return package and your $1.39 will be refunded. Order TODAY THE COLONIAL SHOP, Dept. 29-C, Zeigler, Illinois.

OLD LEG TROUBLE



Easy to use Viscose Home Method. Heals many old leg sores caused by leg congestion, varicose veins, swollen legs and injuries or no cost for trial if it fails to show results in 10 days. Describe your trouble and get a FREE BOOK.

R.G. VISCOSE COMPANY
140 North Dearborn Street Chicago, Illinois

STAMMER?

GET THIS FREE BOOK!

This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 45 years. Benj. N. Bogue, Dept. 1181, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8 x 10 Inches on DOUBLE-WEIGHT PAPER 57¢



Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture.

Original returned with your enlargement. 3 for $1.25

SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo, negative or snapshot (any size) and receive your enlargement, guaranteed fadeless, on beautiful double-weight portrait quality paper. Pay postman 57c plus postage—or send 59c with order and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today.

PROFESSIONAL ART STUDIOS
100 East Ohio Street Dept. 1556-C Chicago (11), Ill.

WEDDING AND ENGAGEMENT RING



TEN DAYS' TRIAL—SEND NO MONEY

Introductory offer: With every order for smart, new Sterling Silver Solitaire engagement ring we will include without extra charge exquisite wedding ring set with eight imitation diamonds matching in fire and brilliance the beautiful imitation Diamond solitaire engagement ring (the perfect bridal pair). Send no money with order. Just name, address and ring size. We ship both rings in lovely gift box immediately and you make just 2 easy payments of $2 each, total only $4. We trust you. No red tape as you make first payment and 20% Federal tax to postman on arrival then balance any time within 30 days. Money-back guarantee. Act NOW

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. ST-386, Jefferson, Iowa

✓✓ The Spiral Staircase (RKO)

TOP-HEAVY with actors, this story of murder and mystery wobbles a little in places, but manages to intrigue, excite and entertain nevertheless. With Ethel Barrymore, Dorothy McGuire and George Brent as stars, one would naturally expect a more thoroughly rounded story. One flaw is the unsteady characterization as delivered by Miss Barrymore, which is the writer's fault, we judge.

The story tells of a murderer who does away with women of imperfections. First a girl with a scar, then a cripple, then an attempt on Dorothy McGuire, a girl who has lost her voice through shock. That Rhonda Fleming, who carries no imperfections, also meets a like fate is one of the plot weaknesses. Elsa Lanchester, Rhys Williams and Sara Allgood lend story support to a strong cast and Gorden Oliver as Brent's half brother lends a nice touch to the mystery. Kent Smith is both likable and believable as the doctor.

Your Reviewer Says: Go on, guess who did it!

✓✓ The Sailor Takes A Wife (M-G-M)

CUTE, cute, cute, and at times just too cute, describes the dialogue, the situations and occasionally the acting of this entertaining movie of a boy and girl who meet and marry in a hurry. Their really comical attempts to adjust themselves to connubial bliss and each other provide some hilarious moments. In fact, the show just misses by a hairs-breadth being a topnotch comedy, and why it failed to win out in the photo finish is just one of those things.

June Allyson as the twinkly-eyed little bride and Robert Walker as her eager bridegroom are so very right for their roles. Without them the picture would have lost half its charm. Walker is a born comedian and should be given bigger and better comedies during 1946. June, of course, never misses, and with the aid of Hume Cronyn, one dream boy of an actor, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson and sirenish Audrey Totter to complicate matters in an—er—physical way, the picture just couldn't help but entertain, and bless its little heart, it does—enormously.

Your Reviewer Says: A honey bun with raisins yet.

Brief Reviews

✓✓✓ Indicates picture rated "outstanding" when reviewed

✓✓ Indicates picture rated "very good" when reviewed

✓ Indicates picture rated "good" when reviewed

ALLOTMENT WIVES—Monogram: Kay Francis tries very hard to be a bad lady racketeer out to trim service-wives of their insurance and allotments, and Paul Kelly of Army Intelligence poses as a newspaperman to track her down. You might like it—it's also got Otto Kruger, Gertrude Michael and Teala Loring. (Feb.)

APOLOGY FOR MURDER—PRC: Faintly reminiscent of "Double Indemnity," this has Ann Savage as the nasty one who lures newspaperman Hugh Beau-

DON'T SUFFER FROM SORE, CHAPPED HANDS!



Let nurses' discovery help YOU

Hundreds of nurses write and tell us how effective Noxzema is for red, chapped hands. These letters are typical: *"Have you ever washed your hands a hundred times a day? We nurses in contagion do—and Noxzema is my only relief from rough, red hands."*

Another writes: *"My hands and arms were so irritated from scrubbing for operations that I couldn't be comfortable anywhere 'till I tried Noxzema. I got immediate relief."*

Actual tests show chapped hands heal faster—*this medicated way!*

● Yes, scores of nurses were among the first to discover Noxzema—how quickly it soothes and helps heal hands sore and chapped from frequent washings.

Actual tests with Noxzema on both mildly and badly chapped hands show that this soothing, *greaseless* medicated cream helps heal faster—improvement in many cases being seen *overnight!* That's because Noxzema is a *medicated formula* that not only relieves the soreness, but helps heal the tiny "cuts" and "cracks." Try Noxzema! See how quickly it brings grateful relief! At all drug counters; 10¢, 35¢, 50¢ (plus tax).

NOXZEMA

IF YOU ARE OVERWEIGHT

Sylvia of Hollywood shows you an amazingly simple way to lose those excess pounds. No starvation diets, drugs or appliances. Illustrated 128-page book—only 25c postage paid.

BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, INC.
Dept. PP-346, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Be a Designer of *Smart Fashions*



Fascinating field. Originate your own distinctive clothes. Our basic training provides excellent starting point for career. Learn at home—spare time. Send for FREE booklet today.
NATIONAL SCHOOL OF DRESS DESIGN
1315 So. Michigan Ave., Dept. 1383, Chicago 5, Ill.

Who Is the Robber That Steals Your Sleep?

It is common knowledge that nothing undermines health so quickly as loss of sleep. You know how just one or two sleepless nights can drag you down. Who is the "robber" that creeps upon you in the middle of the night and keeps you awake? Is it "NERVES" that rob you of the sleep you need? Nervous Tension can be responsible for so many Wakeful Nights as well as Crankiness, Restlessness, Nervous Headache and Indigestion. When you feel Nervous and Jittery—when you can't sleep at night, why don't you try Dr. Miles Nervine? For over 50 years Dr. Miles Nervine has been a mild but effective sedative, that helps to quiet your nerves, relieve Nervous Tension, and permit Refreshing Sleep. Get Dr. Miles Nervine at your Drug Store. It comes in two forms. Liquid **25c and $1.00** sizes. Effervescent Tablets **35c and 75c** sizes. **Caution;** read directions and use only as directed. See what it can do for you to relax tense nerves and help you get your sleep and rest. **Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.**

For foot comfort

QUEST

***All-purpose* DEODORANT**

The positive deodorant powder that destroys all body odors!

Every Woman SHOULD KNOW



about

MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM

Now lovelier, lighter skin beauty is within the reach of any woman who goes after it allied with **Mercolized Wax Cream.** This famous Cream contains an active ingredient used as long as history has been recorded. It loosens and dissolves scaly little chappings and is effective in helping to make skin firmer—more translucent. In the presence of **Mercolized Wax Cream** a lovely bleaching action takes place on the skin surface, and the appearance of dingy, cloudy pigment is retarded. If your complexion is PASSABLE, don't be satisfied—seek to make it more radiant, more attractive and younger looking with **Mercolized Wax Cream.** Use only as directed.

OILY SKIN—Helped by the invaluable aid of SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT. Just dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and pat it on the skin several times a day. It subdues excess surface oil, tightens soft skin tissue by temporary contraction, and leaves the skin feeling delightfully refreshed.

Sold at Cosmetic Counters Everywhere.



HAIR OFF

WITH JOYOUS SPEED

No More Worry About Ugly Hair

Why worry about that ugly superfluous hair on face and lips? No one need ever know if you use Caress. This modern, scientific method has helped thousands of otherwise lovely women from Hollywood to Miami to new happiness and beauty. It is so unique and original that it has been granted a U. S. Patent. Just a twist of the wrist every few days and you need never see a superfluous hair on your face again. No smelly liquid or possibly injurious wax or paste. No after stubble—will not irritate the skin or stimulate hair growth.

Wonderful for arms and legs

Hair off legs, arms, face in just a jiffy or double your money back. *Send no money.* Simply mail coupon below. Comes in plain wrapper. On arrival, pay postman $1.49 plus postage for deluxe package. Pay no tax. If cash accompanies order, we pay postage. Rush coupon today.

Scott-Nelson Co., Box 114-F
116 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 3, Ill.

Please send me a CARESS Home Treatment for superfluous hair. I'll pay postman $1.49 plus postage. If I am not satisfied after 7 days, I'll return it for refund of double my purchase price. (If you send cash we pay postage.)

Name

Address

City *State*

mont on to murder. The story hits a vacuum every so often that leaves the audience wondering what they're wasting their time for. (Dec.)

BEHIND CITY LIGHTS—Republic: Lynne Roberts is a country girl who isn't satisfied with her farmer beau, William Terry, so she goes off to the city only to discover that the new love she meets there is a jewel thief. Esther Dale, Peter Cookson and Jerome Cowan contribute to the proceedings. (Dec.)

✓✓*BELLS OF ST. MARY'S, THE*—RKO: Another "Going My Way," not quite as good, perhaps, in plot, but crowded with tenderness and gentle humor. Bing Crosby scores again as the priest who takes over the run-down parish school guided by Mother Superior Ingrid Bergman, and the solutions to their everyday problems brings warmth and pathos to the screen. Aided beautifully by Joan Carroll, Martha Sleeper, Bill Gargan and Una O'Connor. (Feb.)

✓✓*BLITHE SPIRIT*—Two Cities-United Artists: Noel Coward fans will greet and love again this gay satirical tale of a jealous ghost, Kay Hammond, who for a time completely bewilders her ex-husband, played with marvelous British humor by Rex Harrison, and also his second wife, ditto by Constance Cummings. But the outstanding fun is supplied by the local seance-er, Margaret Rutherford, who induces the ghost to return from the spirit world. (Feb.)

✓*BOSTON BLACKIE'S RENDEZVOUS*—Columbia: Chester Morris as *Boston Blackie* is one of the best detectors in movies, what with trapping a mad strangler with ease. Nina Foch is the girl who almost gets strangled, Steve Cochran is the boogey man, and George Slone the dumb stooge. (Dec.)

CLUB HAVANA—PRC: Plots and counterplots are all over the place, with Tom Neal and Dorothy Morris in love, the romance of Margaret Lindsay and Don Douglas gone askew, Paul Cavanagh and Renie Riano a twosome, and Isabelita and Eric Sinclair making eyes at each other. (Jan.)

COME OUT FIGHTING—Monogram: Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Gabriel Dell and other unreformed *Eastside Kids* get mixed up with the police again. June Carlson, Amelita Ward, Addison Richards and George Meeker are in it too. (Dec.)

✓✓*CORNERED*—RKO: Dick Powell in his second tough guy role gives a convincing portrayal, not helped greatly by the story, which, however, has plenty of action to make up for it. We guarantee at least two scenes will make your spine tingle in Dick's search (as a discharged British flier) for the Nazi responsible for the death of his French wife. Walter Slezak's villainy and Micheline Cheirel's motives will have you guessing too. (Feb.)

CRIMSON CANARY, THE—Universal: Murder and music get mixed up in this slight story of five ex-veterans who form an orchestra but must disband when the girl singer is murdered. It's not very good, but Lois Collier, Noah Beery Jr. and John Litel are in it. (Feb.)

✓*DAKOTA*—Republic: The good old Wild West is here again with John Wayne encountering swindler Ward Bond, and loved by his true-blue beautiful wife Vera Hruba Ralston. We've seen more rugged Westerns, but we think you'll like it if you're in the mood, especially since Mike Mazurki and Walter Brennan help out. (Feb.)

✓*DALTONS RIDE AGAIN, THE*—Universal: Those bad *Daltons* ride high with Alan Curtis as a *Robin Hood* sort of character stealing only for noble purposes. Martha O'Driscoll supplies the romantic interest, and the good little cast is rounded out by Kent Taylor, Lon Chaney, Jess Barker and Noah Beery Jr. (Feb.)

DANNY BOY—PRC: *Danny Boy* is a dog who returns from war with battle fatigue only to encounter a meanie civilian and an even meaner rancher, so when he escapes he naturally attacks his persecutors. Robert "Buzzy" Henry is the dog's owner, and Ralph Lewis a Marine veteran. An overdose of sentimentality creeps in every now and then, but it's a fair picture of its kind. (Jan.)

✓*DOLLY SISTERS, THE*—20th Century-Fox: Reputed to be a biographical film of the famous Dolly Sisters who sang and danced their way to international fame, it is instead the same old Technicolor musical you've been seeing for years. Betty Grable and June Haver are the sisters, and John Payne is the man whom Betty loves, renounces and picks up again. With S. Z. Sakall and Frank Latimore. (Dec.)

✓*DON'T FENCE ME IN*—Republic: Dale Evans goes west for her magazine to discover whether a certain desperado really died as reported, and almost steals the picture from Roy Rogers who gets involved in her search. Gabby Hayes, Robert Livingston, Marc Lawrence and Lucile Gleason add to the old-time Western stuff. (Jan.)

✓*ENCHANTED FOREST, THE*—PRC: A charming, truly different movie, with Harry Davenport as a sort of forest hermit who rescues a baby and raises the lad amidst his forest friends until the mother, Brenda Joyce, returns to the woods. The little animals of the forest capture the honors from the human actors, lending it all a Walt Disney flavor that is charming. It's in cinacolor which is new and exciting. (Dec.)

✓✓*FALLEN ANGEL*—20th Century-Fox: Dana Andrews is a rolling stone who falls in love with

Now She Shops "Cash And Carry"

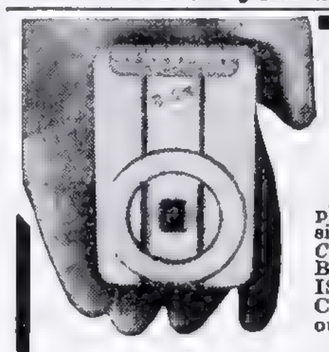
Without Painful Backache

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



NEW RADIO! Tiny Pocket Size

Slips in your pocket or purse—*Wt. only 3 ozs.!* Complete READY TO PLAY as shown with self contained phone for personal use. Beautiful black silver plastic case. Has patented fixed *Crystal-Slide Tuning Dial!* NO TUBES, BATTERIES OR ELECTRIC PLUG IS REQUIRED. USUALLY RECEIVES LOCAL BROADCASTS without outside aerial wires.

GUARANTEED TO WORK

when connected and used according to instructions. Can be used in homes, offices, hotels, cabins, in bed after hours, etc.

SEND ONLY $1.00 (cash, money order, check) and pay postman $2.99 plus delivery fees on arrival or send $3.99 for postpaid delivery. IDEAL GIFT FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS ALIKE! Get your PA-KETTE RADIO NOW for real enjoyment. Dealers in most cities.

Pa-Kette Electric Co., Dept. MFW-3, Kearney, Nebraska

EXTRA MONEY for YOU

Sell GREETING CARDS and Personal Stationery

Take easy orders from friends, neighbors. Sell beautiful $1.00 All Occasion Assortment. Costs you 50c up per box. Also Birthday, Baby Congratulation, Gift Wrapping, Humorous, Scripture Text assortments 35c up. Up to 100% profit. Extra Bonus. Request $1.00 Everyday assortment on approval and Free Stationery portfolio. Special Offer.

Elmira Greeting Card Co., Dept. M-26, Elmira, N. Y.

FREE SAMPLES Name Imprinted Stationery



LEARN NURSING AT HOME



Earn while learning — Opportunities everywhere

THOUSANDS NEEDED NOW

Demands for Nurses today greater than ever before! Profitable, interesting career.

HOSPITAL TRAINING

(*optional*) in hospitals near own locality. High school not necessary. No age limit. Get the facts today!

FREE PLACEMENT **FREE LESSON**

Post Graduate Hospital School of Nursing
Dept. 12, 127 No. Dearborn St. Chicago 2, Illinois



TOOTHACHE? DUE TO CAVITY

GET QUICK relief with Dent's Tooth Gum or Dent's Tooth Drops! "Cavity Toothache" frequently strikes at night. Be prepared. Buy either package from your druggist today. Keep it handy for children and adults. Follow easy directions.

DENT'S TOOTH GUM TOOTH DROPS 25¢

Fascinating **MOVIE STARS PHOTOS**

12 for $1.00

Exciting high gloss shots of your Hollywood favorites in fascinating poses.

★

FREE Catalog with more than 600 miniature photos with each order. **SPECIAL**—16 page "Pin-Up Paradise" catalog on request with each order.

ALPHA PHOTO SERVICE Dept. AY3 · 1235 SIXTH AVE NEW YORK 19, N.Y.



DRAW for MONEY

Be An ARTIST!

Trained Artists Are Capable of Earning $30—$50—$75 A Week

Learn at Home in Your Spare Time for a Fascinating Hobby and Profitable Career in Commercial Art!

It's pleasant and interesting to study Art the W.S.A. way. **COMMERCIAL ART, DESIGNING, CARTOONING** all in ONE complete home study course. No previous Art experience necessary—hundreds have profited by our practical methods since 1914. TWO ART OUTFITS furnished. Full information in FREE BOOK, "Art for Pleasure and Profit." Write today. **STATE AGE. WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Studio 863C, 1115—15th St., N. W., Washington 5, D. C.**



24 k. GOLD PLATED BIRTHSTONE RING

Sweetheart Design! BEAUTIFUL Heart SHAPED STONE 98¢ Plus Tax

LADIES! Wear this lovely ring set with your very own Simulated Birthstone. Genuine 24K Gold Plated Shank in smart, new, beautiful design is adjustable — will fit any size finger. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. ACT NOW! Know the thrill and satisfaction of owning your very own simulated Birthstone.

Select Your Very Own Simulated Birthstone

January - Garnet
February - Amethyst
March - - Aquamarine
April - - White Sapphire
May - - - Green Spinel
June - - Alexandrite
July - - - Ruby
August - Peridot
September - Sapphire
October - Rozircon
November - Gold'n Sapphire
December - Zircon

SEND NO MONEY!

Just name and month you were born. Pay postman only 98c plus Tax and postage for 1 ring or $1.69 plus Tax for 2 rings.

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART
500 NORTH DEARBORN STREET
DEPT. 6-H CHICAGO 10, ILL.



MATCHED BRIDAL PAIR

$1.50 EACH OR BOTH FOR $2.79

IMITATION DIAMOND RINGS

Just to get acquainted we will send you smart new yellow gold plate engagement ring or wedding ring. Romance design engagement ring set with flashing, imitation diamond solitaire in sentimental orange blossom mounting. Wedding ring is deeply embossed, yellow gold plate in exquisite Honeymoon design. Either ring only $1.50 or both for $2.79 and tax. SEND NO MONEY with order, just name and ring size. Pay on arrival then wear ring 10 days on money-back guarantee. Rush order now!
EMPIRE DIAMOND CO. Dept. 608-BN Jefferson, Iowa

Marvel WHIRLING SPRAY SYRINGE for Women
At DRUG COUNTERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Free Booklet—The Marvel Co., 11 East St., New Haven, Ct.

Remember Your Loved One!



Wear This Genuine STERLING SILVER PHOTO RING

FOR MEN AND WOMEN
Custom Made Design with YOUR *PHOTO HAND-PAINTED IN OIL.*
Permanently Sealed in Magnified Dome Crystal. WATER-PROOF—DUST-PROOF WILL NEVER FADE.

SEND NO MONEY. Simply mail a photo or clear snapshot which will be returned in good order. When your Photo Ring arrives, pay the postman $4.49 plus a few cents postage. LIFETIME GUARANTEE OF SERVICE. MADE TO SELL FOR $7.50. Mass production and direct sales to you make this value possible.

$4.49 All Federal Taxes Inc.

Send in a Paper Strip with your ring finger measure for correct size.

FISK INDUSTRIES, Dept. 125
Fisk Building, 250 W. 57 St., N. Y. 19



money-minded waitress Linda Darnell, so in order to get cash he marries the local rich girl, Alice Faye. Then comes Linda's murder and Dana finds himself in a trap. The picture's an intriguing one, with provocative situations. (Jan.)

✓*FIGHTING GUARDSMAN, THE*—Columbia: Old world whoop-la, packed with fights, brawls and romantic shenanigans. Willard Parker is the nobleman who aids the peasants in taking arms against Louis XVI, and he and his friends steal the royal taxes to divide it among the poor. Anita Louise is the girl Willard loves, Lloyd Corrigan the king, and the cast includes John Loder and Janis Carter. (Dec.)

✓*FIRST YANK INTO TOKYO*—RKO: Tom Neal is an American major who speaks and looks Japanese, so he steals into a Tokyo concentration camp in order to find an American engineer who knows the secret of the atomic bomb. As well as the engineer Marc Cramer, he finds his fiancee, Barbara Hale. It's got some pretty hectic moments of suspense. (Dec.)

✓✓*HOLD THAT BLONDE*—Paramount: Eddie Bracken is a kleptomaniac who attempts to follow his psychiatrist's advice and find himself a girl. So he not only finds Veronica Lake, but also swipes her compact in which is hidden the combination of a safe holding a priceless necklace. From then on the farce gets faster and sillier, but you'll find yourself laughing all over the place. (Dec.)

HOW DOOO YOU DO—PRC: Of all the silly claptrap and ridiculous goings on, this takes the prize! Bert Grodon, the mad Russian, isn't funny to us, nor is the music fun, nor the cast very lucid—which also includes Harry Von Zell, Cheryl Walker and Ella Mae Morse. So, frankly, we can dooo without it. (Feb.)

✓*ISLE OF THE DEAD*—RKO: Superstitions, horror and drama are expertly woven together for a pretty solid little scare-'em-to-death. When Boris Karloff, a Greek general, takes war correspondent Marc Cramer to the island of the dead the horror begins. Ellen Drew is a victim of the evil eye, and Karloff does a splendid job. (Dec.)

JEEP HERDERS—Planet: When a returned GI finds his father about to be driven off his Western range, he calls on his soldier buddies for help and they arrive and take over like a motored division. June Carlson, Johnny Day, Pat Michaels and Steve Clark are the principals involved. (Jan.)

✓✓*KISS AND TELL*—Columbia: You'll laugh till your sides ache and have yourself a wonderful time in this ludicrous picture about a secret bride who's about to have a baby. Shirley Temple comes into maturity as the sister of the secret bridegroom, and Jerome Courtland is a sensational newcomer. Walter Abel and Katharine Alexander as Shirley's parents, and Virginia Welles as the bride all add to the laughs. (Dec.)

✓✓*KITTY*—Paramount: This rags to riches-Pygmalion story, set back in an Eighteenth century of striking contrasts, stars Paulette Goddard and Ray Milland, both finely cast. There is intrigue and lavishness to delight the senses and the eyes; the story-interest holds to the end. You will also like Patric Knowles, Cecil Kellaway and Constance Collier. (Feb.)

✓*LAST CHANCE, THE*—Praesens: A story of refugees and prisoners of all nations, speaking in many tongues, fleeing the Nazis is this out-of-the-way film made in Switzerland, important in its appeal for racial tolerance. It is different and artistic, and has English subtitles to help you along. John Hay, Ray Reagan and Luisa Rossi are good, though unknown to American audiences. (Feb.)

✓*LOVE, HONOR AND GOODBYE*—Republic: Why Virginia Bruce should imagine for one moment that anyone wouldn't see through her French governess disguise is beyond us. Edward Ashley is her long-suffering husband, Victor McLaglen is the butler and Helen Broderick and Nils Asther contribute some good acting. Little Jacqueline Moore is a cutie-pie child. (Dec.)

MAN ALIVE—RKO: Pat O'Brien forgets his wife's birthday, so he gets very drunk and exchanges clothes with a fellow drinker who promptly dies, leaving Pat's wife, Ellen Drew, believing herself a widow. So Pat heeds Adolphe Menjou's advice and continues to play dead while Rudy Vallee courts Ellen. The cast is too good for this sort of thing. (Jan.)

✓*OUTLAW, THE*—Howard Hughes: At long last Jane Russell's first picture appears, and we're sorry but we were disappointed. We liked her leading man Jack Beutel (who could be another Alan Ladd) much better. The picture is a unique kind of old West tale and has a strange, fascinating attraction despite many ridiculous moments. Walter Huston turns in a brilliant job, and Thomas Mitchell is in it too. (Feb.)

OUTLAW OF THE ROCKIES—Columbia: Another Western, with Charles Starrett two people all at once, one the Sheriff and the other the *Durango Kid,* a mounted Robin Hood, of all things. Anyway, the townsfolk think Charlie helped his pal, Tex Harding, to break jail, so Tex goes it alone as the *Kid,* and there's a lot of chases with some singing thrown in. Carole Matthews is Tex's girl friend. (Dec.)

✓✓*PARDON MY PAST*—Mutual-Columbia: Fred MacMurray plays a dual role in this happy comedy

N-13



. . . using facial massage, applied with Oster MASSAGETT

Massage is the basis of most modern systems of beauty culture. Correctly applied, it tends to stimulate circulation, remove waste products of fatigue, add tone to skin and muscles.

Now you can give effective massage at home, to face, body, scalp — easily, inexpensively, with Oster Massagett. To yourself or others. Patented *suspended motor action* delivers rotating-patting movements to your fingers, for refreshing light or deep massage.

Thousands of Oster massage instruments are in use, both professionally and at home. Massagett costs only $19.50. Send coupon below for free booklet and name of your dealer. No obligation.

***Free!* Booklet on Massage and Massagett**

Authoritative, illustrated booklet tells what massage is, how it works, what it may do for you. Shows many popular applications. Mail coupon now for your free copy.



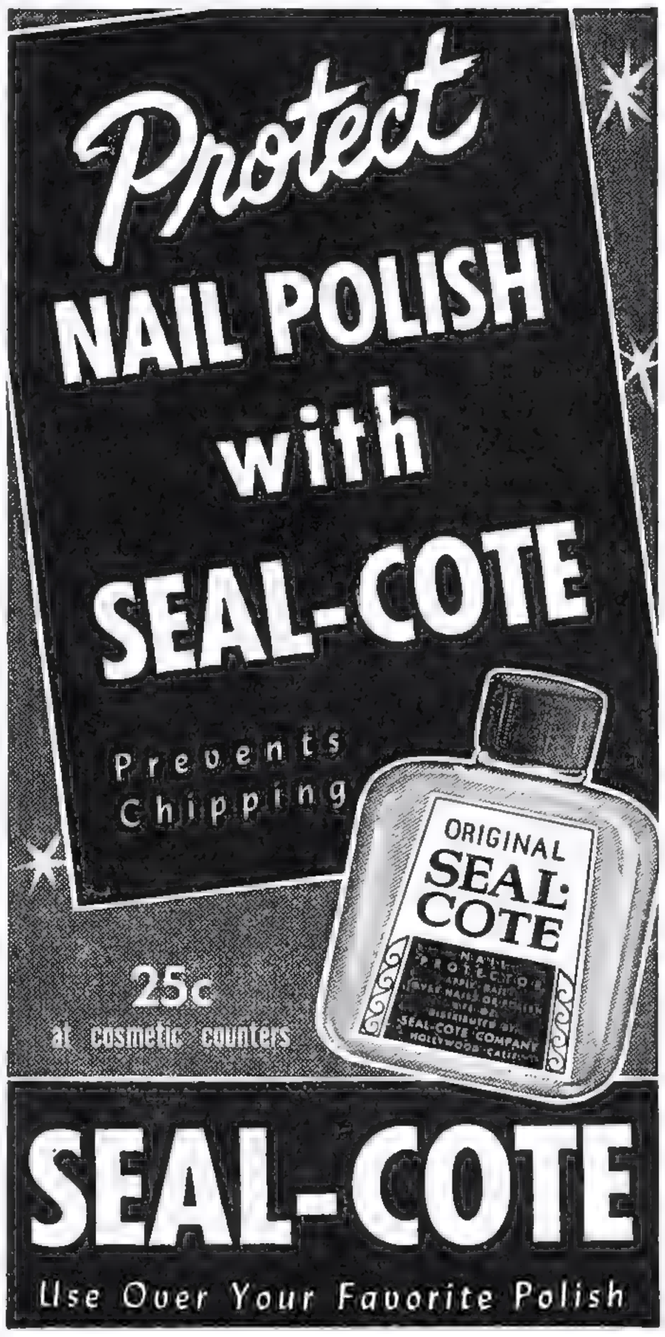
●●●Tear out coupon and mail today!

JOHN OSTER MFG. CO.
Dept. 153 Racine, Wisconsin

Send me free Oster Massage Manual and also name of my Massagic dealer.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ (__) State_____

Dealers: Write for information!



Chest Cold Misery Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE

SIMPLE CHEST COLD SORE THROAT BRONCHIAL IRRITATION
SIMPLE SPRAIN, BRUISE SORE MUSCLES CHARLEY HORSE

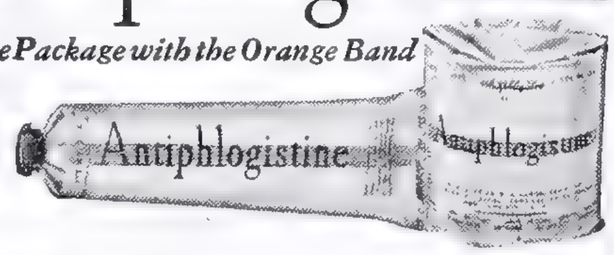
The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness due to chest cold, bronchial irritation and simple sore throat. Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice just hot enough to be comfortable—then feel the *moist heat* go right to work on that cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness. Does good, feels good for several hours.

The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice also relieves pain . . . reduces swelling, limbers up stiff aching muscles due to a simple sprain, bruise, charley horse, similar injury or condition.

Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE (Aunty Flo) in tube or can at any drug store NOW.

Antiphlogistine

The White Package with the Orange Band





Swimproof "Dark-Eyes"

EYELASH DARKENER

To keep lashes and brows bewitchingly dark and alluring . . . even after swimming, crying or perspiring, use "Dark-Eyes". This indelible darkener never runs, smarts or smudges. One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks . . . thus ending daily eye make-up bother. *Caution:* Use only as directed on the label. Try it! Get a package of "Dark-Eyes" today!

$1.00 (plus tax) at leading drug and department stores. If your favorite dealer does not yet carry "Dark-Eyes", mail coupon today!

"Dark-Eyes", Dept. JC-6
218 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 4, Ill.
I enclose $1.20 (tax included) for regular size package of "Dark-Eyes", and directions.
Check shades: ☐ Black ☐ Brown

Name
Address
Town *State*

of a soldier who returns from the wars to be mistaken for a *Mr. Pemberton* who owed money to a gangster and left his wife, Rita Johnson. William Demarest is MacMurray's pal, Akim Tamiroff the gangster who wants his money back, and Harry Davenport and Douglass Dumbrille are also very good. (Dec.)

✓*PEOPLE ARE FUNNY*—Paramount: Packed with radio personalities, this has Art Linkletter as emcee of the air show and Rudy Vallee a fussy sponsor determined to land Jack Haley for his show. Frances Langford sings, Philip Reed and Helen Walker are the romancers, and Ozzie Nelson, the Vagabonds and Bob Graham pop in and out of the affair. (Jan.)

RIVER GANG—Universal: Gloria Jean is an inhibited sort of girl, kept in a fairy-tale daze by her pawn broker uncle, John Qualen. When a priceless Stradivarius is stolen, a gang of kids, including Gloria and led by Keefe Brasselle, begin running down clues. Gloria sings one number well, and shows considerable improvement in the acting department. (Dec.)

✓*SAN ANTONIO*—Warners: Errol Flynn in another Western is his usual charming self, turning out a nicely restrained performance as the fearless, cleverer-than-anybody hero, tracking down cattle rustler Paul Kelly and winning beauteous Alexis Smith. And all in Technicolor too. (Feb.)

✓✓*SARATOGA TRUNK*—Warners: Ingrid Bergman shows how complete and superb an actress she is by giving us an entrancing *Clio,* emotional, beautiful and a hussy. Gary Cooper plays the Texas cowboy whom Ingrid tries to renounce for a marriage of wealth and revenge. The story is unbalanced, but colorful, and if you don't care for Flora Robson in it, you won't be able to help admiring Florence Bates' characterization. (Feb.)

SCOTLAND YARD INVESTIGATOR—Republic: Erich Von Stroheim is the latest movie art thief who tries to steal the Mona Lisa, which leaves Sir C. Aubrey Smith in one heck of a mess. Doris Lloyd and Forrester Harvey are outstanding as finaglers, and Stephanie Bachelor and Richard Fraser play the romantic interest. (Jan.)

✓*SHADY LADY*—Universal: Ginny Simms is Charles Coburn's niece who tries to keep her cardsharp uncle straight. Martha O'Driscoll, in love with Alan Curtis, Joe Frisco in a few very funny moments, and Kathleen Howard, for whom Coburn pretends love, fit into their roles very cozily, but it's Coburn's trouping that really carries the picture. Robert Paige is Ginny's romantic moment. (Dec.)

✓*SHE WENT TO THE RACES*—M-G-M: Three men and a beautiful woman professor, Frances Gifford, bet on the horses in order to advance science, and naturally science gets lost in the running as Frances applies her betting tactics to winning James Craig away from Ava Gardner. Edmund Gwenn hasn't nearly enough to do, and Sig Ruman and Reginald Owen contribute to the fun. (Jan.)

✓*SING YOUR WAY HOME*—RKO: This little movie mainly has Marcy Maguire, a peppy youngster, singing her way home to America from liberated France, Anne Jeffreys for romantic interest, Jack Haley for comedy, and Donna Lee, a fifteen-year-old prima donna. It won't hurt you, but it would help if you like vocal classics in music. (Feb.)

✓*SPANISH MAIN, THE*—RKO: Photographically beautiful, romantic, but repetitious in theme is this old story of the pirate, played by Paul Henreid, who kidnaps Maureen O'Hara on her journey to wed the Spanish Viceroy Walter Slezak. Maureen is fantastically beautiful, but somehow Henreid never becomes the dashing pirate who robs and pillages Spanish ships. With Binnie Barnes. (Dec.)

✓✓*SPELLBOUND*—Selznick International: You'll be spellbound through most of this picture in which Ingrid Bergman is a doctor of psychiatry who meets and falls in love with Gregory Peck. But Gregory has lost his memory and is wanted for murder, so Ingrid helps him escape the police and then comes her desperate effort to bring his memory back and discover the truth about his past. (Jan.)

SPIDER, THE—20th Century-Fox: Nick Conte is very good as the detective who gets involved in a lot of killings, and Faye Marlowe shows promise as the girl who involved him. Kurt Kreuger and Martin Kosleck are on hand to lend something or other to a picture that definitely doesn't come off. (Jan.)

✓✓*STORK CLUB*—Paramount: Betty Hutton is loud but not terribly funny as the Stork Club hat-check girl who gets established in a swanky hotel suite with bills paid by an anonymous admirer. When orchestra leader Don DeFore returns from service, he suspects the worst. Barry Fitzgerald is very good as the old codger Betty befriends, and Andy Russell in his screen debut is sure to click. (Jan.)

STRANGE CONFESSION—Universal: Brenda Joyce, who wants some easy money, lures her husband Lon Chaney into hurrying through a medical discovery so he goes to South America for a certain herb. He returns when he learns the uncompleted drug has been given his ailing son who dies because of its imperfection, and then he goes berserk. (Jan.)

SUNBONNET SUE—Monogram: Gale Storm sings new and old ditties in her father's bowery saloon until his society relatives manage to get the place closed because it'll ruin their social position. So

WAGNER
KOMB-KLEANED SWEEPER
Better. Easier "PICK-UP"



E. R. WAGNER MFG. CO., Dept. MW, Milwaukee 9, Wis.

FOOT RELIEF
Soothing, Instant-Acting Superior Moleskin



To quickly relieve corns, sore toes, callouses, bunions, tender spots, instep ridges, chafed heels—use Dr. Scholl's Kurotex—a superior type flesh color moleskin. Very effective. Economical. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10¢ Stores. Try it.





Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX

BUY! Engel GENUINE EZE TO USE
Pocket Art Corners
The *Real Thing* for mounting Snapshots, Cards, Stamps, etc. No paste needed. Pocket Gummed Inside for holding prints tight or loose. Neat, Quick and Artistic too. Sold at photo supply and album counters or send 10c today for pkg. of 100 and Free Samples to See and Try them.



10c BUY 100
Engel Art Corners Mfg. Co.,
Dept. 70C, 4711 N. Clark Chicago-40-Ill.



PHOTO-RING
ANY PHOTO OR PICTURE of Sweetheart, Relative or Friend, reproduced permanently in this beautiful onyx like ring featuring the New Magnified Setting! Will last a lifetime! Indestructible! Waterproof! Enclose strip of paper for ring size. Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If you send cash we pay postage. (Photos Returned). $1 (Expertly painted 25c extra)
PHOTO MOVETTE RING CO., Dept. C-62, CINCINNATI, O.

WOMEN Earn Money With Form Tailored LINGERIE
WRITE FOR FREE OUTFIT
Women go wild about "Form-Tailored" Lingerie—new, glamorous styling, new kind of fitting, high quality workmanship. Low prices bring quick orders. Also fine hosiery, girdles and underwear for the whole family. If you want money, full or spare time, write today for complete, beautiful, illustrated Style Equipment — sent ABSOLUTELY FREE.
WORLD'S STAR-MALLOCH
Dept. P-39, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Baby Coming Soon?
Then don't delay sending for your copy of Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe's book, "How To Raise Your Baby." Covers care of infants and young children—food problems, child ailments and diseases, teething, nursing, proper growth, training, vitamins. By the famous "quintuplet" doctor who really knows about babies. While they last you can get your copy of this big, new book entitled *How to Raise Your Baby* for only 25c—and we pay the postage. Mail order TODAY.



BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, INC.
Dept. PP-346
205 East 42nd Street, N.Y. 17, N.Y.

WHAT TO DO FOR SO-CALLED

RHEUMATIC PAIN

Arms ache?
Back feel stiff?
Sore all over?
Get Sayman

Liniment and massage on gently. Starts to work FAST. Helps to loosen "tight" muscles. To relieve stiffness, soreness. To ease pain while breaking up congestion due to over-exertion, exposure or fatigue. You'll say it's WONDERFUL! Only 50c. All druggists.

SAYMAN LINIMENT

Made by the Makers of SAYMAN SALVE



MATCHED BRIDAL PAIR

$5.95 EACH OR BOTH FOR $9.95

GENUINE

DIAMOND RINGS

Just to get acquainted we will send you smart, new 10K yellow gold engagement ring or wedding ring. Romance design engagement ring set with flashing, Rose cut diamond solitaire in sentimental, sweetheart mounting. Wedding ring is deeply embossed. 10K yellow gold, set with 3 genuine chip Diamonds. Either ring only $5.95 or both for $9.95 plus postage and 20% Federal tax. SEND NO MONEY with order, just name and ring size. Pay on arrival then wear ring 10 days on money-back guarantee. Rush order now!

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 85-DS, Jefferson, Iowa



Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home

Women and Men, 18 to 50

Many Swedish Massage graduates make $50, $75 or even more per week. Large full time incomes from doctors, hospitals, sanatoriums, clubs or private practice. Others make good money in spare time. You can win independence and prepare for future security by training at home and qualifying for Diploma. Anatomy Charts and 32-page Illustrated Book FREE—Now!

THE College of Swedish Massage
Dpt.659-C,100 E.Ohio St.,Chicago 11

MONEY $ MONEY $ MONEY

CASH FOR YOUR SPARE TIME

It's easy to make $$$ calling on friends with Everyday Greeting Cards for Birthdays, Anniversaries, "Get Well," etc. 15 stunning folders sell for $1. NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED to make YEAR 'ROUND EXTRA INCOME. Start earning at once. Send 50c for SPECIAL SAMPLE OFFER worth $1.00 or write for details NOW!

ARTISTIC CARD COMPANY
324 WAY STREET, ELMIRA, NEW YORK

Beautiful Imitation BIRTHSTONE RING GIVEN AWAY



Smart, new, dainty, Sterling Silver Ring set with sparkling imitation **Birthstone** correct for your birth date—**GIVEN** for selling only 5 boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each. Send name and address today for order. We trust you. Premium supplies are limited. Don't delay.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-724, Jefferson, Iowa



LEG SUFFERERS

Why continue to suffer without attempting to do something? Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHODS FOR HOME USE." It tells about varicose Ulcers and Open Leg Sores. Liepe Methods used *while you walk*. More than 40 years of success. Praised and endorsed by multitudes.

FREE BOOKLET

LIEPE METHODS, 3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. 36-C, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, don't waste money on substitutes, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. ©I.P.INC.

KLUTCH CO. Box 4686-C ELMIRA, N. Y.

Gale moves in with the swanks in order to get it opened again. Phil Regan is the politician who loves Gale, and Minna Gombel, Charles Brown and Alan Mowbray are in it too. (Jan.)

✓*SUNSET IN ELDORADO*—Republic: Roy Rogers has a story his fans will love, photographed beautifully and directed well. Dale Evans, growing weary of her beau and his descriptions of the West, hies herself off to mythical El Dorado, and finds Roy Rogers waiting at the end of the trail. Roy and Dale sing several numbers in fine style. (Dec.)

✓✓*THAT NIGHT WITH YOU*—Universal: A little honey of a movie, with Franchot Tone as a New York theatrical producer who suddenly finds himself confronted with a grown daughter. Susanna Foster is the cutie who pretends to be the daughter in order to gain a theatrical career, and Louise Allbritton proves her fine flair for comedy in her choice role of Franchot's cynical secretary. (Dec.)

✓✓*THE LOST WEEKEND*—Paramount: A new kind of horror tale is this story of an alcoholic on a weekend binge and his experiences that range from frightening to degrading. Ray Milland hits his peak in his portrayal of a man beset with a craving beyond and outside himself. Phil Terry is his older brother, Jane Wyman the girl who loves Ray and Howard DaSilva the understanding bartender. (Dec.)

✓✓*THEY WERE EXPENDABLE*—M-G-M: A little late and a little too long, this is nevertheless a fine picture with many gripping action shots of the gallant job the little PT boats did in the war. John Wayne and Robert Montgomery, both looking worn and tired, are perhaps somewhat too noble, but as history this film has great verisimilitude. Also with Donna Reed as a nurse, and Jack Holt. (Feb.)

✓✓*THIS LOVE OF OURS*—Universal: Sentimental melodrama, this, with Merle Oberon as a dancer who marries Charles Korvin, has a daughter and then is deserted by him. She spends years searching for her child before she and Korvin meet again, and then comes the readjustment with her daughter who has believed her dead. With Claude Rains, Carl Esmond and Sue England. (Jan.)

✓✓*WHAT NEXT, CORPORAL HARGROVE?*—M-G-M: That delightful corporal and his fast talking pal, respectively played by Robert Walker and Keenan Wynn, are back to bring you an hour of chuckles and laughter, especially in the boys' frustrated attempts to get to Paris. Jean Porter is the French girl enamoured of Walker, and Chill Wills is funny as the sergeant. (Feb.)

YOLANDA AND THE THIEF—M-G-M: With elaborate color, a gay locale and bright stars, this still isn't a good picture. Heiress Lucille Bremer is so outlandishly naive that she actually believes it when Fred Astaire tells her he's her guardian angel. Fred and Frank Morgan are confidence men who are out to get her money. There are a few bright moments, but entirely too few. (Jan.)

MAKE A DATE

EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON

The dramatic pages of True Detective Magazine come to life before the microphone . . .

TRUE DETECTIVE

IS ON THE AIR!

Yes, the same kind of entertaining stories of outstanding feats in crime detection that have made True Detective one of the most exciting American magazines are now brought to your radio.

TUNE IN

"TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"

Over your local

MUTUAL NETWORK

STATION

New—**Hair Rinse** *safely* **Gives a Tiny Tint** *and . . .* **Removes this dull film**



1. Does not harm, permanently tint or bleach the hair.
2. Used after shampooing—your hair is not dry, unruly.
3. Instantly gives the soft, lovely effect obtained from tedious, vigorous brushings . . . plus a tiny tint—**in these 12 shades.**

1. Black	7. Titian Blonde
2. Dark Copper	8. Golden Blonde
3. Sable Brown	9. Topaz Blonde
4. Golden Brown	10. Dark Auburn
5. Nut Brown	11. Light Auburn
6. Silver	12. Lustre Glint

4. The improved Golden Glint contains only safe certified colors and pure Radien, all new, approved ingredients.

Try Golden Glint...Over 50 million packages have been sold...Choose your shade at any cosmetic dealer. Price 10 and 25¢—or send for a

FREE SAMPLE

Golden Glint Co., Seattle, 14, Wash., Box 3366 C-13

Please send color No._____ as listed above.

Name_____

Address_____

GOLDEN GLINT

Heir Minded MATERNITY *DRESSES* *From* Janne OF HOLLYWOOD

The newest in smart Maternity Dresses for home and street wear. Darling frocks for comfort and concealing lines. All at surprisingly low prices. A dress for every occasion.

FREE from HOLLYWOOD

New catalog sent upon request in plain wrapper, free. Write today.

JANNE OF HOLLYWOOD, Dept.65, 5071 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

KING SIZE Photos

Do You Know What That Means? Send Your Roll of Films To Us. We Will Develop and Print Your Picture Double the Size of Your Negative. If You Never Had King Size Pictures You're Missing A Thrill In Picture Taking. Any Size 6 or 8 Exposure Roll Developed & Printed Complete For Only **50c** ROLL

SEND AT ONCE • 6 HOUR SERVICE

WE PAY POSTAGE • SEND MONEY WITH ROLL • NO C. O. D.

CUSTOM-PIX

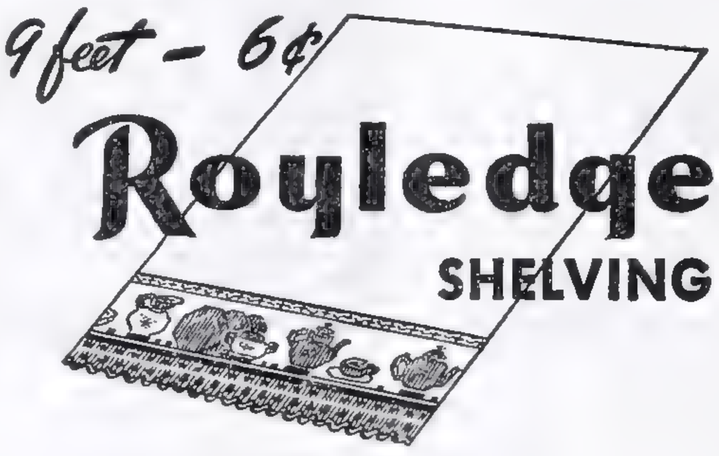
DEPT. B • BOX 8018, PHILA. 1, PA.



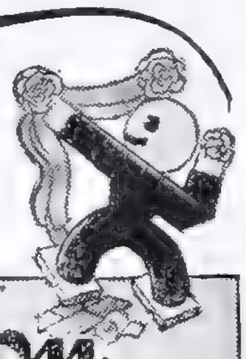
"WHAT A DIFFERENCE 6¢ makes in the kitchen!"



Your kitchen will glow with gay, cheerful color . . . will look expensively re-decorated . . . when you transform bare, drab shelves, cupboards and closets with beautiful Royledge Shelving. Costs only a few pennies . . . takes only a few minutes . . . simply lay Royledge on shelves and fold—no tacks, no fuss or muss. See colorful new Royledge patterns *now* at 5-and-10's, neighborhood, dept. stores.



What trims a booth,
a gym, a hall
When draped and
tacked upon the wall?



Dennison
CREPE PAPER
At Stationery Departments Everywhere

STOP Scratching
Relieve Itch in a Jiffy



Sufferers from the torturing itch caused by eczema, pimples, scales, scabies, athlete's foot, "factory" itch, and other itch troubles, are praising cooling, liquid **D.D.D. Prescription.** This time-proved medication—developed by Dr. D.D.Dennis—positively relieves that cruel, burning itch. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes and comforts even the most intense itching in a jiffy. A 35c trial bottle proves its merits or your money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. Prescription.**

DON'T DYE GRAY HAIR



. . . until you try the new color-control method of Mary T. Goldman's! Then watch your hair take on the beautiful, natural-looking color you desire, quickly—**or** so gradually your friends won't guess.

Simply do this: Buy a bottle Mary T. Goldman's . . . just comb it through your gray, bleached, or faded hair. See how this **new scientific color-control** gives you the youthful hair shade you want. Pronounced harmless by competent medical authorities (no skin test needed). Will not harm your wave or change the smooth, soft texture of your hair. It's inexpensive and easy to apply, too. For over 50 years millions have found **new hair beauty** by using Mary T. Goldman's in the privacy of their homes.

So help yourself to beautiful hair—today! Buy a bottle of Mary T. Goldman's at your drug or department store on **money-back guarantee.** Or, if you'd rather try it first, mail coupon below for free test kit.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 938 Goldman Bldg.
St. Paul 2, Minn. Send free sample. Check color
☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown
☐ Medium Brown ☐ Blonde ☐ Auburn.
Name
Address
City State

Casts of Current Pictures

ADVENTURE—M-G-M: *Harry Patterson,* Clark Gable; *Emily Sears,* Greer Garson; *Helen Melohn,* Joan Blondell; *Mudgin,* Thomas Mitchell; *Gus,* Tom Tully; *Model T,* John Qualen; *Limo,* Richard Haydn; *Maria,* Lina Romay; *"Old" Ramon Estado,* Philip Merivale; *Dr. Ashlon,* Harry Davenport; *"Young" Ramon Estado,* Tito Renaldo.

ALONG THE NAVAJO TRAIL—Republic: *Roy Rogers,* Roy Rogers; *Trigger,* The Smartest Horse in the Movies; *Gabby Whittaker,* George "Gabby" Hayes; *Lorry Alastair,* Dale Evans; *Narita,* Estelita Rodriguez; *J. Richard Bentley,* Douglas Fowley; *Janza,* Nestor Paiva; *Breck Alastair,* Sam Flint; *Roger Jerrold,* Emmett Vogan; *Rusty Channing,* Roy Barcroft; *Lani,* David Cota; *Sheriff Clem Wagner,* Edward Cassidy.

ANGEL COMES TO BROOKLYN, AN—Republic: *Karon James,* Kaye Dowd; *David Randall,* Robert Duke; *Paul Blake,* David Street; *Barbara,* Barbara Perry; *Phineas Aloysius Higby,* Charles Kemper; *Madam Dolla,* Marguerite D'Alvarez; *Bob,* Bob Scheerer; *Susie,* Alice Tyrrell; *Kay,* June Carroll; *Oscar,* Rodney Bell; *Tiny,* Betzi Beaton; *Miss Johnson,* Jay Presson; *Joe,* Joe Cappo; *Rosie,* Sherle North; *Theresa,* Billy Haywood; *Cliff,* Cliff Allen; *Sir Henry Bushnell,* C. Montague Shaw; *Olga Ashley,* Eula Morgan; *Sarah Gibbons,* Gladys Gale; *Michael O'Day,* Harry Rose; *Brian Hepplestone,* Frank Scannell; *Shadow Dancer,* Jack McClendon; *Rodney Lloyd,* Wilton Graff; *Cornelius Terwillinger,* Jimmy Conlin; *Sgt. O'Rourke,* Ralph Dunn.

CAPTAIN TUGBOAT ANNIE—Republic: *Tugboat Annie,* Jane Darwell; *Captain Bullwinkle,* Edgar Kennedy; *Terry,* Charles Gordon; *Pinto,* Mantan Moreland; *Marion,* Pamela Blake; *Johnny Webb,* Hardie Albright; *Judge Abbott,* H. B. Warner; *Shiftless,* Jack Norton; *Missouri,* Barton Yarborough; *Pucci,* Fritz Feld; *Jake,* Anthony Warde; *Severn,* Joe Crehan; *Dr. Turner,* Pierre Watkin; *Susan,* Saundra Berkova; *Fred,* Cyril Delevanti; *Jenkins,* Guy Wilkerson; *Detective Franklyn,* Robert Elliott; *Cop,* Kernan Cripps; *Man,* Harry Lang; *First Nurse,* Marion McGuire; *Second Nurse,* Betty Sinclair; *Harper,* Eddie Earle; *Swenson,* Vic Potel; *Fire Chief,* Sam Flint; *Cab Driver,* Ralph Linn; *Motor Cop,* Eddie Chandler; *Mike,* Harry Depp.

DETOUR—PRC: *Roberts,* Tom Neal; *Vera,* Ann Savage; *Sue,* Claudia Drake; *Haskell,* Edmund MacDonald; *Gus,* Tim Ryan; *Hedy,* Esther Howard; *Dillon,* Roger Clark.

DICK TRACY—RKO: *Dick Tracy,* Morgan Conway; *Pat Patton,* Lyle Latell; *Splitface,* Mike Mazurki; *Tess Trueheart,* Anne Jeffreys; *Judith Owens,* Jane Greer; *Prof. Starling,* Trevor Bardette; *Junior,* Mickey Kuhn; *Steven Owens,* Morgan Wallace; *The Mayor,* William Halligan; *Deathridge,* Milton Parsons; *Chief Brandon,* Joseph Crehan; *Mrs. Caraway,* Edith Elliott; *Dorothy Stafford,* Mary Currier.

FEAR—Monogram: *Capt. Burke,* Warren William, *Eileen,* Anne Gwynne; *Larry Crain,* Peter Cookson; *Ben,* James Cardwell; *Schaefer,* Nestor Paiva; *Morton Stanley,* Francis Pierlot; *Al,* William Moss; *Mrs. Williams,* Almira Sessions; *Chuck,* Darren McGavin; *Steve,* Henry Clay; *Painter,* Ernie Adams; *John,* Johnny Strong; *Doc,* Charles Calvert; *Magician,* Fairfax Burger.

FRONTIER GAL—Universal: *Larena Dumont,* Yvonne De Carlo; *Johnny Hart,* Rod Cameron; *Ben Biggs,* Andy Devine; *"Fuzzy" Mozart,* Fuzzy Knight; *"Blackie" Schwartz,* Sheldon Leonard; *Mary Ann Hart,* Beverly Simmons; *Judge Prescott,* Andrew Tombes; *Sheila Winthrop,* Jan Wiley; *Aunt Abigail,* Clara Blandick; *Cherokee,* Frank Lackteen.

GETTING GERTIE'S GARTER—Edward Small Productions, Inc.: *Ken,* Dennis O'Keefe; *Gertie,* Marie "The Body" McDonald; *Ted,* Barry Sullivan; *Barbara,* Binnie Barnes; *Patty,* Sheila Ryan; *Charles (the butler),* J. Carrol Naish; *Billy,* Jerome Cowan; *Anna (the maid),* Vera Marshe; *Clancy,* Donald T. Beddoe; *Winters,* Frank Fenton; *Dr. Clark,* Richard Le Grand.

HARVEY GIRLS, THE—M-G-M: *Susan Bradley,* Judy Garland; *Ned Trent,* John Hodiak; *Chris Maule,* Ray Bolger; *Em,* Angela Lansbury; *Judge Sam Purvis,* Preston Foster; *Alma,* Virginia O'Brien; *Terry O'Halloran,* Kenny Baker; *Sonora Cassidy,* Marjorie Main; *H. H. Hartsey,* Chill Wills; *Miss Bliss,* Selena Royle; *Deborah,* Cyd Charisse; *Ethel,* Ruth Brady; *Marty Peters,* Jack Lambert; *Jed Adams,* Edward Earle; *Rev. Claggett,* Morris Ankrum; *1st Cowboy,* Wm. "Bill" Phillips; *John Henry,* Ben Carter; *2nd Cowboy,* Norman Leavitt; *"Goldust" McClean,* Horace McNally.

LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN—20th Century-Fox: *Ellen,* Gene Tierney; *Richard,* Cornel Wilde; *Ruth,* Jeanne Crain; *Russell Quinton,* Vincent Price; *Mrs. Berent,* Mary Philips; *Glen Robie,* Ray Collins; *Dr. Saunders,* Gene Lockhart; *Dr. Mason,* Reed Hadley; *Danny Harland,* Darryl Hickman; *Leick Thome,* Chill Wills; *Judge,* Paul Everton; *Mrs. Robie,* Olive Blakeney; *Bedford,* Addison Richards; *Catterson,* Harry Depp; *Carlson,* Grant Mitchell; *Medcraft,* Milton Parsons; *Norton,* Earl Schenck; *Lin Robie,* Hugh Maguire; *Tess Robie,* Betty Hannon; *Nurse,* Kay Riley.

LETTER FOR EVIE, A—M-G-M: *Evie O'Connor,* Marsha Hunt; *Edgar "Wolf" Larsen,* John Carroll; *John Phineas McPherson,* Hume Cronyn; *Mrs. McPherson,* Spring Byington; *Barney Lee,* Pamela

(*Continued on page* 150)

BORDERLINE ANEMIA*

can make you seem older than you really are!



If you look pale and listless—if you seem to be slowing down—a deficiency of the blood may be to blame

SO MANY people look older than their years—colorless, worn, weary. They're only faded photographs of their former selves. Yes, and these people may find the cause is a Borderline Anemia. Women and children especially are subject to Borderline Anemia—a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood—but many men, too, are its victims!

Your blood—and your blood alone—carries oxygen and releases energy to every organ, every muscle, every fibre. Your blood is your "supply line" of vitality and drive. So if there is a deficiency in your blood—if the red blood cells aren't big enough and strong enough and healthy enough, you just can't hope to feel vigorous, "alive"! Borderline Anemia means that the quality of your blood is below par, that the red blood cells can't do their important job right.

Take Ironized Yeast to Build Up Blood, Energy

Continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may, of course, be caused by other conditions. Always be sure to consult your physician regularly. But when you have a Borderline Anemia, when you find yourself envying others their youthful vitality and their glowing good looks, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. When all you need is stronger, healthier red blood cells—Ironized Yeast Tablets will help you build up your blood and your energy. At all drugstores.

***BORDERLINE ANEMIA**
—a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood—can cause
TIREDNESS • LISTLESSNESS • PALLOR

Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.



Borderline Anemia. Thousands have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, irregular. Blood like this can't generate the energy you need to feel and look your best.

IMPROVED CONCENTRATED FORMULA

Ironized Yeast TABLETS



MANEUVERS *for "Misses"*

For your glamour line-up here are some star-proof pointers

Beauty Workshop
By Betsy Sanford



Miss Moptop: This is the borderline beauty whose hair never looks just quite right. She may go faithfully to the hairdresser, but never does she achieve a well-trained, smart hair-do with a lasting shape. Her hair is either an unruly mop or a picture of limp, dejected curls.



Rosalind Russell cues the Moptops:

The best way to keep a shape in the hair is to brush and brus again. Don't be afraid of losing your wave; brushing simply make the hair more tractable and thus preserves it. Sacrifice beauty t vanity at night; wear a net. When your hair begins to look a littl out of shape, moisten it—very slightly—with water or tonic or wav set and pin it into its original shape in large pin-curls.

Use lacquer, especially if you have fine hair. You can spray it ove your hair with an atomizer or use lacquer pads.

A trick with hairpins—if you want a wave held in place firml use two hairpins at a time instead of one.

Miss Lacklustre: This is the near-beauty who seems to have missed out on the one major point of make-up. Her skin is smooth; her face, perfection; but look at her eyes! Or, rather, don't look at them! They are completely minus. Result: She always looks faded; her make-up seems incomplete.

Linda Darnell eyes this case, advises:

Nothing looks worse than a woman who has carefully made up the rest of her face and then forgotten about her eyes. Always make up the eyelids in the same fashion as the rest of the face; powder them carefully and always, night or day, give the upper lashes their necessary quota of mascara. Before applying the mascara, smooth on vaseline very lightly over the lashes. If lashes are especially thin, powder them in addition. Now take your brush—it must be thoroughly clean and moist, not wet, and carefully brush the mascara *up* over the lashes.

See that you get upswept lashes by using either Linda's method or an eyelash curler. The Darnell special—press back the lashes with cleansing tissue while the mascara is still wet. This will curl them back and also take off any of the surplus mascara.

If you use a curler, always curl the eyelashes before you apply the mascara. Don't hold the curler tightly in place—that will give you only a sharp bend in the lashes.



Miss Roughneck: This is the female sad sack who misses out as soon as she wears short sleeves or low necks. Reason: Her neck looks brown and rough against her face; her elbows and forearms are anything but a pleasant contrast to the rest of her make-up. So she covers up instead of uncovering the reason why.

Joan Fontaine pulls up her sleeve, finds the answer:

Always cleanse the neck and arms in the same fashion as you do the face—soap and wate (plus a good stiff brush on the elbows to remove dead skin); cream; foundations; and light fluff of powder. If you leave a softening cream on your face overnight, leave it o the shoulders and arms, too. Always give the arms and elbows a rough treatment with turkish towel as an after-bath ritual. It gets rid of old skin, increases circulation, make for pink-and-white perfection.

DEAR MRS. JOSEPH COTTEN:

We think you're lucky...to be so lovely yourself...and to be married to such a distinguished star of the screen.

Yours,

TANGEE



Mrs. Joseph Cotten **says:**

"At last I've found it— the perfect cake make-up!"

Scores of cake make-ups came to Hollywood ahead of Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up. Some were fine in one way...some in another. Then Constance Luft Huhn's newest creation arrived and took the motion picture colony by storm because it's ideal *in every way*. You'll find that Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up is so very easy to apply...stays on for so many extra hours...is designed to be oh-so-kind to your skin! And you don't look—or feel—as if you were wearing a mask.

The thrill of Satin-Finish!

Yes, it is a thrill to find a lipstick that does not run or smear...that means lips not too dry, not too moist... that stays on for *extra hours*. And that's what Constance Luft Huhn has done for your "lip-appeal"...by creating the Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. Today's smartest colors are Tangee Gay-Red, Red-Red and Medium-Red.



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN, Head of the House of Tangee and one of America's foremost authorities on beauty and make-up. Among Mrs. Huhn's recent triumphs are the famous Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick, and the new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up.

Use Tangee and see how beautiful you can be

ADD-A-CHARM FOR ADDED CHARM

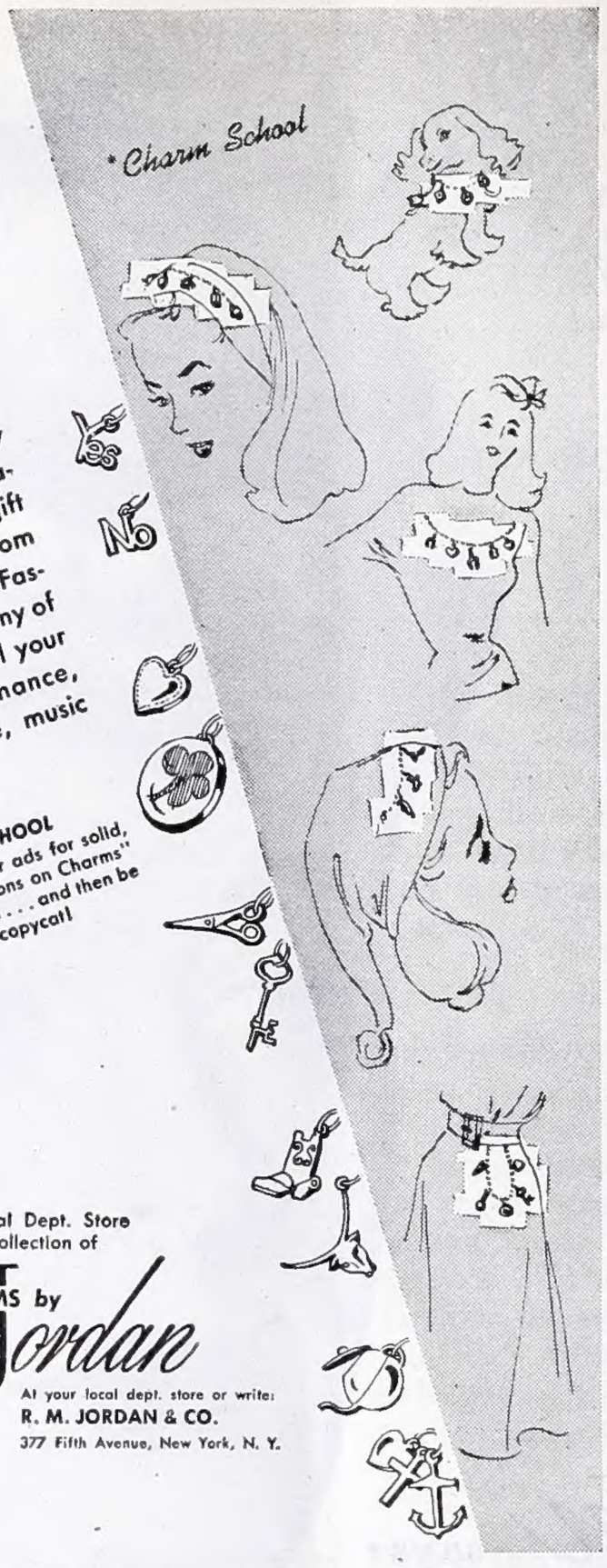
with Sterling Silver Charms by Jordan

Start with a Sterling Silver necklace and bracelet by Jordan . . . and add-a-charm for birthdays, gift days and every day from our large collection. Fascinating charms—many of them movable—tell your own story of romance, travel, luck, home, music and sports!

*CHARM SCHOOL
*Watch our ads for solid, new "Lessons on Charms" by Jordan . . . and then be a smart copycat!



Sterling Silver Charm Necklaces at $2, $3 and $4. Bracelets at $1 and more. Individual Sterling Silver Charms at 59c and $1
All prices plus 20% Federal Tax



See Your Local Dept. Store for large collection of
CHARMS by Jordan
At your local dept. store or write:
R. M. JORDAN & CO.
377 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Eventide
by DUCHESS D'ANDRE

SOPHISTICATED PERFUMES and COLOGNES TO ACCENT YOUR NATURAL LOVELINESS

INTIMATE as dusk... intriguing as the lengthening shadows of twilight . . . stirring as that first star-canopied moment alone . . . EVENTIDE beckons and captivates . . . heightens a subtle awareness of YOU, Lovely Lady! His heart will be yours forever to have and to hold.





DUCHESS D'ANDRE, 145 N. Clark St., Chicago 2
Please send me 2 purse-size Samplers of Duchess D'Andre. I enclose 25c to cover cost of packing, mailing and Government Tax. P

Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone....State.....

(Continued from page 146)

Britton; *DeWitt Pyncheon,* Norman Lloyd; *Mr. McPherson,* Percival Vivian; *Captain Budlow,* Donald Curtis; *Mrs. Edgewaters,* Esther Howard; *Eloise Edgewaters,* Robin Raymond; *Mrs. Jackson,* Therese Lyon; *Miss Jenkins,* Lynn Whitney.

MASQUERADE IN MEXICO—Paramount: *Angel O'Reilly,* Dorothy Lamour; *Manolo Segovia,* Arturo de Cordova; *Thomas Grant,* Patric Knowles; *Helen Grant,* Ann Dvorak; *Boris Cassall,* George Rigaud; *Pablo,* Mikhail Rasumny; *Jose,* Martin Garralaga; *Rico Fenway,* Billy Daniels; *Irene Daley,* Natalie Schafer.

MISS SUSIE SLAGLE'S—Paramount: *Pug Prentiss,* Sonny Tufts; *Hizer,* J. Louis Johnson; *Irving Aaron,* Michael Sage; *Ben Mead,* Billy De Wolfe; *Elbert Riggs,* Pat Phelan; *Silas Holmes,* Lloyd Bridges; *Clayton Abernathy,* Renny McEvoy; *Miss Susie Slagle,* Lillian Gish; *Dean Wingate,* Roman Bohnen; *Dr. Elijah Howe,* Ray Collins; *Elijah Howe, Jr.,* Bill Edwards; *Dr. Snell,* E. J. Ballantine; *Nan Rogers,* Veronica Lake; *Gret Howe,* Joan Caulfield; *Dr. Fletcher,* Morris Carnovsky; *Mrs. Johnson,* Dorothy Adams; *Dr. Boyd,* Theodore Newton; *Otto,* Ludwig Stossel; *Mr. Johnson,* Charles Arnt.

PILLOW OF DEATH—Universal: *Wayne Fletcher,* Lon Chaney; *Donna Kincaid,* Brenda Joyce; *Belle Kincaid,* Clara Blandick; *Amelia Kincaid,* Rosalind Ivan; *Julian Julian,* J. Edward Bromberg; *Sam Kincaid,* George Cleveland; *Bruce Malone,* Bernard Thomas; *Det. McCracken,* Wilton Graff; *Vivian Fletcher,* Vickie Horne.

PURSUIT TO ALGIERS—Universal: *Sherlock Holmes,* Basil Rathbone; *Doctor Watson,* Nigel Bruce; *Sheila,* Marjorie Riordan; *Prime Minister,* Frederick Warlock; *Sanford,* Morton Lowry; *Nikolas,* Leslie Vincent; *Johanssen,* Sven Hugo Borg; *Jodri,* John Abbott; *Gubec,* Wee Willie Davis; *Mirko,* Martin Kosleck; *Kingston,* Gerald Hamer; *Proprietor,* Tom Dillon; *Gregor,* Rex Evans.

ROAD TO UTOPIA—Paramount: *Duke Johnson,* Bing Crosby; *Chester Hooten,* Bob Hope; *Sal,* Dorothy Lamour; *Kate,* Hillary Brooke; *Sperry,* Robert Barrat; *McGurk,* Nestor Paiva; *LeBec,* Jack LaRue; *Ace Larson,* Douglas Dumbrille.

SAILOR TAKES A WIFE, THE—M-G-M: *John,* Robert Walker; *Mary,* June Allyson; *Freddie,* Hume Cronyn; *Lisa,* Audrey Totter; *Harry,* Eddie "Rochester" Anderson; *Mr. Amboy,* Reginald Owen; *Butler,* Gerald Oliver Smith.

SCARLET STREET—Universal: *Christopher Cross,* Edward G. Robinson; *Kitty,* Joan Bennett; *Johnny,* Dan Duryea; *Millie,* Margaret Lindsay; *Adele,* Rosalind Ivan; *Charles Pringle,* Samuel S. Hinds; *Janeway,* Jess Barker; *Dellarowe,* Arthur Loft; *Pop Lejon,* Vladimir Sokoloff; *Patcheye,* Charles Kemper; *Hogarth,* Russell Hicks; *Mrs. Michaels,* Anita Bolster; *Nick,* Cyrus W. Kendell; *Marchetti,* Fred Essler.

SHE WOULDN'T SAY YES—Columbia: *Susan Lane,* Rosalind Russell; *Michael Kent,* Lee Bowman; *Allura,* Adele Jergens; *Dr. Lane,* Charles Winning *Albert,* Harry Davenport; *Laura Pitts,* Sara Haden; *Judge Whittaker,* Percy Kilbride; *Col. Brady,* Lewis Russell; *Girl Passenger,* Mary Treen; *Mrs. Whittaker,* Mabel Paige; *Ticket Seller,* George Cleveland; *Train Conductor,* Charles Arnt; *Miss Downer,* Almira Sessions.

SPIRAL STAIRCASE, THE—RKO: *Helen,* Dorothy McGuire; *Professor Warren,* George Brent; *Mrs. Warren,* Ethel Barrymore; *Dr. Parry,* Kent Smith; *Blanche,* Rhonda Fleming; *Steve Warren,* Gordon Oliver; *Mrs. Oates,* Elsa Lanchester; *Nurse Barker,* Sara Allgood; *Mr. Oates,* Rhys Williams; *Constable,* James Bell.

STRANGE VOYAGE—Signal: *Chris Thompson,* Eddie Albert; *Skipper,* Forrest Taylor; *Captain Andrews,* Ray Teal; *The Hammer,* Matt Willis; *Manuel,* Martin Garralaga; *Carmelite,* Elena Verdugo; *Jimmy,* Bobby Cooper; *The Sportsman,* Clyde Fillmore; *Ben,* Daniel Kerry; *The Father,* Henry Orosco.

TIGER WOMAN, THE—Republic: *Sharon Winslow,* Adele Mara; *Jerry Devery,* Kane Richmond; *Stephen Mason,* Richard Fraser; *Phyllis Carrington,* Peggy Stewart; *Inspector Leggett,* Cy Kendall; *Joe Sapphire,* Gregory Gay; *Sylvester,* John Kelly; *Constance Grey,* Beverly Loyd; *Mr. White,* Addison Richards; *Rosie Gargan,* Donna Bussey; *Coroner,* Frank Reicher; *Bartender,* Garry Owen.

UP GOES MAISIE—M-G-M: *Maisie Ravier,* Ann Sothern; *Joseph Morton,* George Murphy; *Barbara Nuboult,* Hillary Brooke; *Tim Kingby,* Horace McNally; *Mr. Hendrickson,* Ray Collins; *Elmer Saunders,* Jeff York; *Mr. J. G. Nuboult,* Paul Harvey; *"Mitch,"* Murray Alper; *Bill Stuart,* Lewis Howard; *Jonathan Marbey,* Jack Davis; *Miss Wolfe,* Gloria Grafton; *Benson,* John Eldredge.

VACATION FROM MARRIAGE—M-G-M: *Robert Wilson,* Robert Donat; *Catherine Wilson,* Deborah Kerr; *Dizzy Clayton,* Clynis Johns; *Elena,* Ann Todd; *Richard,* Roland Culver; *Mrs. Hemmings,* Elliot Mason; *Mr. Staines,* Eliot Makeham; *Mr. Hargrove,* Brefni O'Rorke; *Chemist,* Ivor Barnard; *Petty Officer,* Henry Longhurst; *Webster,* Billy Shine; *Essex,* Billy Thatcher; *Gordon,* Brian Weske; *Irene,* Rosamund Taylor; *Bill,* Harry Ross; *Charlie,* Edward Rigby; *Minnie,* Muriel George; *A. R. P. Warden,* Vincent Holman; *Commander,* Allan Jeayes; *Stripey,* Leslie Dwyer; *Scotty,* Caven Watson; *Jeannie,* Jeanne Carre; *Meg,* Molly Munks.



New 15 Minute Home Trial

Tints Hair Luxuriously

as it Shampoos

No Extra Color Rinse Needed . . . No soap film

This remarkable discovery, Tintz Color Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a real smooth, colorful tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded, dull, off-color hair a minute longer. Each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, and easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Leaves lovely sheen.

Shampooing insures uniform color blending

That's why your hair looks so natural, glamorous. Can't be detected—doesn't shout "dyed". Try Tintz today.

Leaves hair silky-soft and easier to manage



Presenting

THE NEW *Tintz*

7-shade Beauty Parade

For new exciting glamorous color make-up select the Tintz shade most suitable for you. Instant lather, no after rinse needed, no soap film—try Tintz now—for more sparkle, lustre and colorful sheen. Seven shades—Blonde, Auburn, Henna, Light, Medium, Dark Brown and Black. Only 50c plus tax. Enough for 15 shampoos.





Tintz Color Shampoo



7-DAY TRIAL COUPON

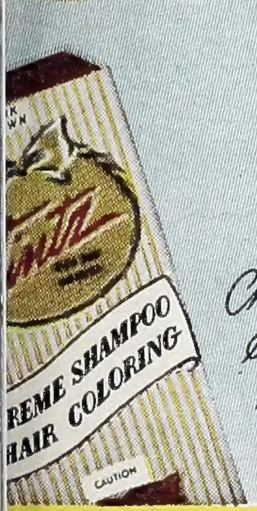
Now get Tintz at most Drug and Cosmetic Counters or mail convenient coupon today.

Tintz **CREME SHAMPOO HAIR COLORING**

Instantly Makes Old Hair Look Young Again



Why put up with old looking, gray, drab or faded hair. Just brush on Tintz Creme Shampoo Hair Coloring then shampoo. One application cleanses, reconditions and recolors to any of 8 beautiful natural appearing youthful shades. Get glorious new color now. Only $1.00 plus tax at drug and dept. stores or use convenient coupon. Caution: Use only as directed on label and perfect results are guaranteed.



Choice of eight natural shades... from black to blonde

Color Lasts . . .

Only occasional retouching of new grown hair needed. Send Coupon Now.

npany, Dept. 1-C, 205 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.
da, Dept. 1-C, 22 College St., Toronto, Ont.)

NTZ Color Shampoo Cake in shade checked at right. () cake 60c
g tax). () 2 cakes $1.20 (including tax).
NTZ Creme Shampoo Hair Coloring in shade checked at right.
including tax).
I will deposit amount of order, plus postage, with postman on
arantee if I'm not entirely satisfied I may return empty carton in
a refund. (If money with order all postage prepaid.)

.....(Print Plainly).....

.....

.....ZONE....STATE.....

Check Shade

- ☐ Blonde
- ☐ Henna
- ☐ Auburn
- ☐ Brown (*Dark*)
- ☐ Brown (*Medium*)
- ☐ Brown (*Light*)
- ☐ Black



Always Buy CHESTERFIELD

Copyright 1946, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.